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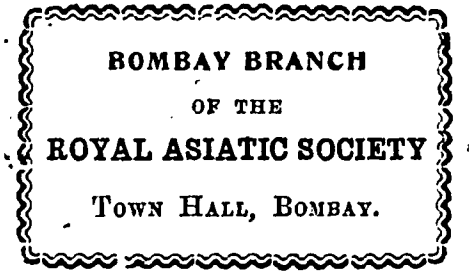

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THE HAPPY TRAVELLER

I saw mankind, in this weary old age of the world, either enduring a sluggish existence amid the smoke and dust of cities, or, if they breathed a purer air, still lying down at night with no hope but to wear out to-morrow, and all the to-morrows which make up life, among the same dull scenes and in the same wretched toil that has darkened the sunshine of to-day. But there were some, full of primeval instinct, who preserved the freshness of youth to their latest years, by the continual excitements of new pursuits, new scenes, and new associates, and cared little, though their birthplace might have been here in New England, if the grave should close over them in Central Asia —*The Seven Vagabonds.*

THE HAPPY TRAVELLER

A BOOK FOR POOR MEN

BY

FRANK TATCHELL, M.A.

VICAR OF MIDHURST

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TO

"YOUNG ADVENTURERS OF THE FUTURE

IN THE HOPE

THAT THEY MAY HAVE AS MUCH

FUN

OUT OF TRAVELLING

AS I HAVE HAD

INTRODUCTION

In time to come every man will be called to account for all the good things which his eyes beheld and which he refused to enjoy.
—Old commentary on the Psalms.

ALL islanders love travelling, and it is the ambition of every young Englishman to go for a jaunt abroad, if only once in his life. Our mixed ancestry and our world-wide Empire alike lure us beyond the seas.

We are often held back from satisfying this in-born craving by thinking it too difficult or too costly a thing for us to attempt—misconceptions which I will try to dispel.

In one of his essays, Cowley says that the getting out of doors is the hardest part of the journey, and it is a man's own fault if he dies without seeing anything of the wonderful world in which he lives. Laziness and a tame surrender to the tyranny of circumstances hold back many of us who would be ideal travellers could we but take the first step. But if your lot does not please you, you can, with determination, change it. Once aware of your bonds, you are on the high-road to freedom, and need not be dissuaded by those who tell you that you must know your own country first before venturing abroad. You will have time enough for that when you settle down.

Then there is the notion that travelling is only for the rich. But a wise man's happiness costs very little wherever he is, and I shall have failed in my purpose if I do not

convince you that a man can live as cheaply abroad as at home. So do not wait until you are rich, but set out while you are young and keen and poor. It is the common tragedy of mankind to spend life amassing money and then die before it can be enjoyed.

I cannot promise you that you will be happy all the time. After all, who is ? Now and then you will feel that you would exchange all the blue skies in the world for a cloudy day in England, and all the crowds for a sight of the faces of your own folk.

> Western wind, when wilt thou blow ?
> The small rain down can rain.
> Christ, if my love were in my arms
> And I in my bed again !

Still, the mood passes ; and I help my own recovery by saying over and over again : " There are all manner of things I have yet to do, all manner of things to see." Curiosity is the secret of a traveller's happiness, and the best antidote to the feeling of nameless regret and longing which underlies all human affairs. So make up your mind to enjoy yourself and refuse to be put out of your humour. Especially beware of taking yourself too seriously, and of introspection, the bane of a man travelling alone. Rather, play at being a native of the country you are in, or regard all you see as a spectacle played on your account, with yourself as a grave senior among delightful, romping children.

And so you keep moving on in unclouded serenity with ever a goal to attain ; now hanging about in markets and busy havens, now trudging along the ever-changing road, and how petty seem all those troubles which cost you such anxiety ! At one time you are passing sunny, vagabond

days ashore, in towns amid the bustling hum of men, or, far from the crowd, regaining something of that awe of Nature which men cooped up in cities never feel; at another you are on the sea, that *camino* eternal, occasionally in a storm, when, though you seem in such danger, you are really so safe, but more often in halcyon weather, enjoying the long roll of the Southern Seas, as of a giant breathing, and revelling in those wonderful nights when the glaring day is over and it seems a sin to go below. Then comes the return home, and, as the familiar white cliffs come in sight, you murmur:

> Over the world and under the world,
> And back again at the last to you,

and appreciate, as you never did before, the ripeness, greenness, and repose of your own country.

Sympathy and tolerance, acquisitions of great price, are the reward of your journeying. Having mixed much with your fellow-men, you view mankind from a new angle and have gained the charitable outlook that only comes with seeing the world. And, as you grow older, you will be ever better company for yourself, having remembered, what so many of us forget, that, to have pleasant memories then, we must contrive for them now. At any rate there is small risk of your becoming that miserable thing, a disappointed man, nor will it ever be said of you, as it was of one who had wasted his life: "His days should have been a rosary of priceless pearls, and he let them slip through his fingers like beads of common glass."

. . . . . .

I have said nothing of Belgium and the battlefields, which will, I suppose, be overrun by tourists for the next

few years; nor of Germany and Austria, countries none of us will want to visit for pleasure for a long time to come. Leave comfortably-upholstered Switzerland until you are old and a lover of ease; and, if you want to preserve your illusions, do not visit Palestine at all.

And so I send out this book with some confidence that it will be of use if it falls into the right hands. At least, I know how I should have relished something like it, when, as a lad, I started on my travels.

BON VOYAGE!

Feb. 1923

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PART I

THE ART OF TRAVELLING

What is this life, if it be not mixed with some delight? And what delight is more pleasing than to see the fashions and manners of unknown places? You know I am no common gadder, nor have oft troubled you with travell.—*Tom of Reading*, A.D. 1600.

THE HAPPY TRAVELLER

CHAPTER I

ONE WAY OF TRAVELLING

To pass the seas some think a toil;
Some think it strange abroad to roam;
Some think it grief to leave their soil,
Their parents, kinsfolk and their home,
Think so who list, I like it not:
I must abroad to try my lot.—*Anon*, 1530.

THE real fun of travelling can only be got by one who is content to go as a comparatively poor man. In fact, it is not money which travel demands so much as leisure, and anyone with a small, fixed income can travel all the time.

The hints and wrinkles in this book, founded on the experience of a good many years, are meant to show how this may be done, and even consistent first-class passengers through life may be amused to read of a way of travelling so different from their own.

And now, young Adventurer, to our business. I aim all along at helping you to make up your mind, rather than at making it up for you, surely the better service of the two; and so the suggestions which you will read here are not to be followed slavishly, but are meant to entice you from the beaten track and help you to lead a wild, worth-having youth. I have tried all ways of seeing the world and have learnt that the true honey of travel can only be gathered by a poor man, travelling man-fashion, afoot or on horse-back, and living a clean, simple, close-to-the-ground life. Whether you will like it or not I cannot say,

but at any rate you will have tasted the joy of getting clear for a time from the grip of the machine.

The decay of national costume makes it easy for a man to pass as a native anywhere, at least in Europe, and I dress as unobtrusively as possible and travel light. For a journey of a month or two I only take the clothes I stand up in, and I have found that a suit of grey whip-cord is best, as it keeps its shape well and does not show the dust. I take a neck-scarf to wear in the country and one rubber collar for the towns. All I want besides is a change of under-clothes and a few socks, and there is room in my bag for a book, tobacco, and food bought on the road. The rubber collar is the pet aversion of many Englishmen, but its merits for a poor traveller are obvious. Another thing which we most of us detest, a pair of elastic-sided boots, is useful in Japan, where the boots have to be kicked off before entering a house. I wash my handkerchief overnight, and stretch it on the marble top of the wash-stand. In the morning it is quite dry and looks as if it had been ironed. For a long journey in the tropics take two light suit-cases, but let them at the start be only half-full. Hot-weather clothes can be bought at greater advantage on the spot, and, in spite of resolutions to the contrary, you will be sure, on your first long jaunt, to buy knick-knacks and "curios." Still, whether your journey be long or short, remember that the old Romans justly called luggage *impedimenta*.

Get to know the local road-greetings, and, in the country, do not fail to greet passers-by, if only with a grunt or cheerful grin, because to go by without taking any notice is unusual and excites curiosity. It is surprising how little knowledge of a language will "do" at first, and, if you resolve to speak no words but those of the country you are in, a very few days will enable you to pass muster. Buy and study the local newspaper and time-table, and get rid of the Englishman's reluctance to try to speak a language of which he knows little. Chat with everyone

you meet, and if a native does not understand you, do not shout or try to put it another way, since that will only confuse him all the more; and, especially, keep a grave face when a foreigner talks atrocious English to *you*. After the sketches of the various countries given in this book, phrases of their "talk" are given. Those of the tropical countries are written as I heard them, and the pronunciation of the phrases of the European countries can be got in this way:—At the first town get hold of a waiter or other man of leisure, take out the book and point to the first phrase, saying, in English, "How do you say that?" Whether he understands you or not, he will pore over the book and say the sentence out aloud. Scribble it down *as it sounds*, to learn it later, and look pleased. He will see that he has done what you wanted and will go on until you have learnt enough. It is a good proof that you are getting to feel at home in a language, when, on being called in the morning, you instinctively answer the caller in his own tongue.

It should be your aim to live like the inhabitants, eat and drink as they do, smoke their tobacco, and read their newspapers. Above all, put up at the inns to which they go, shunning the great hotels which are the same in all countries and where little of the intimate life of the people can be seen. Choose a hotel in the market-place of a town, and do not be easily dashed by the poor exterior of an inn which has been recommended to you by a native of the country. The chances are that it is decent and well found inside. If you have to register your profession in the hotel list, the word for private gentleman is *rentier* in French, *possidente* in Italian and *proprietario* in Spanish. If this seems to you too lordly, simply write yourself down a student (*étudiant, studente, estudiante*). You may not be one in the literal sense, but, at any rate, you are a student of your fellow-men. Do not always take the first room which is shown you and do not disdain to haggle over the bill. Foreigners despise a man who pays like a lamb. But

do not see a cheat in every inn-keeper. Honesty is much commoner than you would suppose. Only take a bedroom at the hotel and have your meals in the town; you have not then to return to the hotel when you may be at the other end of the place, and you will enjoy the fun of trying the different restaurants. After a spell of rough accommodation and when you get to a good hotel, try the luxury of sleeping naked in fine sheets. On waking, stretch yourself well like a cat and get up quietly and slowly: to jump out of bed taxes the heart.

Carry no guide book, but, before starting, read about the country to which you are going and take a road-map; the local time-table will contain a sufficiently good railway map. A plan of the town can usually be seen in the hotel or in one of the shop windows, and the picture postcards displayed everywhere will be a satisfactory index to the "sights" of the place. To get the lie of a little town walk round it and then ascend the highest view point. For our own country look at one of the Roadfaring Guides, published by Larby, 1, Paternoster Avenue, E.C.4. They have clever maps showing at a glance the good stretches of country.

Resolutely refuse to be shown round: it is so much more interesting to find things out for yourself instead of being pestered with a guide's eternal prattle. If touts (or beggars) are importunate, an infallible method of checking them is to pass on slowly without speaking, moving the head slightly backwards as if it were too much trouble to speak. If you succumb to them, you will gain little information and lose that unruffled mood which is essential to happy travelling. Have no mean night adventures, and, especially, be on your guard against men who proffer their services as night guides.

Alternate town and country, because a constant length of either soon palls. This you can do by walking from place to place, or, if that is too arduous, sometimes leave the train a station or two before reaching your destination

and walk into the town so as to get the view of it from a distance. A railway seldom approaches a town in the best way, and, by following this plan, you get a first sight of the place as generations of former travellers have seen it. The quiet of the countryside is an admirable foil to the bustle of towns, and to rush about by train from one famous city to another is not travelling. For the same reason, vary your mode of journeying, walking for a week or two, and then using the trains or coasting steamers. I have also a secret liking for being a poor man most of the time, with an occasional week as a rich man.

Do not try to cover too much ground or to exhaust a land in one visit, but purposely leave interesting places or delightful stretches of country for future journeys. I have been to Japan three times and have not yet seen Nikko.

The beaten track is often the best track, but devote most of your time to the by-ways. In no other way can you so quickly reach the heart of a country. Yet, though I would have you do much of your journey by road, get a zest for travelling by railway. Just being in a train and rushing on to somewhere is extraordinarily nerve-soothing. Besides, a train goes through out-of-the-way places and enables you to surprise many intimate sights which you would miss from the highway. The track usually follows river valleys and a distraction can be found on a long journey in shooting the rapids in an imaginary canoe or in fishing likely pools. When there is no river, I take the hedges and ditches on a dream horse, or pretend that I am an airman and spot good landing places.[1]

But you will, I hope, be travelling third class, and your fellow-travellers and their ways should be a sufficient amusement. What a deal of fine, mixed company and racy, human chatter the staid first-class passengers miss!

[1] When I have to wait for a train, I amuse myself by scribbling down a list of the collective words in which our language is so rich, e.g., a *pack* of hounds, a *shoal* of fish, a *peal* of bells. There are about a hundred of them, but I can seldom think of more than fifty or

I never tire of watching the speaking gestures and admiring the helpfulness and natural good manners of my poor companions.[1]

On reaching the station to which you are bound, if you do not know the way, hang behind for a minute and then follow the crowd; the greatest number will be making for the centre of the town. Similarly, to find the early morning market, follow the women with *empty* baskets. Breakfast can always be had there earlier than elsewhere.[2] In most

sixty. Or I make out a list of what I consider to be really first rate books of travel. How few there are! I begin with these:

Kinglake's "Eöthen."
Borrow's, "Bible in Spain."
Melville's "Typee."
Butler's "Alps and Sanctuaries."
Doughty's "Arabia Deserta."
Anson's "Voyage Round the World."
Darwin's "Voyage of the 'Beagle.'"
Bates' "Naturalist on the Amazons."
Wallace's "Malay Archipelago."

Here I pause to weigh the claims of such books as "Tom Cringle's Log," the "Cruise of the 'Falcon,'" and "Two Years before the Mast;" and, thinking the list is getting too nautical, I return ashore with Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant," and Ford's "Gatherings from Spain." Then the train comes in.

[1] The art of making himself comfortable is a valuable qualification for a traveller. I sit at the engine end in the long foreign third-class carriages so as to get a good view of the company and to avoid getting coal grit in my eyes; and in a long journey I put on my slippers and a light raincoat, instead of my coat and waistcoat. In the dusty trains in Java the Dutchmen bathe their faces with eau-de-cologne mixed with water, and an evening train-headache can be dispelled by laying a handkerchief dipped in lavender water across the forehead. An air-cushion half blown up lessens the hardness of the wooden seats and provides amusement for your fellow-passengers.

[2] A man to whom the saving of a franc a day is of consequence should take his *café complet* at a café rather than at his hotel. If you want butter with your roll go to a *crêmerie* in France and to a *latteria* in Italy. In Spain I take a street-breakfast of *Buñuelos*, a batter fried in fat or olive oil, which, like our own eggs and bacon, has the merit of coming fresh to the palate every morning. A similar food, in the shape of ring fritters, is sold in Algeria under the name of *Zlabia*. You can sample foreign food (of a sort) before starting by going to these restaurants, which are all within two

continental towns a market is held daily, but in the smaller places where it is held weekly, time your visit to include the market day.

It is amusing to draw up plans for your journey, but it is more amusing to alter them as you go along, so do not bind yourself down by taking tourist tickets. If you have not the energy or wit to go to the booking office and buy your own ticket, you are not likely to be a good traveller in my sense of the term. The fun of travel consists largely in chance encounters and unpremeditated moves; so leave the details of your journey entirely in the hands of Fate. Too much precision is as much a mistake in this as it is in gardening. When tired of a country I make for the nearest port, ask where the various ships are bound for, and choose the boat the destination of which I like best. So many young travellers at the first sign of home-sickness, which usually comes after the first ten days, hurry back and in a day or two are sorry for their abrupt return. A better plan is to alternate a month's hard travelling with a week's idling at some little place in the land where you happen to be.

Do not buy things on your travels; you can get them as cheaply in London or Paris. Your aim is to travel light, and a thing you don't want is dear at a penny. At least, only buy things that you can live with. How burdened most of us are with our possessions and how I envied a tramp who once said to me; "My home is under my hat!" To have nothing and to want nothing robs life of most of its worries. The ideal is to have a cottage in England in which to keep your few belongings and where you can rest and refit between long bouts of travel.

It may seem a lazy way of living, but have the wisdom to enjoy your life in your own way. To be master of your

minutes' walk of Piccadilly Circus. Spanish—27, Dean Street; Chinese—3, Glasshouse Street; Greek—75, Beak Street; Egyptian—6, Archer Street. For Italian dishes try the Boulogne in Gerrard Street, opposite to which, at the Café Legrain, you can get the best glass of coffee in London.

time is a great step on the road to happiness; and, after all, there is a good deal of hard work in the life of a poor traveller. At any rate he lives in warm and observant touch with his fellow-men. He has a passion for seeing how the world is made, and is more interested in human beings than in art; what their houses are like and what clothes they wear; what money do they have; what food they eat; what do they love and hate; what do they see of the surrounding world; and what are the ideals which fill the spaces of their active lives. And his pleasures, though simple, are satisfying—constant change of scene; hunger and the satisfaction of a good meal; the pleasant languor of tiredness; sea-bathing; sunrises and sunsets. If I am in a little town, I go outside the walls to see the sun set and do not return until I can count three stars; then back to my inn through the darkling streets, which are never so interesting as at the hour when the lights are being lit and you can see the inside of the shops through the windows.

Cultivate the habit of interested sauntering and do not hurry. An afternoon spent basking in the sun on a mountain side or watching the boats in a little harbour is not wasted. I am a great loafer in market-places and public gardens, and comfort myself for my bad ways by recalling a sentence from some life of Charles II:—"A bewitching kind of pleasure called Sauntering was the Sultana queen he delighted in." Keep the picture galleries and show places for Sundays, the poor man's day all over Europe, when they are open free and thronged with a merry crowd. Stroll through them, as it were, with your hands in your pockets, not caring greatly what the critics say of the pictures, but admiring those which the artists seem to have enjoyed painting.

My instincts are those of a solitary and so I travel alone, but I pick up acquaintances everywhere and chance companionship is the best of all.[1] I carry a trout rod, not

[1] Even if you are married, sometimes travel alone. Identity of interests is by no means general in husband and wife, and there is no

seeking out fishing but taking it as it comes, and, if possible, I spend my occasional lazy week fishing. Indeed, even if you do not care for angling, you might strap a light rod to your umbrella. The sight of it is an open sesame to the confidence of the country-folk, accounting for your presence in out-of-the-way places, for the primitive suspicion of the stranger is by no means dead. If you get tired of carrying it, you can sell it with advantage anywhere abroad, foreign anglers having a just admiration for English tackle.

Life is short and the world is wide, but, moving thus about the countries as a freeman of the world, the time seems endless. Even after a week abroad, it seems a long time since home was left; surely a noteworthy hint of the way to increase the enjoyment got out of living.

Realize, then, that the true fun in life consists in doing things not in having them; and that, though comparatively poor, a man can be accounted rich who has the means to get what he wants and does get it. Indeed, the success of your journey depends less on the heaviness of your purse than on your lightness of heart. A healthy man is very much a vagabond in his soul, scorning the conventions, viewing life from a broad standpoint and never so happy as when in old clothes, lightly burdened, and with no watch but his belly. It is something of an advantage to be one of the world's poor men, though you are unkempt and your travel-stained coat meets glances of disfavour. Your sense of humour is quickened and you no longer believe that rich men are bad any more than that poor men are virtuous. You are willing to associate with poor people, and not ashamed to visit ignorant people, no, nor afraid to be seen with "wicked" people. You have self-reliance and are ready to laugh at the many discomforts and absurdities of life.

valid reason for a woman merging her taste in holidays in that of her husband. There is little question but that absence, gaily and mutually agreed upon, makes the heart grow fonder, and it is all to the good that we should recognize it.

But do not forget that foreigners will form their idea of Englishmen from the way you act; so always be jealous for England's honour and always play the game. Few things are more distressing to an honest traveller than to see the bad behaviour of some of his countrymen abroad. To talk loudly in the streets and cafés, to walk about the cathedrals during mass and generally to ignore the rules of politeness is not the way to make the English well liked in foreign countries. The Germans are the worst offenders, having, in addition to these failings, a grossness in their way of eating and a gloating zeal in collecting salacious post cards, but some English folk are almost as bad. They are, of course, not travellers but tourists, and the difference seems to me to be this:—a tourist bustles about seeing sights, speaks and tries to speak no word of the language, turns up his nose at the "foreign" food, and is frankly amused with what he calls the superstitions of the natives; whereas a traveller respects the conventions of the people of the land, lives quietly as they do, speaks their language as well as he is able and sincerely admires their good qualities. It follows that one man can be a traveller though abroad only for a month, whilst another may go round and round the world and never cease to be a tourist.

CHAPTER II

CLIMATES AT A GLANCE

To make this earth, our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice.
—*R. L. Stevenson.*

WITH all the world before you where to roam, there is little sense in visiting a country at the wrong time of year. Good weather can be found all the year round somewhere or other, and, being a poor traveller, you will naturally make for a country where the exchange is in your favour.

The following list shows the best seasons in normal years :—

Ægean Islands—August and September.

Algeria and Tunis—February.

Alps in winter—February is much better than Christmas-tide.

Alpine Valleys—April and May.

Alpine flower-fields—15 May to 15 July, at which date the hay is cut.

Balearic Islands—The weather is perfect all the year except in July, August and September. The months from January to May are especially delightful.

Bombay—November.

Borneo—February to the end of May.

British Honduras—It is never very hot, because the wind blows from the East all the year round.

Black Forest—May.

Brazil—Any months except April and May, when the rains fall in deluges.

British Guiana—December and January.

Burmah—November to 15 February is the best period. March and April are very hot, and the rains brought by the S.W. Monsoon last from May to October.

Canary Islands—January.

Ceylon—November to May are good months, and January and February are the best. But a man resident in another tropical country would enjoy a visit to Ceylon in August and September, when there is little rain.

Dalmatian Coast—Spring or Autumn.

Denmark—May and June.

Dolomites—September, or, for the flowers, June. Avoid July, which is the "season."

Engadine—June.

England—15 May to 15 June. For a walking tour 15 April to 15 May.

Egypt—Any winter month; March being especially good. It seldom rains except in the Delta.

France—The Riviera in March; Brittany in the late Spring; the Pyrenees June to 15 September; the Rhone country in September and October.

Greece—April and May; or October, just after the first rains have fallen. Mosquitoes become bad after April, and as the summer advances, it is necessary to take quinine.

India—The cool season lasts from October to February, and the hot season from March to May. The rains fall from June to September.

Italy—The Riviera or Calabria in March; Rome in April; Florence in early May, and the Lakes in October. But once in your life try an Italian summer.

Japan—April or November, but there is a long stretch of fair weather from 15 October to 30 December. It is bitterly cold in January and February, and steaming hot in the summer; the rains beginning on 10 June and falling in sheets.

Java—May to December. The rains fall from December to late in April, but, as they always fall in one long shower starting about 3 p.m., you can travel comfortably enough in the wet season if you keep an eye on your watch, the mornings and evenings being delicious.

Juras—September.

Kashmir—April.

Luxemburg—May and June.

Malaya—Any time except from December to February, when the weather is bad.

Mexico—Our winter and spring months. The rains start about 20 August.

New South Wales—August to November, especially September. The worst months are January and February.

New Zealand—North Island August to April; South Island November to March. For a short visit December, January, and February are the best months.

Pacific Coast of South America—February and March.

Peru—November to May. The sun is then masked by light clouds and it is not too hot.

Portugal—The Algarve in February; North Portugal in April or in October. The winter is rainy but not cold.

Queensland—June to August.

Siam—November to March; January and February being the best months.

Spain—April, or October to 15 November; but I like it all the year round.

South Sea Islands—June and July. The rains last from December to March.

Sweden—July.

Tasmania—November to March.

Tyrol—July.

West Indies—October to March. February is the best, and December the second-best, month. The wet season starts in July.

CHAPTER III

SOME NOTES ON HEALTH AND WEALTH

Jog on, jog on the footpath way
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
—*Shakespeare.*

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY travelling is the jolliest of all, and there are only two rules for a traveller to observe who wants to keep fit and well:

(1) Be cheerful and interested in everything.

(2) Do not bother too much about your inside.

We swallow millions of microbes every minute, and a man who is constantly dosing himself for petty ailments is not likely to make a good traveller.

In temperate climates I walk from place to place, and, merely by doing so, keep myself in the best of health. It is a good plan to get into condition for this some time before you start, using the boots you mean to wear. Smear them with castor oil to make them pliant and waterproof, and wear woollen socks.[1] Take short spells of walking with a pack a little heavier than you intend to carry, just

[1] On one journey I tried the French soldier's plan of wearing no socks at all. To do this you pour a tablespoonful of neat's-foot oil into each boot, put them on and wear them all day. At night wash the feet and wipe out the boots with pieces of newspaper. The dressing, which should only be used with black boots, ought to be repeated after a month. The plan at which I have at present arrived is to buy a pair of the cheapest socks I can find, wear them until they are done for, and then throw them away instead of sending them to be washed. If your boots get wet through, stuff them with balls of newspaper overnight. Walk fast in the country and stroll about in towns, and do not march with your hat off.

as ballet-dancers are trained in heavier shoes than those which they will wear on the stage. Lengthen this trial-walk every time.

When you start, do not overdo the walking, and let fifteen miles a day be your maximum distance; but it is more fun to swing along without intending to go a fixed distance every day. Leave your night's shelter to chance; it is more easily obtained than you would imagine. At intervals during the day's march change your socks from one foot to the other foot. Keep a regular stride, rising on the balls of the toes and not turning the toes out too much: Rodin's Statue of St. John, in the Luxemburg, shows the correct way to have the feet. How few people walk well! The secret is to let the shoulder *opposite* to the advancing foot swing well forward at each step.

Do not stay too long on one side of a cambered road, because the constant slope pulls the boots out of shape and tires the feet. There is an old proverb which says that the other side of the road always looks best, and I often test this by changing from one side of the road to the other.

Stop to sit down at the top of a hill, rather than at the bottom or half way up; when you go on again the tired muscles get into condition on the way down. In flat country I take a rest just before rounding a bend in the road, so that when I start again I am curious to see what is round the corner. To rest quickly and well, lie on your back with your knees drawn up.

If you have a knapsack on your back, put the heavier things at the top; but I always take a small black bag as attracting less notice, carrying it in my hand in a town and slinging it on my shoulder, with my umbrella through the handle, in the country.

The best wayside lunch in England is a split piece of toast with a rasher of bacon slipped inside, followed by bread and cheese and beer. On the Continent I am content with bread, a raw onion, and a bottle of wine; but I make it a rule never to pass a little restaurant when hungry, in the

hope of finding a better one further on. I like to have a pocketful of raisins to munch at odd times and a little chocolate or chewing gum.

In the tropics few white men ever dream of walking from place to place, but it has never hurt me. Of course, greater care of the health is necessary since man has there five lurking enemies—sun, chill, mosquitoes, alcohol and bad water. In our climate the sun is man's friend: in the tropics it is man's deadly enemy. Do not take off your hat even when under trees or beneath the awning of a ship. Never go out before taking some breakfast and avoid hurrying and getting hot and flustered. It is bad alike for your health and your enjoyment. The natives, who for all their sedateness are shrewd enough, call people who do this, "Dam-fool Cooks." You must take the heat as a matter of course and bear it patiently. Should you get overheated, drink tea as hot as you can bear it, for, paradoxical as it may sound, this minimizes the danger of heat apoplexy. Chills are often got by being caught in a sudden downpour and letting the clothes dry on the body in the hot sun. If you cannot change at once, keep moving, and notice how hilarious you become. Once drenched to the skin all discomfort is gone and all worry forgotten. Water and mud become no more unpleasant than air and dust.

Shun cold baths like poison, but take a hot bath every evening just before dinner. Iced drinks are deadly and no alcohol should be taken before sunset, nor any fruit except in the morning.[1]

[1] The ice is usually full of microbes, all the more spiteful for their temporary imprisonment. It is always best to take the local drinks of the country, e.g., *Herva maté* in Brazil; Apple-brandy in Kashmir; *Caña* in Ecuador; Lime-squash in the West Indies; *Pulque dolce* in Mexico; *Kwass* or *Kakalinski* in Russia; Planter's Punch in Jamaica; or, if you are cold, a *Pimento dram*. In India and the Straits a good drink is a "Virgin," a mixture of Vermuth and Gin. In the East the boy hands you a chit which you sign and pay later with the hotel or club bill. Gin is better for a white man in the tropics than Whisky, and Rum is the wholesomest drink at sea. When walking in Europe, be careful not to drink *white* wine on an empty stomach. It fetters the legs and takes your wind away. If

Copy the habit of the natives in the times of meals and in taking a siesta. This not only keeps you indoors during the dangerous part of the day, but makes the nights seem cooler. If you cannot sleep, try counting your breaths, and, if it is too hot to sleep, dip your handkerchief in cold water and hold it behind the ears. When I have a room with running water, I fill the basin, turn on the tap to a fast drip, and lie listening to the refreshing tinkle of the falling drops. I got the idea from the cooling-room of some Turkish bath, and I liked it so much that in my home-cottage I have had a tap made to drip from a height into a great iron pot. Instead of tossing about and thinking of all manner of things, lie still and say over to yourself this verse, picturing the scenes:

> Hushed are the sheep bells afar on the moorland,
> O'er the still meadows the night breezes sweep,
> Faint fall the footsteps in city and hamlet,
> Safely the children are folded in sleep.

In noisy places plug the ears with cotton-wool dipped in glycerine, and, when there is no blind to the window, open your umbrella and rest it on your body. Should you be sleeping naked, and without bedclothes, be sure to have a bit of sheet across the loins.[1]

Strange noises break the silence of the tropical night, and the traveller who has once heard them never forgets the yelping of jackals, the chorus of frogs, the drone of the crickets, and, in cities, the death-wail from the house-tops.

But it is usually the mosquitoes, not the heat or the noise, which keep a man awake. If you have no mosquito curtains to your bed, hang a lump of camphor above your

hungry between meals, take a basin of soup which is sustaining and does not spoil the appetite.

[1] Like most men tramping along with the smell of the good brown earth in their nostrils I sing or whistle when on the road. But do you ever sing in bed? I do. My favourite aria is "Why do the the Nations," from the Messiah; and when I want to give myself a special treat, I muffle myself up in the bedclothes and hallo for all I am worth. A couple of minutes of this is just splendid. Then I compose myself for sleep, feeling at peace with all men.

face, or dab your forehead with some such preparation as muscatol, for the usual line of march of an undisturbed mosquito is from one ear across the forehead to the other ear. In the day time it is easy enough to escape them by keeping in the sun-light or in the sea breeze, both of which they detest. Even the light of the full moon is sufficient to keep them away and you can sit out on the veranda with impunity. They lurk in dark places and are especially given to attacking the ankles of people sitting at table; so have your trousers cut long and always wear boots. Besides, this lessens the risk of snake-bite, the bare-footed or sandal-shod natives being the usual victims. Snake poison is "dead" poison, and you can suck the wound if you rinse out your mouth with an antiseptic afterwards. The bite of a mad animal is "live" poison, and no washing of the mouth will make you safe.

In damp heat wear a white duck suit made to button closely round the neck, and, if there be no mosquitoes, a pair of white canvas shoes with thick soles. In dry heat wear a Norfolk suit of yellowish porous canvas, a loose handkerchief round the neck and thick boots with heavy soles. Your shirt should be of silk and wool and your underclothes of merino or Indian gauze. One is always advised to wear a pith sun-hat until 4 p.m., after which a panama is more comfortable. If you do have a sun helmet, it should be lined with red or yellow, *not* green. But I myself wear a soft felt hat with a wide brim and put my umbrella up when out of the shade.[1] An additional pre-

[1] I have my umbrella specially made with 29-inch ribs instead of the usual size of 26 inches. The six inches extra spread is invaluable in tropical showers—rubber mackintoshes having a short life south of the 23rd degree of latitude. I carry a square of mosquito netting with a hole for the ferrule of the umbrella and by putting it against a rock or a tree I can have a nap or a fishing lunch secure from mosquitoes or sandflies. These last are sometimes (as in the Milford Sound walk in New Zealand) so bad as to make a veil necessary. They leave you alone as long as you keep walking, but the moment you stand still they come for you. If they are troublesome at night sprinkle some powdered camphor on the bed.

caution against the sun is to have an orange strip, three inches wide, sewn down the inside of the coat over the spine: red, yellow, and orange being colours which resist the deadly violet rays of the sun.

A good servant, though not necessary, is a great comfort in the East and is not an expensive luxury, being carried for nothing on the steamers and for a mere trifle on the trains. In India choose a Madrassi, because, although probably a rascal, he does not trouble about caste and can speak (atrociously) nearly all the dialects. But do not let him become too familiar. He must not enter your presence shod or bareheaded. Remember that a white man is a "big chief" in the East and keep your dignity, and, especially, never shake hands with a native. Beyond India, John Chinaman is the servant to have, and a Chinese woman, who has been trained, makes the best nurse for a sick or wounded man.[1]

Engage no guide; if you do, he will spend most of the time leading you round to show you off to his various acquaintances.

For a journey of more than three weeks on a horse or mule, it is better to buy than to hire the beast. I once bought a mule at Cordova, and, after a ride of three months,

[1] When talking to your Chinese "boy" you use Pidgin English. This is a corruption of *business* English; thus, when he says that something is not his "pidgin," he means that it is outside his particular work, which no true Chinaman will overstep by a hair's breadth. Here are a few of the words used and their meanings.—*chop chop*, quickly; *all same this*, like this; *can do*, I will; *no can do*, I won't; *fie tee*, hurry; *man man*, stop; *one piecee*, one thing; *number one*, best; *maski*, all right or never mind. Though roundabout, this baby mode of talk is tolerably successful. Nobody has taught him to use the word "bishop," but his own *topside-joss-pidgin-fellow* expresses both the idea and the dignity.

Rickshaw men at the "spoilt" ports of Japan cheerfully answer to the title of *damurais*, which contains a root also found in a Levantine word for soup *dammuck*.

A Chinaman cannot pronounce the letter "r," and at Christmas your boy will give you a little rice-paper card bearing the words: "My chin-chin you melly Klismas."

In beckoning to him you keep the fingers downward.

sold it at Burgos for more than I had paid for it. If you are riding a horse, look after him yourself when you get to your inn. Rub him down with a wisp of straw, give him *half a pint* of water, rug and feed him. With a mule use one of the native saddles, which make a man sit back in the proper way, a mule's shoulders being very weak. To guide him, give him a tap with your stick on the cheek opposite to the way you want to go, and, as you value your bones, do not walk round his tail.[1]

I never carry a weapon, because I am convinced of the truth of the proverb: "Smile at the world and the world will smile back at you." As long as a traveller is polite and good humoured and *respects the women of the country*, he will get along without any trouble. Too much stress cannot be laid on politeness, a minor virtue in which we are deficient. Be friendly and courteous, but not jocular; men of other nations regard as ill-bred any such familiarity from one who is more or less a stranger. It is the custom in Europe to raise the hat when entering a railway-carriage or a café or a shop, and I salute in this way the priest in a little place. Carry many visiting cards; foreigners delight in exchanging them, and they are useful in the East for leaving at the local club, where you will no doubt be made an honorary member.

Divide the money which you carry into several lots and sew some of the notes into the flaps of your waistcoat and others round the ankles. Another good place, except at sea or in a barber's shop, is inside the leather band of your hat. But a letter of credit is safer still. Many of the tales of robbers which one hears abroad are invented by guides who resent that a man should go about alone; and a

[1] An elephant, also, has a dislike to a white man approaching him from behind. Camels do not bite or kick (except when *must*) but they can give a violent sneeze of half-masticated cud, which is almost as bad. With them *oos*, *oos* means go on; *adda* turn; *ogf* stop, and *ch*, *ch*, *ch* lie down. They are the only animals in the world to move the legs of one side before the others move, and the swaying motion that results from this may make you "sea-sick" at first.

traveller soon finds out that a peasant with every mark of being a brigand may be a very peaceable person. His wild appearance is probably due to your seeing him at the wrong end of the week, because, on the Continent, poor men only get shaved on Saturday. If you *do* meet a really "suspicious character" in a lonely place, do not hesitate, but keep on with an added jauntiness; and do not go round him, which would argue you afraid, but rather steer more directly for him. If you like, you can finger an imaginary revolver in your hip-pocket, but a cheery and confident good-day is enough. Do not look back.

Should you be attacked by a mob in the East, hurt one of the crowd and hurt him quickly. The others will gather chattering round the injured man and you will be able to slip away. If attacked by one man, hold your umbrella round the top of the ribs and meet his charge with a thrust in the belly or throat. If you have a stick, hold it just below the handle and let him have it, *not* on the head, but on the collar-bone an inch or so away from the neck. Keep your hand low so as not to hit the pad of muscle behind the collar-bone, and stand as in fencing, with the right foot forward. Other vulnerable places are the outside of the forearm, the tip of the shoulder, and, with niggers, the shins. When the man has a knife and you have time, get your coat off and wrap it round the left wrist as a pad, leaving part of it dangling. If you are camping when attacked, leap away from the fire into the dark and keep still. To catch the faintest sound, keep your mouth open, for our ear has an inward entrance as well as an outer, like the gill which gave it origin. If you have a companion and want to wake him without his speaking, press with your finger under his ear.

But I hope none of these alarming things will happen to you. You are much more likely to be attacked by a dog. The mongrel curs are a nuisance to the wayfarer in most foreign lands. It is useless to try and "good dog" them. Instead, abuse them in the hoarsest voice at your command

with the worst language you can think of. They may slink off utterly ashamed of themselves, but, if one comes for you, try this method. Snatch off your hat and hold it out to him, when he will snap at it and seize it by the brim. Now the length of your hat and arm is exactly the length of your leg, and, if you kick out, he will get it just under the jaw, bite his tongue and go off howling. Approaching a dog sleeping in the road, I do so whistling. This wakes him up before I get close and helps to convince him that I am human, in spite of the bag on my shoulder and my outlandish smell.

Tips will be expected from you wherever you go, and are called *comshaw* all over the East. They need not always be given in money; a present of a cigar or a stick of trade tobacco will not only save your pocket but will be accepted without loss of self-respect. To stint yourself is the mark of a fool and to be niggardly in these little gifts is a mistake. I counteract my own tendency to meanness in these matters by unfailing liberality to children and *old* beggars. In the South Seas you have to carry trade "truck," because in the more virgin islands money has no value. Beads have lost their glamour and are besides heavy to carry, but aluminium thimbles and hanks of red cotton are well received and pack into a small parcel. In Europe I take spare trout flies to give away to local anglers, and flower seeds for garden-lovers in other parts of the world.

The cosiest place for camping is under a rock overhanging a dry spot near a stream; the draughtiest is under a tree, but if I chance on a walnut tree I sleep beneath it as it is clear of midges and mosquitoes. These pests can also be kept at bay in the open by covering yourself with ferns. Your fire should be built in the shape of a half-moon with the points towards the wind. Build it quite small at first, using bark peelings of birch as tinder. Sleep on the lee side of it with your feet to the fire (the smoke will drive over your head), and have some spare wood by you to throw on during the night. If it is warm, use the beachcomber's pillow, your boots rolled in your coat. If it is chilly, your coat

thrown over the head and shoulders is more protection than when kept on. To sleep snugly you must take off every perspired garment and wrap up well the coldest part of the body, from the waist to the knees. Scrape a good big hole for your hipbone and use an old newspaper as a groundsheet. Do not dread an occasional night in the open when you are benighted and have no camp. There are few beds more comfortable than a dry ditch in England in June.[1]

[1] The law is that you must not sleep within fifteen yards of the crown (or centre) of the road. To play the tramp in England have a blue handkerchief with white spots round your neck, wear a silver ring, and let your nails get dirty. Address an old man as "old gentleman," a woman as "Missis," and a quite ordinary man as "Mister." English tramps avoid blisters by putting fresh dock leaves in their socks every morning.

For a camping holiday in England, hire a pony and cart and make yourself a gipsy tent. It is the simplest tent in the world, the most comfortable, and the cost of it is exactly nil. All you have to do is to find a hedge where nut boughs grow, lithe and straight and tall. Cut eleven of them, one inch round at the bottom and some seven feet long, and strip them into neat rods. You need also four blankets, some string and a few safety-pins.

When night comes and you go to pitch your tent, take four of the rods and stick them well into the ground in a straight row, twenty-two inches apart. Next you measure six feet across and stick four more rods into the ground, exactly opposite the first four, and you bend the two rows of rods over, one to the other, and tie them firmly to form an arch. Then at one end you plant your ninth rod, eighteen inches back from the arch, in the centre, and you bend that down to the others and tie it there. Then on either side of it you plant rods ten and eleven, and bring them over likewise. Now cover the whole, except the open end, with blankets pinned together, and you have fulfilled man's primeval need. You have built yourself a little house to crawl into and shelter, and if you do not sleep comfortably it will be because you ought to be at home. If you collect old china, take out a pedlar's license, buy some stock in Houndsditch and make a show of selling it at remote farms.

For river camping a Canadian canoe is the best boat: you face the right way, go along silently and have plenty of room to stow your gear. I have camped on most of the rivers in the South of England and my favourite stream is the Warwickshire Avon. But for a permanent camp with a Canadian canoe try the Golden Valley near Stroud on the Thames and Severn Canal, or Fordwich on the River Stour in Kent.

If you use a motor-cycle, you have your bed complete if you can induce someone to make you a sidecar two feet longer than the usual size.

If you are lost, you are exposed to three dangers—Fear, Cold and Hunger—of which the first is the deadliest. Sit down until the first panic is over. Then resist the temptation to go uphill to get into freer spaces. Instead, *go downhill*; you will find water, and most settlements are in the valleys. You are not likely to be travelling for pleasure in a really cold country, and at night you can cover yourself with heather or bracken. As to hunger, a man can live on his own fat for a week and it is a poor country where there are no lichens. These boiled for an hour will keep you going, and it is useful to know that no toadstool growing on a tree is poisonous. If you have any food left when you first realize that you have lost your way, save it until nightfall and eat half of it when you camp. In the morning only have a drink and eat your last food at midday. After that, drink only a sip at a time and chew pieces of your boots. Water above house-level is sure to be pure and good to drink.

An emergency compass can be contrived by laying your watch face upwards on the palm with the hour hand point-to the sun. Half way between the hour hand and XII will be due south in the northern and due north in the southern hemisphere. To try to find a lost track at night is labour thrown away; but you ought at least to be able to recognize the Pole Star and the Southern Cross and know that Orion is upright when south and slanting when east or west.

Should you have the bad luck, when at sea, to fall overboard, get your boots off and turn the coat pockets inside out; but do not take off your clothes, because they keep you warm. Make no attempt to swim anywhere, but just keep yourself afloat until you are picked up. If there are sharks about, keep splashing the water.

CHAPTER IV

TRAVELLERS' AILMENTS

I need nothing extraordinary when I am sick, and I will not be beholden to my Bolus to do that for me which Nature cannot.
—*Montaigne.*

CARRY some simple medicines in tabloids or lamels, and a clinical thermometer. A man's normal temperature is 98·4° F.; his pulse should beat seventy to eighty-four times a minute and he should breathe fifteen to eighteen times. If he breathes over twenty-two times a minute, something is wrong.

Care of the feet. Cut the toe nails straight across, not round; and soap your socks. Wash the feet night and morning with soap and *cold* water, and powder your evening socks with Fuller's earth.

Cold feet. Kneel on a chair or tree trunk for a few minutes. Along the line of the C.P.R. labourers can often be seen in this praying attitude. Two pairs of thin socks are warmer and more comfortable than one thick pair.

Constipation. Sip hot water before meals. Sea water is better still, if you can drink it hot without being sick. In the tropics take two grains of Cascara three times daily until relieved, or, if the water is above suspicion, sip a glass of it cold before breakfast.

Diarrhœa. Take first a dose of Cascara and then a Chlorodyne tabloid.

Dysentery. Symptom—blood in the excrement. Take chlorodyne. Salol tabloids in a little whisky lessen the chances of your having the disease. If you catch it in the wilds and have no drugs, chew wood charcoal

or scrape a powder from a charred stick and swallow it with water.

Grit in the eye. Rub the *other* eye, when both eyes will water. Carry a small camel's hair brush for getting grit out, and, after you have done so, put a drop of castor oil in the eye. Sulphate of zinc is a good soothing lotion and you can rest your eyes by fixing them on the horizon. If you wear glasses when reading, take the oculist's prescription with you, in case you break them. Snuff is good for the eyes. The Zulus, who are inveterate snuff-takers, have the finest eyesight in the world. Never touch the eyes after scratching an insect bite.

Indigestion. Before meals take in a glass of water enough baking powder (bicarbonate of soda) to cover a shilling. Drink nothing with your food.

Malaria. At first you feel hot and yet shiver. Then there are three stages—cold, hot and sweating. Take Magnesium Sulphate at once, dissolved in water. Then 15 grains of quinine twice a day. You can buy it at any post office in India, and, if the country is malarial, you should take five grains daily. But to take quinine daily in the tropics, whether there is fever there or not, is wrong. The system gets used to the drug and will not respond when there is need of a dose; besides, to take it constantly makes you deaf. Wear a cholera belt east of Suez, but only wear it at night.

Neuralgia. Take ten grains of aspirin, or drink a cup of tea with three or four cloves in it; but do not start a journey without having your teeth seen to.[1]

Prickly heat. Smear the skin with Izal cream; or with a paste of Fuller's earth and lime juice. A simpler but longer remedy is to lie up for a day or two, constantly

[1] Worcester Sauce drunk neat is a good pick-me-up. Beaten up with an egg it makes a "Bombay Oyster." A "corpse reviver" is an egg, a squeeze of lemon or lime, with a little sugar and a dash of Angostura bitters. When this has been worked up with a swizzle-stick, a wine-glass full of square face (gin) or whisky is added.

bathing the itching places with a handkerchief dipped in cold water.

Simple Fever. Go to bed and take ten grains of aspirin. This cures the headache and lowers the temperature. Repeat the dose after four hours. If the tongue is dirty take castor oil.

Sore Throat. Put a little table salt on the tongue and keep it there until it has dissolved.

Sea sickness. Try stopping both ears tightly with cotton wool. For it is now thought to be caused by a loss of the sense of equilibrium, which resides, not in the stomach, but in the ears.

Snake bite. Cut round the wound, make it bleed and rub in crystals of Permanganate of Potash. A special lancet for this can be got for ninepence from Messrs. Arnold & Co., Giltspur St., E.C.1. Take no alcohol.

Sunstroke. Keep in a darkened room, and after sunset, *not before*, dissolve a teaspoonful of ordinary salt in a wineglassful of cold water. Trickle a little into both ears a drop at a time. This takes away the pain, and you will sink into a delightful sleep and be nearly all right next day. This is a Greek remedy and has cured me several times when I have had a touch of the sun.

Vermin on the body. Smear the underclothes with paraffin or with mercurial ointment. If you should become infested with fleas, sleep out in a bed of bracken one night and in the morning you will be free of the pests.

You can quite easily pack your medical kit in a tin box $3\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{4}'' \times \frac{5}{8}''$, weighing no more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. For cuts, take a roll of surgical bandage, $2' \times 3''$, already treated with Iodiform, a piece of surgical tape, $16'' \times 1\frac{1}{2}''$, and a small tube of carbolated vaseline. Put up ten of each of

the tabloids that you think you may want in little paper packets, and fill up the tin with a sewing needle and thread, a heavy needle and shoe thread, and a paper of burnt rag which is good tinder in an emergency. An air cushion, 18" × 36", will keep the necessary parts of your body off the ground when sleeping out.

PART II

THE MEDITERRANEAN COUNTRIES

Huddle. It is more safe tarrying at home, sleeping on a soft bed, than to suffer cold, thirst and hunger under the wide open welkin.

Dunstable. Alas, Sir, hard lodging and bad diet would be as good as a murthering piece to kill me outright. Yet for a space I could be content to see fashions amongst them with a quarter of cold Pig and an Aqua vitæ bottle under my girdle."

—*Questions of Profitable and Pleasant Concernings, Talked of by two Olde Seniors under an Oake in Kenelworth Parke, where they were met by an Accident to defend the partching Heate of a hoate Day.*—A.D. 1594.

CHAPTER V

FRANCE

Every day which we do not live to the full is a day wasted.
—*French Proverb.*

FEW men are more to be envied than a young and eager traveller, just landed in France with the summer before him and no need to worry about his tiny share of the world's money. He will not need very much, owing to the thriftiness of the people and the cheapness of living. The usual price of a bed at an *auberge*, the village inn with the familiar sign *Ici on loge à pied et à cheval*, is only two francs (before the War it was 75c.), and though the sheets may be a little rough, they are usually spotlessly clean. The welcome at these natty inns is warm and pleasing once the *patronne* has looked you up and down and satisfied herself as to your respectability; the excellence of the cooking is proverbial, and I know no country where a poor man has better fare at so small a cost. If you are at a loss where to eat in a town, follow some decent-looking workman, about noon, and lunch at the little restaurant which he patronizes. The French are experts at serving meals at odd hours with very little notice, and, failing an omelette and a cutlet, an emergency meal of bread and white wine can be had anywhere. I usually buy the little cheeses sold at the country markets and like to have a pocketful of raisins (*mendiants*) to munch on the road. In the autumn you can pick as many blackberries as you like, since the French do not care for them and leave them for the birds and wasps. They have an

old tradition that the Crown of Thorns was woven with these brambles.

Of the country hotels, those with the badge of the Touring Club of France are invariably the best, and the charge is usually ten francs a day. The long table in the dining-room should be left to the clients who lunch and dine there daily, the little side tables being reserved for casual visitors. The meals are served at a fixed price and wine is given for nothing, but this is seldom drunk neat, the temperate French diluting it with water. The beer is sorry stuff and the cider in Brittany is thin and tart.[1]

The café life is delightful, and the traveller is always sure of a place to sit down, pleasant people to watch, papers to read, and, occasionally, music to listen to. On your ordering coffee, the waiter asks whether you want it in a cup (*tasse*) or glass (*verre*) and a black-aproned waiter, called the *omnibus*, brings the coffee itself. The charge is higher than in Spain and Italy; a cup of coffee costs thirty to fifty centimes and the price is shown on the saucer. The profit made on each cup of coffee is about two hundred per cent, but a poor traveller may comfort himself by reflecting that he pays twenty centimes for the coffee and thirty centimes for the right to sit there as long as he pleases in good company and with pleasant surroundings. The waiter will bring you writing materials if you ask for *un bouvard*, and there is a messenger, nicknamed the *chasseur*, attached to each big café, whose duty it is to go messages, buy stamps and post letters for the patrons of the house. The women of France are excellent at business, and so the control is usually in the hands of the proprietor's wife, who sits at a high counter checking the receipts and keeping a lynx eye on the waiters. *Apéritifs*, or appetisers, are taken at the café before lunch and dinner; of the many varieties a *vermouth-cassis* is the most popular, but *un vermouth sec* is my favourite, and a good long drink is *une groseille*.

[1] But in Picardy there is a cider called *frênette* which is very refreshing. It is made with ash leaves.

At the little cafés notice the colours of the faded corduroys worn by the workmen.

The gay and debonair life of the people is too well known to Englishmen to need description, and a wayfarer along the roads of France will not only get his fill of beautiful scenery but will also gain an inkling of that *joie de vivre* which is the happiest characteristic of the French.

Some jolly little places to idle at :—

Meung and *Beaugency* in Touraine.

Foix and *Montrejeau* in the Pyrenees.

St. Emilion, near Libourne. The delightful streets have the houses clothed with clematis and valerian.

Richlieú near Chinon. It is a good place for a week-end as the market is on Mondays.

Valognes (near Cherbourg).

Antibes. An unchanged little Greek city with the finest view in Europe. From the lighthouse the Alps are seen from end to end. For a good walk take the train eight kilometres eastward of Antibes to the station Vence-Cagnes, and walk the ten kilometres to Vence, a hill town. Go on six kilometres to the village of St. Jeannet, which lies at the foot of a red precipice. From here a high-terraced road, with lovely views, leads along the valley of the Var in fourteen kilometres to Carozza and two kilometres further on to Le Broc where the Var and Esteron join their waters. (N.B. eight kilometres = five miles.)

Montreuil-sur-mer. An old walled town near Boulogne, from which the sea has receded.

Peillon, a hill town near Nice. The people have Saracen and Greek blood in their veins.

Taillores, on Lake Annecy in Savoy. The inn is an old monastery.

Marly-le-roi. The best place for idling in all France. It is one hour from the Gare de St. Lazare.

Vic sur Cere, near Clermont Ferraud, the ocellus of fair villages. For sea villages try St. Jouin, east of Havre,

or Beaumont-le-Roger; and a gardener will find it worth crossing the Channel to see the wonderful flower-beds at Deauville.

The main roads of France are often poplar-lined and straight, but the by-ways are as beautiful as any in the world. The only annoyance is the constant demand for papers of identity and even this is avoided by a man who carries a knapsack or a bag.[1] French tramps "play the merchant" and evade the laws against vagrancy by carrying a few laces or thimbles, which they keep in their pockets most of the time, but dangle in their hands when meeting a gendarme or entering a town.

You should, I think, go first to Paris, which, more than any other capital, is the epitome of the whole land, and then get right away into the country.

In Paris I have for many years put up at the Hôtel d'Univers, Rue Croix des Petits Champs 10, near the Louvre; it is a genuine *hôtel meublé* (though there is a restaurant attached at which the faint-hearted can lunch and dine) and is worked by men housemaids. It is equally convenient for exploring both sides of the river, and the omnibus, Gare du Nord—B. Pasteur, passes the door. It is also handy for my usual way of beginning a day there. I get up betimes and go to Les Halles, (forgive me, but if you have to ask the way the pronounciation is "lay al"). This is the French Covent Garden and Smithfield combined, and breakfast can be had there at any early hour. I then go to hear the sung mass at Notre Dame at 9.15 o'clock, and sit where I can see both the rose windows.[2]

[1] A traveller who knows nothing of the language should wear a Norfolk jacket which is recognized in France as being peculiarly English, and so disarms suspicion.

[2] Sunday is as good a day as any to visit Les Halles as they are then at their busiest and you can go on to the high mass at 9.45 in the near-by church of St. Eustace. It is one of the finest churches in Paris and the twelve censer-bearers at this service have a ritual which I have not seen elsewhere.

Sunday afternoon is the best time to visit the Jardin des Plantes or Zoo.

From this island on which Notre Dame stands, the original Isle of the City where the first Paris was built, the *quartier latin* is easily reached. Keep on to the South across the second branch of the river and go straight up the Boulevard St. Michael past the Cluny Museum. (A jolly place on a wet day.) At the top turn off to the left and see behind the Pantheon the church which I consider the most beautiful in Paris. This is St. Étienne du Mont. See the lovely interior with its rood-screen and painted windows, and notice the gold shrine of Ste. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris.

If you feel hungry before lunching at noon, buy *une brioche* or *une madeleine* at a pastry cook's.[1]

Then go back to the Boulevard and have an *apéritif* outside one of the cafés and study the types of the passers-by. For lunch try the Restaurant Polidor, frequented by students. It is halfway down the Rue Monsieur le Prince, which you will find in a few yards from the top of the "Bou Miche," if you turn to the right along the Luxemburg Gardens. They give you no bill. You must screw up your courage and recount what you have had to the demure young woman at the desk by the door, who does the sum while you talk and tells you the total. If you shrink from this ordeal, there is a capital lunch at the Restaurant des Ministères in the Rue du Bac. Return by way of the Rue Napoleon, a street of print-shops and photographers.

For a typical walk in busy streets away from the cosmopolitan boulevards, start from the Place de la République and walk in a straight line along the Rue de Provence, Rue Richer, Rue des Petits Écuries, and the Rue Chateau d'Eau; or, for a shorter stroll, explore the old streets behind the church of St. Germain de l'Auxerre, timing yourself so as to hear the carillon at the church at eleven or four o'clock. In the Montparnasse district, the street which I like best is the Rue de la Gaieté. If you dine at

[1] Or, if you have a sweet tooth, try one of these :—*Petites couronnes, Tartelets de Raisins, Petits jalousies*, and *Mirlitons à la Parisienne*.

the Crêmerie Daublay here on a Friday, you will see actors rehearsing their parts. In the Montmartre quarter, a truly Parisian street is the Rue d'Aumale, which runs up a steep slope between the Rue Chateaudun and the Boulevard Montmartre. It is as well to say here that the fantastic cabarets at Montmartre are scorned by Parisians and only thrive by the patronage of foreigners in search of the grotesque; and be on your guard against the shady characters who offer their services as night guides. To see the Mayfair of Paris, walk from the Arc de Triomphe by the Avenue Hoche to the Parc Monceau, where the children of the aristocracy play while their be-ribboned Breton nurses sit and gossip. On a summer evening go to the Palais de Glace, and on Sundays either to Enghien (from the Gare du Nord) or to Versailles, where the fountains play on the first Sunday in the month from May to October.

Of the "sights," I like best the Luxemburg Gallery, the Cluny Museum and the old-book market along the embankment of the Seine. On a wet afternoon go and see one of the billiard matches at the Olympia Café. The games are quite short, sometimes only eight up, but the game played in these matches is difficult and fascinating to watch, being either cannons off the red or cannons off three cushions. You do not pay to go in but have to buy a drink. Of an evening, I like to go and see the chess players at the Café de la Régence, or, on a wet afternoon, at the Café de la Rotunde in the garden of the Palais Royal.

Time your visit so as to be in Paris in May or June, when the weather is consistently fine; and if you are walking right away take the fine old road, Route de Lyon par Bourgogne. But before you start, see something of the beautiful environs. You might make a circle round Paris with a ten mile radius, and, if you have not time to go further afield, work out another circle at a distance of fifty miles or so, taking in Rouen, Chartres, Saumur, Angers, Chinon, Bourges, Montargis, Auxerre, Vézelay, Château Landon and Troyes. And here are three little jaunts:

(1) Go by river steamer to Bas-Meudon. Dine on *friture de Seine* at the Pêche Miraculeuse, and, afterwards, take the funicular railway up to the Pavillon de Bellevue, where there is a fine café.

(2) Leave Paris about 10 o'clock for Gisors and lunch at the Écu de France on the banks of the R. Epte. Then go by the little train to Beauvais, but get out and walk the last few miles for the view of the Cathedral.

(3) From La Chapelle, an old village twenty-five miles North-West of Paris, walk to Orry and on to Coy and the forest of Chantilly.

For trout fishing try Champagnole in the Jura, or, better still, go to Chambon de Tence in the Cevennes and fish in May or June the delightful river Lignon.

The long walks which are suggested below are all along roads and are therefore equally suited for cyclists.[1]

A Walk in Brittany

The triangle between St. Brieuc, Morlaix, and Landeac is like a bit of the Middle Ages. The hotels and *auberges* are capital, and the fare uncommonly good. A local proverb says that what a Breton saves in his clothes, he spends on his food. Buy a pair of the local *pantoufles*, worn by the country folk inside their clogs, and use them as travelling slippers. The inns are marked by a bunch of mistletoe hung over the door.

From St. Malo walk to Dol, contriving to arrive there on Saturday to see the market. On the way, you pass a granite island rising above the water meadows. This is Mont Dol and has a fine view. Go on to Dinan and take the train to Guincamp, a quaint old place with a triangular market-place, and a miracle-working Madonna in the North porch of the church. Walk on to Bulat where there is another notable church with a curious lectern and a beautiful churchyard. Keep on through Tréguier and Lannion to Morlaix, a huddled

[1] The only duty is on new machines. Join the Touring Club of France, have the number of your bicycle written on your card of membership and at the port of landing buy for sixpence a *permis de circulation*.

town in a fine ravine. Now take the train to Gourin and walk to Le Faouet, noticing two miles North of this place an old chapel of St. Barbe, perched on a ledge of rock and reached by a stepped path. Continue your way to Guemené, a pleasant old town in the valley of the Blevet and walk on to St. Nicholas, but when the road goes along a ridge turn off to the South-West down a steep path to an old rock-shelter overlooking the river. It is called La Roche sur Blevet and was for many years the home of St. Gildas. Return to the high road and go to St. Nicholas and Baud, whence a beautiful road leads to Josselin.[1]

A Walk in Touraine

From Blois, a picturesque old city with steep and narrow streets cut into innumerable steps and with a famous bridge, take the road to Cheverny, a village with a delightful castle. Go by train to Onzaine and stroll through the park to Chaumont and Amboise, where you best realize the grandeur of the Loire. Walk along the river to Tours (where you should drink *Vouvray*, a white, sparkling wine) and notice the jumble of old houses and the painted glass in the Cathedral. The patterns of the windows here and at Chartres are thought to have been copied from the carpets which the Crusaders brought home. The way which I suggest now goes to Langeais, where you should sit at the little Café Rabelais and admire the old fortifications, then across the river to Azay le Rideau, one of the prettiest places in France, and so to Chinon.[2]

The Rhone Country

A steamer makes the voyage from Lyons to Avignon every day in the summer, starting from the Quai de la Charité at 6 a.m. Owing to the swift turbulent current, locally called

[1] Another time enter Brittany by its charming waterway. It is a voyage of two hours from Dinard to Dinan by the River Rance.

[2] A pleasant continuation southwards would take in Portieis, Argenton, Aubusson, Uzerche, Brive and Rocamadour, a romantic village with a " miracle " Madonna, visited every year by thousands of pilgrims, where a delicious day may be spent on the solitary brooding height over the exquisite ravine. The great pilgrimage is from 8 September to 15 September. For a more intimate acquaintance with the Loire, walk from Saumur to Dampierre (four kil.), Souzay (six kil.), Parney (eight kil.), Montsoreau (twelve kil.), and Fontevrault (sixteen kil.). There is fine scenery all the way.

the " Mad Bull," the voyage is made in twelve hours, Valence being reached about noon. A more leisurely way to see the beautiful country is to walk along the riverside roads. Take the train as far as Vienne, and notice, just after passing Viasse, the first mulberry trees, easily recognized by their round pollarded heads. Pilate is supposed to have lived in exile at Vienne and from there Hannibal started on his march across the Alps. Now begin your journey on foot along the great solitary river, timing your walk so as to spend one night at St. Vallier, a jolly old town. After Valence, where there is a good market every Monday, the scenery becomes more homely, but at Viviers it is again wild and impressive. Below Pont St. Esprit, it is worth going a little out of your way to see the curious old town, Bagnols. Cypresses begin here and the use of olive oil in cooking is general. The little journey ends at the ancient city of Avignon, with its nursery-rhyme bridge, seven gates, and thirty-nine towers. Enjoy lazy hours here, sitting at the little café in the North-East corner of the Place.

A Walk in Provence

Go in April when the orchards and water-meadows are carpeted with narcissi, and irises cumber the roadside with their purple masses. The roads in this part of France have not the usual bordering of grass and avenues of poplars, but are *provençal*, with a canal at the side and many plane trees. The towns have narrow streets of high houses, shutting out the fierce sun, and the scenery is wild and melancholy. There is occasionally a vile wind from the North called the *Mistral*, or *vent magistral*, because it makes you turn round. Try a glass of *Armagnac*, the " cognac " of the country South of the Garonne.

Start from Tarascon, and go East to St. Rémy-en-Provence, a very jolly little town. Now turn South and go up five miles through fine gorges to Les Baux, a " dead " town with a handful of Greek-blooded inhabitants, the very scene of Dante's " Inferno." A straight desolate road of twenty-five miles goes down the South slope of the Alpilles to Arles, South-West of which city there is a sandy marsh, the haunt of flamingoes and water fowl, of which stretch a mere glimpse is sufficient. Go by train from Arles to Martigues, have a dish

of *Bouillabasse* at the hotel, which was once a convent, and walk along the charming corniche road to Marseilles.

From the Centre to the South of France

From Clermont Ferraud take the tram to Royat, the fashionable spa, which is only four miles off. See the old part of the town, walk through the Park Bargoin to the Puy de Gravenoir, and take the mountain railway to the top of Puy de Dôme. The view is unforgettable. Notice the Roman remains of a temple to Mercury, and have lunch at the little restaurant near the State Observatory. Walk back to Clermont and start your long journey by way of Issoire, St. Flour, and Mende.[1] The road from Mende to St. Enimie goes over a stony wilderness, called the Causse de Sauveterre. The scenery is like Algeria, with an enormous horizon, and the way, which in winter is covered with six feet of snow, is marked by hornbeams and tall stakes. The famous Gorges of the Tarn begin at St. Enimie. Do not hire a boat to go down the rapids, but stroll along on foot. The " best " defile begins at La Malène, a very pretty village. The road follows the silent river and goes on through splendid scenery to Les Vignes, Le Royier and Millau. Now turn South-East to Nant, a delicious little town and Le Vigan, noted for its silk-worm farms, and end your journey at Nîmes.

The Pyrenees

There are two fine roads along the French side of these mountains and a pleasant journey in late summer is to walk along one of them and return by the other. The lower road runs through Pau, Tarbes, St. Gaudens, Foix, and Quillan to Perpignan. The upper road, a marvel of engineering, goes from Perpignan to Ax, St. Girons, Luchon, Arreau, Luz, Argèles, Laruns, Oloron, Mauleon, and St. Jean Pied-du-Port.

Avoid these places which, from a quiet traveller's point of view, are all " spoilt " : Eaux Chaudes, Laruns, Eaux Bonnes, Lourdes, and Cartarets.

[1] On a second visit start from Le Puy, a town seventy miles South of Clermont Ferraud and take the train to Langogne, whence a diligence goes in six hours through amazing scenery to Mende. The walk from Issoire to Le Puy is very picturesque, with wide horizons serrated with cones which tell of almost unbelievable volcanic activity not so very far back in geological time.

The places which you will like best are Tardets, Argèles (whence you should walk through the forest to St. Saim, an arcaded village), Luchon, and Arreau; and for a week among the daffodils go in April to Bareilles, an old world village four miles from the station of Arreau. Local dishes in the Pyrenees are *Garbure*, a very thick soup, and *Confit d'Oie*, a goose stew. For dessert take the cunning local mixture of wild strawberries and raspberries, covered with powdered sugar and with good red wine poured on the top. The best wines to drink are *Vin de Jurançon* and *Banyals* and there is a good mineral water called *Boulou*.

A Walk from France to Spain

Take the night train from Paris to Toulouse, timing yourself to arrive on Sunday morning so as to see the weekly fair. It is called *l'Inquest* because you can find anything if you look for it. In the evening go on to Tarbes by train.

From Tarbes take the by-road through Ossun and Nay to Oloron, a hoary old town commanding the unique Somport Pass, where you should stroll across the new bridge to see the three peaks of the Pic d'Anie. The road to Spain begins with sixteen miles along a level Roman road, by the side of which runs a light railway. In the gap at the end of the railway is the village of Bedous, and twelve miles on through a narrow gorge you come to Urdos, the last village on the East side of the mountains. Seven miles of steady trudge leads up to the top of the pass and the road goes steeply down for two miles, to the Canal Roya, a streak of intense red scoring the side of the great peak. The slope is more gentle to Canfranc, the first village on the Spanish side, whence an easy day's walk of seventeen miles leads to Jaca, a picturesque town exactly fifty-seven miles from Oloron. A railway runs from here to Zaragossa, but a lover of unspoilt places should break the little journey at Huesca.[1]

[1] There are several other ways of entering Spain across the Pyrenees:—

(1) It is a fine walk of ten kilometres from Bagnières de Luchon to the Hospice de France; the Port de Venasque, a pass seldom open before July, is six kilometres further on.

(2) From Pierrefitte a fine road leads to Luz in twelve kilometres; go on one kilometre to St. Sauveur. Do not cross the bridge, but turn to the left and ascend the right bank of the Gave to Gavarnie

A Walk in Rousillon

From Perpignan take the train to Prades and walk to Villefranche, an old fortress-town at the watersmeet of the Tet and the Cadi.[1] Go on to Vernet, the "English" winter resort in the beautiful, upland valley of the Cedagne. The people are half French and half Spanish and very handsome and friendly, and it is a pleasure to watch the pretty bare-headed girls filling their *porros* at the fountain in the square. Stroll one afternoon up the peaceful valley along the road to Casteil, and see the sunset from the château of old Vernet at the end of the gorge.

From Vernet a fine road goes over the ridge to the sister valley of Sahorre. Walk up to the head of this savage valley and notice the Moorish irrigation canals still in existence at the height of 1,000 feet. There is a small rough inn at the hamlet of Py.

After a few days at Vernet take the electric railway to Mont Louis, an old, walled town in a hollow at the top of the water-shed. The jealousy of other days between France and Spain has vanished and the barracks are now an hotel with the alluring name of the *Hotel Jambon*. Stroll round the ramparts at sunset and admire the clear views. The Col de la Perche leads into Spain by Bourg Madam and Puigcerda, a typical little Spanish town with an arcaded market-place. From here a diligence runs twice a week to Ripoll, the rail-head of the line to Barcelona down the valley of the Ter.

From France to Italy on Foot

From Chambéry, the time-mellowed capital of Savoy, go North by Aix-les-Bains, the town of splendid shops, to Annecy, an old, arcaded town with a grim, feudal castle. A world-famous road leads from here through Thônes to Chamonix at

(nineteen kil.); five kilometres on is the famous Cirque de Gavarnie whence the Port de Gavarnie is two hours' distant.

(3) The Roncesvalles Pass. This is quite easy and a diligence runs from St. Jean Pied-du-Port to Pamplona.

[1] In the streets of Prades there is a well-worded notice:—"The guardianship of public property is confided to the patriotism of every citizen"; which recalls the notice often seen in woods in Austria:—"A good man never hurts a tree."

While in this neighbourhood take the train from Elne, a dirty old place, up the valley of the Tech to Arles-sur-Tech and walk back.

the foot of Mont Blanc. Go on by the Tête Noir road to Martigny, whence the Great St. Bernard Pass leads to Aosta.

The Route des Alpes

This splendid route leads from the Lake of Geneva to Nice. In July and August public motors do the journey in five stages of a day each. The fare is 200 francs, but there is nothing to prevent the poor traveller from following the magnificent route on foot. The scenery is first-rate and there are inns all the way. The distance is about 300 miles and the walk takes eighteen happy days.

From Geneva, or Lausanne, take the lake steamer to Evian and walk to Thonon, and then by the gorges of the Dranse up to Le Biot and the Gets Pass (5,800 feet) and down the valley of the Giffre to Cluse. At Sallanches there is a fine view of the whole of the Mont Blanc range and the road follows the valley of the Arve to Le Fayet.

Now turn South-West, by way of St. Gervais and Megève, to Flumet (3,000 feet) and go down the gorges of the Arly to Albertville. Take the train to St. Jean-de-Maurienne, a town on the Mont Cenis main line, with a notable cathedral. From here starts the long climb over the Galibier Pass (8,000 feet). At the top a road goes through a tunnel and a lower pass, the Lautaret (7,000 feet) leads to Monetier-les-Bains. After all this climbing the wayfarer is glad of the long descent down the valley of the Guisanne to Briançon.

Keeping on to the South, the way goes up the Izoard Pass (7,800 feet), passes some fantastic rocks known as the Casse-Deserte and goes down by Arvieux to Aiguilles, a summer resort of the French.

A little further on an old fortress, the Château Queyras, sits on the top of a rock which nearly blocks the entrance to the valley. At Guillestre the road mounts again to the Vars Pass (6,900 feet) and then goes down to Condamine and Barcelonnette.

Here begins the trudge up the last Pass (the Allos, 7,000 ft.), from the other side of which the magnificent Verdon valley leads to Colmars, an old walled town and the walk ends, downhill all the way, through Puget-Théniers to Nice.

FRENCH

Train

Excuse me, Sir, (raising the hat) where is the station ?	Pardon, Monsieur, où est la gare ?
Thank you very much.	Merci beaucoup.
Don't mention it.	A votre service, *or*, il n'y a pas de quoi.
Marseilles: first, second, third.	Marseille : première, deuxième, troisième.
How much ? Is that enough ?	Combien ? C'est assez ?
Way in. Way out.	Entrée. Sortie.
This is the train for —— isn't it ?	C'est le train pour ——, n'est ce pas ?
How long do we stop here ?	Combien de temps restons-nous ici ?
What is a good hotel at —— ?	Quel est un bon hôtel à —— ?
What is the charge ? (at the hotel).	Quel est le prix ?
I want to leave this bag (in the cloakroom).	Je désire laisser ce sac (dans la consigne).

Road

Am I going right for —— ?	C'est par ici pour ——, n'est ce pas ?
Is it far from here ?	Est-ce loin d'ici ?
Near. Rather near.	Proche. Assez proche.
To the right ; to the left ; straight on.	A droite ; à gauche ; tout droit.
What is the name of this town (village) ?	Comment s'appelle cette ville (ce village) ?
What lovely country !	Quel pays charmant !
I am very thirsty.	J'ai bien soif.

A glass of white wine, please.	Un verre de vin blanc, s'il vous plaît.
A glass of water.	Un verre d'eau.
I am English.	Je suis anglais.
I come to-day from ——.	Je viens aujourd'hui de——.
I go to-morrow to ——.	Je vais demain à ——.
On foot.	A pied.
I travel for pleasure.	Je voyage pour mon plaisir.
To see the country.	Pour voir les regions.
Can you give me some lunch ?	Vous me donnerez à déjeuner, n'est ce pas ?
Breakfast.	Le petit déjeuner.
What time is the dinner ?	A quelle heure est le dîner ?
What is the price of it ?	Combien est le couvert ?
I am (not) in a hurry.	Je (ne) suis (pas) pressé.
Keep the change.	Vous garderez la monnaie pour vous.
I must be getting on.	Il me faut partir.
So long.	Au revoir.

Inn

Good evening, Madam,	Bon soir, Madam.
Have you a bedroom ? How much ?	Avez-vous une chambre ? Combien ?
Please have this washed.	Veuillez faire blanchir ceci.
To-morrow's market day ?	C'est demain jour de marché ?
Waiter, where's the W.C. ?	Garçon, où est le cabinet ?
I'm going to bed now.	Je vais me coucher maintenant.
The key, please.	La clef, s'il vous plaît.
Please call me at 6 ; 7.30.	Veuillez me reveiller à six heures ; à sept heures et demi.
All right ; I'm getting up.	C'est bon ; je suis déja levé.
Come in.	Entrez.

What's the weather like ?	Quel temps fait-il ?
It's fine. It's bad weather.	Il fait beau temps. Il fait mauvais temps.
It's raining. It's pouring.	Il pleut. Il tombe de l'eau.
My boots, please.	Les souliers, s'il vous plaît.
I want something to eat in the train.	Je désire quelque chose à manger au train.
Make me up a little parcel (of lunch).	Veuillez faire un petit paquet.
The bill (hotel). The bill (restaurant).	La note. L'addition.
I've been very comfortable here. Good-bye.	J'ai été bien confortable ici. Adieu.

Streets

I'm going for a stroll in the town.	Je vais pour une promenade dans la ville.
Where is the post-office ?	Le bureau de poste, où se trouve-t-il ?
Have you any letters for Mr. ——?[1]	Avez-vous des lettres pour Monsieur —— ?
A 2½d. stamp.	Une selle de vingt-cinq.
A shave, please. A Haircut, please.	La barbe, s'il vous plaît. Les cheveux, s'il vous plaît.
Clearance sale. All at one price.	Solde. Au choix.
How much is this ?	Combien ceci ?
It's too dear. It's not dear ; cheap.	C'est trop cher. C'est pas cher ; bonmarchais.
That'll do. I'll take this.	Ce va bien. Je prends ceci.
Some Maryland cigarettes. Some matches.	Des cigarettes Maryland. D'allumettes.
Waiter, a cup of coffee.	Garçon, un café.

[1] Ask your friends at home to leave out Esquire in your address ; it is thought to be a proper name by postmasters abroad. " Please forward " is *faire suivre* in French, *far seguire* in Italian, and *sirvase expedir* in Spanish.

An English paper. Some illustrated papers.	Un journal anglais. Des journaux illustrés.
Will you change this £5 note for me ?	Voulez-vous me changer ce billet de cinq livres ?
Small change.	De la petite monnaie.

THE DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG

For a man who has the good luck to be an artist, an angler and a poor traveller, and yet cannot go very far afield, this little country is a paradise. It is a very cheap country to travel in. Begging is forbidden, and the people are honest, chaste and well-educated. All are Catholics in its charmingly pagan form and the saints most venerated are St. Roch, the plague saint, St. Hubert and St. Donatus. The masses at 5 and 6 a.m. are crowded and each town has its annual religious *festa*, which is thronged by the peasants from miles round. There are many delectable rivers with beautiful names, and a lover of good scenery on a small scale will revel in the Hallerbach, an idyllic stream near Beaufort, full of ferns and glens, the Müllerthal (Miller's Dale) on the Black Erenz above Grundof and the exquisite stretch of the Clerf from Goebelsmühle to Clervaux (Clara vallis). The road scenery is everywhere enjoyable and there are many picturesque corners in the little towns of Hesperange (four kilometres from Luxemburg) and Wiltz.

The Duchy is well served with railways and steam-trams, but the ideal way to see it is to journey afoot. Indeed, the whole country is only about the size of Surrey and the pick of the scenery can be seen in a leisurely jaunt of three weeks.[1]

Luxemburg City has a picturesque high town and an

[1] The little country has its own paper money of francs and centimes, the principal note being one of one hundred and twenty-five francs. Belgian money also passes.

There is a fairly good map in the *indicateur*, or railway time table.

unremarkable low town threaded by two little, many-bridged rivers, the Petrusse and the Alzette. The Cathedral has a notable rood and the bells chime old folk-songs every quarter of an hour. It has a "miracle" statue of the Madonna, and the *festa* in her honour lasts from the fourth to the fifth Sunday after Easter. There is also an interesting Fair on 24 August.

The best scenery lies to the South and East of the capital and the following route is a good one for a man with but a limited time at his disposal:—

Leave Luxemburg by the Avenue Monterey, go along the pleasant road passing the wayside villages of Belvaux, Esch, Dudelange, and Bettenburg and then turn North-East along the Valley of the Alzette to Mondorf, a quiet town, locally famous for its "waters." Go on through beautiful country by way of Bous, a large village, to Remich and lunch in the curious street (Im Bourenereg) which runs along the ridge at the top of the town. The famous vineyards of the Moselle Valley begin hereabouts and the scenery is all that a man can desire. Continue down the Moselle by the fine road on the left bank (as you look down stream) to Grevenmachen, a little town noted for its wine.

At Wasserbillig, a prosperous, commercial place, leave the valley of the Moselle and ascend the Sure four delightful miles to Echternach, a square town of beautifully roofed houses with the river on two sides of it. In the Abbey Church there is a splendid shrine of an Englishman, Willibrod, who became the local Saint. An extraordinary dancing *festa* is held in his honour every Whit-Tuesday, when the crowd of devout folk of all ages and conditions advances five steps and takes three steps back. The procession which thus edges its hesitating way towards the shrine is several miles long and at intervals come bands from the surrounding villages. They all play the same traditional tune, but, as they are not at the same "place" in the music at the same time, the result is like nothing else in the world.

After going through a rocky region to Berdorf and across the Black Erenz to the artists' resort of Beaufort, the way goes South-West to Fels, a well-wooded village on the White

Erenz. Stroll on the heights above the village for the sake of the view and another day follow the White Erenz to the North and when a brook called Osterbour joins it from the left, explore it to its source.

Three miles beyond Fels is Meysenbourg, a castle with a beautiful lake. The castle was once surrounded by a thriving village, but all trace of it has disappeared. A charming road leads from here to Mersch, a straggling town with a fine, ancient church and a hideous modern one. As its name implies it was once a marsh, but it has long been drained and its fields are noted for their fertility. For a stroll, go down the Alzette to the tiny village of Pittange, or else follow the dainty stream the Eisch, up to the abbey of Marienthal and go on to the old fortress of Simmern.

Now take the train from Mersch to Ettelbruck (Attila's Bridge), a town to the North lying at the junction of the Alzette and the Sure, and walk on to Diekirsch (Dido's Church). A fishing match, which is very amusing to watch, is held here on alternate Thursdays, and it is worth while staying for a day or two to explore the valley of the Sure which is especially delightful about here. At any rate go down the valley as far as Gilsdorf and stroll up the idyllic side valleys of the Blaes and the Sasselbach. A tiny train runs on from Diekirsch to Viandem, a jolly and picturesque village with some delightful old houses between the church and the castle. Leave the toy railway at Bettel and walk the rest of the way for the sake of the charming approach to the fair village.

From Ettelbruck a public motor goes to Esch-le-trou, a strange place approached through a tunnel. A pleasant stroll can be taken there up a stepped path to an old tower behind the ruined castle. A walk of six miles leads from Esch to Wiltz, a huddled little town from which a diligence goes to Goebelsmühle, the best starting place for the walk to Clervaux, with its great Benedictine Monastery.

The weather is not good until after 15 May; and the men are decidedly ugly; almost as ugly as the Swiss, which is saying a good deal.

CHAPTER VI

ITALY

Sandal-shod, vegetable diet, well-covered head and nothing to worry it.—*Italian Proverb.*

THE Latin countries of Europe are paradises for the poor traveller, and Italy is no exception to the rule. The majority of the people are poor and living is in consequence very cheap; the scenery is consistently beautiful and I know no land where there are fewer uninteresting towns.

In the great cities the buildings stand untarnished in the serene and fragrant air, and the fortifications have been replaced by wide boulevards and public gardens. The smaller towns retain their old walls and there is often a ruddy time-mellowed castle on the highest ground with the brown roofs of the honey-coloured houses clustering below. These fierce little hill-towns crown every hill in Central Italy, and recall the feuds which divided the country in the Middle Ages. The villages are often delightful, and a leisurely traveller who will search them out is well rewarded for his pains.[1] The general note of a village here is, no doubt, that of squalor and decay, but even these become beautiful under an Italian sky, and the busy, vociferous outdoor life is without parallel in any other European country.

The best time for a visit is in Spring or Autumn. The winter is bleak and cheerless, and there are no fires such as

[1] Five of the prettiest villages are:—Fusio, Pallanza (on Lake Maggiore), Asolo, Sillano, on the River Serchio above Lucca, and Serrapetrona near Sanseverino.

we have in England. The Summer is very hot, and Italians, who can afford to do so, usually go to the seaside or some mountain resort.[1] A lean and hardened traveller, however, will find an Italian summer delightful; the weather is superb, life is a constant picnic, the sea-bathing is unequalled and there are no tourists. Certainly a traveller who is returning from the tropics, and so is used to far greater heat, will do well to spend the summer in Italy before coming to England.[2]

The Italians as a race are good-looking and friendly, and the marked diversity in their character in the extreme North and South of the country is no doubt due to the difference in climate. The North Italian is alert and business-like and very like an Englishman, whereas the Calabrian in the South is lazy and surly. The artless vanity of the young men all over Italy is attractive, and the lads of Forli, Fivizzano, and Siena are the handsomest of a handsome race, but many of them have lately taken to wearing their hair frizzed up like the natives of Fiji. The women go bareheaded and have quiet eyes with matchless eyelashes relieving the olive pallor of their complexions. Those at Pesaro and Fano are noted for their beauty, but good looks are the rule rather than the exception. They are great sticklers for decorum. I have never seen a woman ride a bicycle in Italy, and, in the South at any rate, no self-respecting peasant girl would dream of "walking out" before her marriage. Owing to the usual habit of taking a siesta in the middle of the day, all go late to bed and the

[1] Their favourite places are Vallombrosa, Sorrento, Pellegrino near Bergamo, Pracchia in the Appenines and Torriglia near Genoa.

[2] The nights are delicious and a man who does not mind looking a little dilapidated and dishevelled in the morning can sleep out five nights out of six. I have a poncho of the new material kapok (a carded thistle-down which is surprisingly light and damp-resisting), which is useful for the purpose. It can also be worn under a raincoat in cold weather and at sea makes an emergency life-belt. For this sort of impromptu camping the Italian Riviera in summer is admirable, and a soap which lathers in salt-water can be bought from Messrs. Atkinson, of Bond Street, W.1.

streets are seldom quiet until long after midnight. The children have the most wonderful brown eyes in the world and their smile is angelic.

There is no national costume north of a line drawn from Loreto to Viterbo. The poor men wear every shade of brown and the poor women faded reds and blues. The rosy-faced old men in their russet cloaks are especially delightful, and it is a pleasure to watch the gait of the black-shawled girls as they go to the fountains to get water.

The charge at the hotels is usually by the day and averages ten lire, but no objection is made when a traveller only requires a bedroom; in fact, the inns are generally called *Albergo e Ristoratore*, indicating that there is a restaurant attached to the inn where you can take your meals, or not, as you please. Since the war, tips have been abolished in Italy, a lira or two being added to the hotel bill every day for service. The bedrooms are stone-flagged and cool, and often of a size seldom seen in other countries; indeed the hotels have often been palaces or convents.[1] It is as well to bargain with the host on arrival, and you are regarded as a softy (*scemo*) if you pay the bill without contesting a few of the items. The terms at the hotel include bedroom, lunch (*colazione*) at 12.30 and dinner (*pranzo* or *cena*) at 6.30. The early breakfast is usually an extra item unless you have stipulated to have it included, but I prefer to go outside and get it at a *latterie* or milk shop. An Italian is usually content with a cup of black coffee and a liqueur. The wine at the hotels is given free but it is usually of inferior quality. Good wine, however, can be bought at the underground cellars; and any friendly Italian will tell you the best place to go for sound *vino di famiglia*, which you can take into the hotel

[1] e.g., Fivizzano (Albergo della Posta) Ravello (Albergo Palumbo), Spoleto (Albergo Luccini); Pesaro (Albergo Zonga); Lucca (Albergo Universo), and Piacenza (Albergo Testa Mori). The hotels at Amalfi and at Angera (opposite Arona on L. Maggiore) were once convents.

without having to pay "corkage." On the whole, red wine (*vino rosso*) is better in Italy than white wine (*vino biancho*); and it is a good rule to drink the wine for which the district you are in is famous.[1]

There are cafés in every street, but in Italy they have not the art of making good coffee and it is nearly always over-roasted. There are, however, a great number of alternative drinks.[2] The waiter at a café, on perceiving that you want him, calls out "*Vengo*" or "*Commandi*," and, on receiving your order, replies "*Subito.*"

The food is good and abundant, and is, of course, cooked in olive oil. A dinner is served in this order: Boiled (*lesso*), fried (*frito*), stewed (*umido*) and roast (*arrosto*). Great helpings of cheese are eaten at meals, usually Gorgonzola or Parmegiano, but it is a good plan to try the local cheese (*formaggi fresca del pais*). The fruit with which the meal ends is delicious. The grapes are dipped by the guests in a tumbler of water to remove any trace of the insecticide with which the vines were sprinkled; strawberries are eaten with sugar and orange juice, and the figs of Tuscany are famous.

Trattorias are small restaurants where the national dishes can be well and cheaply sampled. Two excellent dishes can always be had: *Risotto*, a rice dish, coloured yellow with marigolds, and especially good in Lombardy;

[1] e.g., Lugano, *Asti Spumante*; Siena, *chianti*; Cotrone, *vino di Crio*; Rome, *Frascati* wine; Venice, *lacrimi Christi*; Sestri Levanto, *vino santo*; Montepulciano, *vino nobile*; Dolceaqua (near Ventimiglia), *vino il rosese*; Castelnuovo (on River Serchio), *Vernace* wine. The same rule holds good with the liqueurs or cordials, and you should try *Alkermes* at Florence; *Tarlufolgio* in Savoy; *Rossolio* in Bologna; *Strega* at Cotrone; *Citronella* at Venice; and *Krambambouli* and *Maraschino* in the Italian coast towns of Dalmatia.

[2] *Menthe seltz, ponche biancho, ponche nero* (punch made with coffee), *un capucino*, etc. In the summer a number of delicious cooling drinks are made of which the one most to my taste is orangeade (*l'arancia*). The confectioners' shops (*pasticceria*) are also much frequented by the Italians, especially about 11 and 4 o'clock, when they pick a cake from the dainties spread on the counter and drink with it a *vermouth con china.*

and *minestra*, a dish of soup and vegetables, which, like the Russian *Bortch*, is almost a meal in itself. The vermicelli dishes are called *pasta*, and a glass of water is drunk after eating them. Other good dishes are *Polenta* and *Fritto misto*. Veal (*vitello*) is excellent in North Italy and in Calabria pork (*maiale*) is the staple food; but the peasants throughout Italy live mainly on *Polenta*, a mixture of maize and rice.

The railways are up to date and up to time, and the long third-class carriages are cool and interesting. The first-class carriages, as is usually the case on the Continent, are stuffy and over-cushioned, and the passengers are very much on their dignity, whereas in the third-class carriages everybody talks freely and there is a delightful babel. The poor man's lunch in the train consists of walnuts, grapes (eaten skin and all), and peeled chestnuts, and the greatest good feeling prevails. The time tables and the clocks at the stations mark the hours from one to twenty-four, and good public motors work in with the trains in the out-of-the-way parts of the country.

It is a delightful country to walk in. The roads are excellent and the scenery is constantly changing. Only a man who has travelled in the great countries of America and Eastern Europe, where the scenery is of the same type for days together, can appreciate the advantage of this. Every wayside inn (*osteria*) provides wine, bread and *minestra*, and there is an *albergo* in every little town. Walking is especially to be recommended along the Italian Riviera, because the train goes through tunnel after tunnel and only tantalizing glimpses of the beautiful coast are obtained. A good and lazy way when entering Italy is to leave the train after it has toiled uphill and tunnelled through the Alps and then walk downhill with the fair country spread before you.[1] Get to know the local road-

[1] E.g., Leave the train at Airolo or Faido on the St. Gotthard route, at Iselle on the Simplon, at Brenner on the Brenner route, and at Bardonecchia on the Monte Cenis route.

greetings[1] and map out your route to include some of these walks which have the best road scenery:—

Florence to Siena.
Montepulciano to San Quirico.
Varese to Castiglione (between Laveno and Milan).
Piacenza to Genoa via Grazzano (eighty-eight miles).
Pistoja to Bagni di Lucca.
Calizzano to Final Marina.
Chiusi to Città del Piave.
Montefalco, Foligno, Spello.
Poppi to Camaldoli.
San Gemignano to Volterra.
Arezzo, Cortina, Perugia.
Trevi to Spoleto.
Castelnuevo, Fivizzano, Spezia.
Pontasieve to Vallombrosa.

The road on the east side of Lake Como and that on the west side of Lake Maggiore are very beautiful, and at Lake Orta a splendid walk can be taken from Pella, across the Col di Colma to Varallo in Val Sesia.[2]

The finest coast scenery is from Final Marina to Savona, from Rapallo to Spezia and from Amalfi to Vietri and La Cava. The seaside road from Sorrento to Amalfi and Ravello beggars description.

[1] Tuscany, *Felice sera*; Umbria, *Perita* or *Evvivo*; near Fusio, *Stia bene*; Alpine valleys, *Chow* (your servant); near Cadore, *Servo suo*, or *Padrone*. About here, "How d'ye do?" takes the disconcerting form of *state pulita* (are you clean?), and good-bye is *sani* (be well) or *conservi* (be preserved). In Sicily the usual road-greeting is *Gesù e Maria*, to which you reply *San Guiseppe v'accompagni* (may St. Joseph be your guide); knocking at the door of a house in this island you should call out, *Ddorazia* (a corruption of Deo gratias), and the owner within will reply *Trasiti cui siti* (Come in, whoever you are). "How d'ye do?" is *Biniricitu* (Benedicite); reply *Santu*, or *Vi Saluto*. On leaving say for good-bye, *cuviructivi* (take care of yourself), to which he will respond, *Raccumanatami u Signuri* (Commend me to the Lord).

[2] At Varallo and Orta spend much time in the delightful Sacro Monte, where you find the happiest mixture of Nature and Art. The scenery is delicious and the chapels are the perfection of that garden architecture which is Italy's singular prerogative.

The streets in Italy are always picturesque and full of life. Many of the towns have been untouched for years (except for the addition of naïve statues of Victor Emmanuel), and when rebuilding is carried out, it is often done on a wholesale scale and with excellent effect, as may be seen in the great new street, the Via Settembre XX, at Genoa, named after the day when the Italians entered Rome in 1870. The old towns sometimes have arcaded streets and in the great cities the covered-in *Gallerias* form the favourite strolling places of an evening. The earthquake arches, joining the two sides of the street in some parts of Italy, remind travellers that behind her fair face Nature holds terrible forces in reserve.

The bustling, jolly, street life centres round the piazzas, the great open squares which are the glory of Italian towns. That at Siena is perhaps the finest, but those at Padua, Loreto and Piacenza are nearly as beautiful, especially at sunset. In the smaller piazzas the gossiping girls fill their pitchers at the fountains, and the marble well-heads are grooved with the ropes of many generations. Colour is lent to the streets in Summer by the brown-and-white striped blinds of the shops, and in winter by the red coverings of the horses; and the somewhat sordid aspect of the back alleys is relieved by the remarkable clothes hung out to dry, every day being washing day in Italy.

At the markets the show of fruit, fish and local pottery is always worth a glance, and it is amusing to watch the bargaining. "*Quanto domandi?*" asks the buyer, and the naming of the price is received with an indignant and disgusted "*Pah!*" He then names *his* offer, with an occasional sham retreat and many excited exclamations of "*Tutto*" (I won't give a farthing more).

The chemist shops are used by the men as clubs, and for a lesson in the innate courtesy of the people, go into one of them, and, after making some trifling purchase, sit down in one of the chairs at the side of the shop. In a little while if you look friendly, one of the habitués will speak to you

and you will be able to get first-hand knowledge of the merits of the different hotels, wine shops and cafés.

The tobacco shops have the Royal arms and the sign "*Sale e tobacco,*" both salt and tobacco being Government monopolies. The long, thin cigars are known as *Toscani* and are usually cut in half before being smoked. They are very strong and only an inch or so is smoked at a time. Another sort (*cigarro virginia*) has a straw down the centre which is withdrawn before the cigar is lit. In spite of the good draught which the straw should ensure, they are hard to light, and it is not unusual to see an Italian lay his cigar down for some minutes with the end in a spirit lamp before he can get it to draw to his satisfaction. The cigarettes are not very good. They are called "*Spagnoletti Virginia*" and "*Sp. Nazionale*" on the cardboard packets in which they are sold, which perhaps indicates that this form of smoking was introduced by the Spaniards when they held the Kingdom of Naples. The poorer men smoke pipes of red earthenware with long stems. They are sold at two a penny, but as they take some time to sweeten, you had better buy an old and ripe one from a peasant for a few soldi and get a clean stem (*una cannucia*) at some little tobacco shop. Snuff is popular and good.

Beggars abound and are a great nuisance in the towns—say "*non c'e niente*" "*un' altra volta,*" or "*largo*"—or use the gesture described on page 6, which at once disconcerts them. Greater pests in the cities are the cabmen who follow the stranger about in a disgusting way. The best way of escape is to jump on a tram or to go into a barber's and have a *pettinare.*[1]

[1] A kind of dry shampoo which is very refreshing. You will not have room in your bag for any hair-wash, but here is a dodge which will make up for the lack of it. Wet your hair with water and part it. Stretch a silk handkerchief over your head and wear your hat on the top of it while you are dressing. When you remove them, your hair will have a gloss and "lie" which no barber can excel. Do not be alarmed if a foreign barber, after a short absence and without consulting you, reappears with curling tongs with which he proceeds to give a twirl to your moustache and a poetical wave to

An Italian cathedral is usually faced with alternate stripes of black and white marble, and the dim, spacious interior is cool, not to say chilly. The tombs are always worth careful study, as the Italians, more than any other nation, have the art of making dignified and touching memorials of their dead. Notice especially the smile of assured tranquillity on the faces of statues of dead soldiers, as of Gaston de Foix at Milan and of Guidarello Guidarelli at Ravenna. The letters O.S.B., and O.P., so often seen on tombs, mean the Order of St. Benedict and the Order of Preachers (Dominicans); and it is a lesson in gesture and voice modulation to hear an Italian preach. At the beginning of his discourse he is hardly audible, but as he proceeds his voice rises and his speaking hands come into play. After the climax, which is delivered with an amazing volume of sound and with every muscle in his body in play, he makes a dramatic pause, dabs his wet forehead with a dainty handkerchief and begins again. The baptisteries are often separate from the cathedrals and in some cases were the original cathedrals before they were outgrown by the population. The campaniles also stand apart and have the bells half projecting from the walls. Notice the way the bells are rung, and the different tunes which are peculiar to the various towns.

There is little sense of "sin" in Italy, and, in spite of the number of priests, many of the people are semi-pagan. Their Trinity is a very human one, the Mother, the Father (St. Joseph) and the Child; and the old heathen cults were adroitly modified to meet the needs of the time when Christianity triumphed. At Fano, for instance, a town on the Adriatic which in Roman times was called Fanum Fortunae, the great temple of the Goddess of Fortune has been replaced by a cathedral dedicated to a happily-

your forelock. Sit still and endure it. It is all part of the game and if you don't like the result you can smooth it out with your hand after you have left the shop. There is seldom a fixed price in these *salones*. You tender a lira and the hair-dresser returns the full amount in coppers for you to give what you please.

found St. Fortunato.[1] Charms are still used against the Evil Eye, that mysterious influence dreaded in so many countries; and unusual objects of devotion abound. In a chapel in the south transept at Volterra are some wooden gods which are still secretly venerated, and at Lucca there is a maze on the door of the Duomo which the people trace with their fingers and then kiss. There are few churches which have not some miracle-working image or relic, decked with flowers and candles and hung round with votive offerings, and the great painting of St. Christopher, so often seen by the west door of a cathedral, is placed there so that the last glance of the worshippers may fall on it as they go out and bring them luck. He is, too, the patron saint of travellers. Every cathedral has its cloisters, and the walls are often painted with frescoes, which, owing to the dryness of the climate, are unspoilt after hundreds of years. Read them, as they are intended to be read, like a book, and at pilgrimage-places notice and admire the childlike representations of scenes from the Gospels.

The Italians love pilgrimages and to the poorer of them they are the only holidays. The sacred spot is often some cave at the top of a hill, and the traveller, surrounded by perspiring peasants and breathing the stale, dank air of these places, can make a shrewd guess at the reason why the priests invented incense. At the more famous of them there are monasteries where the faithful are hospitably entertained by the monks.[2]

Jolly little places to rest at for a few days are:—

Cantanzaro.

Lerici.

[1] "In all Latin countries the Madonna, the benign Mother, has the chief place in the worship of the people. Jesus is regarded as a sort of angry, far-darting Apollo, anxious to punish mankind for neglecting his altars; and the Madonna as a Restrainer, who checks the hand of her wrathful boy."

[2] These monasteries can be found all over Italy, and a poor traveller can pass from one to another. Those at La Verna (Bibbiena); Monte Bisbino (near Signo), and Oropa are especially pleasant, and, being high up and ascetically furnished, are cool even in the dog-days.

Porto Maurizio.
Bologna (a town with delightful street-arcades and several leanings towers).
Vicenza.
Ascoli.
Fermo (near Recanati).
Argentea (near Ravenna).
Foligno.
Asolo (a delightful hill-village).
Massa-ducale (between Spezia and Lucca).
Lecce (near Brindisi).
Lucignano (South of Siena).
Cesano (near Forli).
Fivizzano.
Toirano (near Albenga).
Bobbio.
Saluggia.
Sora (South-East of Rome).
Viterbo.

And travellers who are not over-fond of walking may still be glad to know of these strolls from the towns.

STROLLS FROM THE TOWNS

Airolo. Walk up the Val Canaria to Piora and have a trout from the lake for lunch; it will taste all the better if you catch it yourself.

Amalfi. Leave by the road to the East, and in three-quarters of a mile ascend to the left up the valley of Atrani. At the three mills go to the right up to Ravello.

Angera. Stroll up to the old castle for the view from the terrace during the magical, mellow twilight.

Bergamo. Go up by the funicular railway to the *città alta*, and stroll down at sunset.

Bibbiena. Walk up in five hours to the monastery of La Verna and sleep there.

Bologna. (1) Go out by the Porta Castiglione and up to St. Michel in Bosco for a view of the sombre arcaded town.
(2) Walk out to the Church of St. Lucca.

Bordighera is divided into the old town (*città alta*) and the new town (*marina*). It is a good centre from which to explore the ancient villages perched on the top of rocks and hills to escape the pirates.

(1) A path from the back of the *città alta* leads along a ridge between two valleys to Sasso, a beautifully situated village. Return by way of Vallebone and Borghetto, two little places in the first valley West of Bordighera.

(2) Go direct to Vallebone and at the top of the principal street follow a good mule track through the olives to Perinaldo, a village set in a fine amphitheatre of hills.

(3) The second valley West of Bordighera is the Vallecrosia Valley. A good road passes San Biaggio and Soldano and zigzags up to Perinaldo. The wine at these little villages is very good indeed (I hope you like wine) and the people are all occupied in tending their vines, oranges and figs. These can be bought at forty a penny in September and you should notice the ancient fig trees fringing the torrent at Soldano. From Perinaldo an easy path goes to Apricale, the prettiest village of them all. Stroll out by the Northern Gate, past a tiny church dedicated to San Rocco and enjoy the view from the crest of the hill. Keep on to Bajardo, a hamlet encircled with chestnut-trees, and finish a happy day by a saunter through the pines of the Lovers' Walk (*Viale degli Innamorati*).

Cotrone. Walk out to the column at the end of the cape. It is all that remains of a temple of Hera.

Faido. Cross the Ticino and go South up the mountains by a broad and well-worn path. In an hour you cross the old St. Gotthard road and in another twenty minutes reach the jolly little village of Dalpe, whence a pleasant path goes to Prato and back to Faido.

Final Marina. Go inland a mile to Final Borgo and take a mule track known as the Strada Beretta up to Castel Gavone.

Florence. Leave the city by the Via Boccaccio and go to the tiny village of St. Domenico and on past the Villa Medici by the *old* road to Fiesole, thus escaping the trams.

Foligno. Walk the four beautiful miles along a Roman road to Spello.

Fusio. Walk in half an hour to the ideal upland valley of Sambucco. It is shady in the early morning and late afternoon.

Lake Como. Walk in the afternoon from Menaggio to Gravedona along the Strada Regina, a Roman road level as marble and close to the lake.

Lake Garda. A fine new road runs from Salo to Riva.

Lake Iseo. Stroll along the new road to Pisogna.

Lanzo, in the Stura Valley. Go out to Viù and walk from there up to San Giovanni, and return by way of Fuchire. The strange bottles on the roofs hereabouts are put there for sparrows to nest in, with the distressing object of taking the successive broods of young ones and making them into pies.

Leghorn. Walk out three miles and see the miracle picture of the Madonna at Monte-nero.

Locarno. (1) Walk by the lakeside round to Cannobio.

(2) Go in three-quarters of an hour North-West to Ponte Brolla, a stone bridge 800 feet above the Maggia. There are waterfalls a little higher up.

(3) Visit the Sacro Monte, taking the steeper of the two ways up. Notice the monks' garden, the votive-pictures in the church and the cloisters overlooking the lake.

Loreto. Walk out a mile along the Recanati road for a view of the town. The fields hereabouts are a blaze of red tulips in April.

Lucera. Stroll round the walls of the grave old castle on the other side of the valley.

Mendrisio. Go to Monte Generoso and take the path up to the Colma. The alpine flowers are abundant here in May and June, and other places which can be suggested to a lover of flowers are Fusio and the Monte de Fiori above Varese (near Milan).

Montefalco. Walk out to the Convent of St. Fortunato.

Montepulciano. In the evening stroll down by the West road to the Church of St. Biagio and go on just beyond the ridge to see the "creta," or barren ash-grey earth.

Naples. Walk through the Villa Reale, a mile-long strip of garden, to Virgil's tomb, and return by the crest of the hill.

Noli. At sunset walk up the ancient mule track to the ruined castle.

Orvieto. Walk down the steep old street to the West Gate, and skirt the cliff to the right for a mile to the Etruscan tombs.

Perugia. (1) Leave the town by the Porta Costanzo and stroll in the lovely lanes beyond.

(2) At the Porta Romana quit the town by a little gate at the foot of the descent, and walk along under the city walls to some old tombs.

(3) Go past the Church of St. Ercolano until some iron gates are reached; turn to the left and follow the course of the wall to the convent.

(4) For a fine view go to the Piazza del Papa (Piazza Dante) and take the road just behind the statue of the Pope to the bastions of the Porta Sole.

Pesaro. Stroll out one mile to the North-West and see the gardens of the Villa Imperiale (Permit at 5, Via Mazza).

Portofino. Walk out to the far end of the promontory to see the cloud effects and the sunset.

Porto Longone (Elba). Take the romantic path to the hermitage of Monserato and stroll out to the perfect beach of Rio. To get to Elba you make for Piombino on the Italian coast, and after three hours' choppy voyage, disembark at Portoferraio.

Rapallo. (1) Climb 1,000 feet North-East in two hours to the sanctuary Church of Montallegro.

(2) Go in half an hour to the ruins of the monastery of Val di Cristo near the village of St. Anna.

Reggio. Stroll along the terrace road (Via Plutino) above the shore.

Rossano. Follow the shady glen at the back of the town up past the old Church of St. Mark.

San Remo. Stroll up to the garden at the top of the old town.

Sanseverino. Leave the oval Piazza and pass the Church of St. Pacifico; climb quite round the hills to the West and re-enter the city by the gate of St. Francesco.

Sestri Levanti. (1) Take a mule track which starts from the main street and follows the coast eastwards to a view point above the sea.

(2) Stroll in the grounds of the Villa Piuma, on a rocky promontory called the Isola.

Siena. (1) Stroll out into the tranquil country to the West, near the hill village of Belcaro.

(2) Go to Buonconvento, a walled town, and take the hill track to the monastery of Monte Oliveto and spend the night there.

(3) Go by train to Mont' Amiato and walk to the walled village of Abbadia St. Salvatore, a beautiful place on the fringe of great beech and chestnut woods. The old abbey is on the other side of the gorge. There is a humble little inn at the village and a road runs all round the mountain.

Signo'. Take the old paved pilgrim path to the monastery of Monte Bisbino, and, coming back, keep to the ridge of the hill.

Spezia. Take the steamer to San Terenzo and walk along the seawall to Lerici.

Spoleto. Cross the aqueduct and walk to Monte Lucco, a convent in a grove of ilex trees. And, early one morning, walk up to La Rocca, the castle which surmounts the town.

St. Ambogio (Monte Cenis). Stroll up a pretty path in half an hour to San Pietro, a village in a delicious situation.

Taormina. On arriving, escape the hotel touts by leaving the train at the little station of St. Theresa and walk up to the village.

Stroll up at sunset to the Moorish castle, or down to either of the little capes to the East of the village.

For a longer walk, go down one of the stepped paths to the coast road near Giardini station and walk North-East along this road. Shortly after passing the second kilometre stone (forty-six km. from Messina), the bed of a stream, crossed by a bridge, is reached, and you should turn up the dry bed. After a hundred yards there is a little difficult bit, where the trickle of water falls between two cliffs. Climb along the right-hand one, half-way up its face, and above some cottages turn to the left up a stone path. (If you do not relish the climb, go further along the coast road and take the inland path at the next cape by a white cottage). Half-way up to Taormina is a wild ravine backed by the Moorish castle and with a beautiful jumble of trees and rocks.

Turin. (1) Walk down the Via di Po, cross the five-spanned bridge, and, turning off at a domed church, go up a shady path to the Capucin monastery from which there is a fine view of Monte Rosa and Grand Paradis.

(2) Cross the great square and go up the Via di Seminario to the Church of San Giovanni.

Varese (near Turin). Walk out five miles to the Sacro Monte —notice the chapels with life-size figures representing incidents in the Gospels and go up to the top where there is a good view.

Ventimiglia. Walk up the Roja Valley to Tenda, passing many little hanging towns. Or, if you are lazy, take the train up the valley and stroll down. At Tenda the curfew is sounded every evening by a soldier of the garrison, who makes a doleful noise on a long horn.

A few longer and more strenuous walks are suggested below, and they can be joined together, shortened or reversed with a little ingenuity. Avoid walking due South, as the sun would be in your eyes most of the day, and follow a stream up rather than down, so as to get the view of the waterfalls.

The usual lunch of a roadfarer in Italy is sausage,[1] bread and wine, and I carry an aluminium bottle and get it filled with local wine as I go along.[2]

[1] *Salami.* These are what we call German sausages, but, as a matter of fact, they are made all over Southern Europe. Go to a shop which specializes in them and buy an assorted lot for five-pence (colloquially, *dieci soldi* or ten ha'pennies). For this you get about three slices of four varieties. An especially good sort in Italy is *mortadella*, and in Spain one called *Salcichon de Vich.* In France ask for ten sous worth of *saucisson assorti.* They make also a very good lunch for a train journey. Tongue is *lingua* in Italian and Spanish, and *langue* in French.

[2] " Please fill this bottle with (the best) wine."

Italian :—*Me fa il piacere di riempire questa bottiglia col (migliore) vino.*

Spanish :—*Lléna esta botella con (el mejor) vino, si le gusta.*

French :—*Remplissez cette bouteille avec (le meilleur) vin, s'il vous plaît.*

The cost is only a few pence, and it is pleasant to be able to offer a drink to fellow-wayfarers. The phrase for " Will you have a drink ? " is " *Poso offrirti del vino ?* "

In the summer even a small bag is too heavy to carry with comfort in Italy and I take a light Japanese basket which rides well on the shoulder with a stick through the string. A handkerchief such as sailors use on shore would be enough, but my contrivance has a more imposing appearance when seeking lodgings at an hotel. Still, an Englishman can present himself at an inn abroad without luggage, owing to the good name we have as travellers, and it is only regarded as another whim of these mad English.

A Walk in Novara

Enter Italy by the Simplon, and, leaving the train at Iselle or Domo d'Ossola, walk down the splendid road to Pallanza. Take the steamer to Angera and cross the lake to Arona, the jolliest place on Italy's finest lake. Walk to Orta and notice the complete little island in the lake. Ferry over to Pella and walk by the Pass of Colma to Varallo in the Val Sesia. Now find your way to Andorno; where there is a pleasant stroll to the Church of San Giovanni, and go on to Oropa, a famous pilgrimage place with a black Madonna. You can lodge at the hospice, which is near the votive chapels leading to the sanctuary. Another holy place hereabouts where you can put up at the monastery is Graglia and the journey ends at Biella, a thriving little town on the railway.

Bologna to Florence

Take the train for forty-five miles to Pracchia, a summer resort, where olives begin, and walk down through the villages of Pittechio, San Felice and Candoglia to Pistoja, Prato and Florence.

Spezia to Florence

Cross the bridge over the Magra and walk out to Sarzana, a village below the Apennines, and, after having lunch there, go on up a spiral road to Fosdinova, a complete little hill fortress. Walk on to Fivizzano, a wonderful old town with an unsurpassed hostelry. The way now crosses the Carpinelli Pass mounting by way of the valley of the Rosaro. At the top go round Monte Pisanimo and descend the valley of the Serchio past Piazza and Castelnuovo to Borgo a Mozzano.

Crossing the river here and going upstream for a mile or so, leave the Serchio for the Lima and so reach Bagni di Lucca. From here follow the fine gorge of the Lima which is six miles long, and, crossing a bridge called Ponte Petri, take the plain way to San Marcello, Pistoja and Florence.

Florence to Faenza and back to Pontasieve

Start out by way of Fiesole, and, a little beyond, where in a cyprus wood the road forks, take the left-hand turning and go past Poggiola to Borgo San Lorenzo, a crowded little market town. Now ascend the barren Casaglia Pass and go down through two brown villages, Cartino and Pallazuolo and keep on along the bank of the Lamone. From Marradi, where there are several frontier towers, the way is clear to Brisighella, a fierce little hill town, and Faenza. Take the train along the straight and uninteresting Via Emilia to Forli, and start your return route by way of Terra del Sole, Castrocaro and Dovadola. The road now mounts through Rocca, Portico and San Benedetto to Alpi, where the Muraglione Pass begins. It has its name from the wall built along the top as a wind-screen and the views are very fine. At the foot lies San Godenzo and the road goes on downhill to Dicomano and Pontasieve.

A Walk in the Casentino

From Pontasieve walk by the Aretine Way to St. Ellero and Vallombrosa, and sleep at the monastery. Then go in three hours through thick woods to Consuma and cross the Pass to Stia. A diligence runs from Pontasieve to Stia, but a poor, keen traveller will enjoy the indirect route given above. It is, indeed, a good rule to travel zigzaggery in Italy. From Stia make your way through the by-ways to Camaldoli and follow the beautiful road to Poppi. Go on South to the honey-moon inn at Bibbiena and spend a night or two at the monastery of Della Robbia at La Verna.

A Walk from Pisa to Siena

Start by way of Cascina, Pontedera, a walled village, and Santa Maria. At Rotta, a village on a placid reach of the Arno, notice a Madonna clipped in a hedge of yew, and pass on to San Miniato and Empoli. Here turn southwards

through Castelnuovo, surely the commonest name in Italy, to Certaldo, a ruddy old town on the River Elsa. The main road runs on through Colle to Siena, but at the first river weir beyond Certaldo turn off to the right and climb the five steep miles to San Gemignano. It is a mediaeval little place with friendly gentle people and it is worth while getting up early while you are there to see the gorgeous sunrises from the garden at the summit of the fortifications. Then go on through deep woods to Spicchiarola and Monte del Torre to Volterra, an exquisite place seldom visited by tourists. The road to Siena goes East to Colle and then due South.

A Walk from Siena to Chiusi

As you start southwards take many backward looks at fair, soft Siena. Beyond Isola and Ponte Tresa the jolly little town of Lucignano is reached. Notice the curious fountain—a woman with the water pouring from her breasts—and admire the local donkeys which are thought to be the best in Tuscany. Stride on, rejoicing in your youth, past Seravalle and Ponte d'Aratra to Buonconvento, a brave walled town above the River Ombrone. Now turn off to the South-East to San Quirico and Pienza, a toy town of the fifteenth century built as a whim by Pius II, then on to Montepulciano, a lordly hill town, and follow the road eight miles downhill to Chiusi.

A Round in Umbria

The great stretch of flat land in the middle of which Perugia rises was once covered by a lake of which Trasimene is the only remaining portion. It is encircled by a ring of brown towns as old as the hills. There are many convents and the churches are remarkable for the strange flame-patterned hangings on the altars.

From Chiusi walk along a delectable road to Città del Piave, a peaceful town in the woods, and keep on South to Orvieto, a dirty hill-top town. Here turn East to Todi, a countrified place with a good piazza, and South again to Narni. Walk on by way of Terni to that grim little town Spoleto, and, three miles short of Trevi, look at the tomb of Clitumnus and stroll up to the spot where the stream gushes from the foot of the hills. Do not take the main road to Foligno, but go by way of Montefalco, a sweet place in the

heart of Umbria. Four miles of delightful road lead to Spello, and from Gubbio go by a wild pass to Perugia, and so approach it from the ideal direction, the North.

A Walk in the Marches

From Ancona, a noble hill city, whose sordid lower town disgraces the smiling sea, go by way of quiet Osimo to Loreto. The magnet which draws the pilgrims is the Santa Casa, a little house of rude brick in which it is supposed that the Virgin Mary was born, miraculously transported here by angels in the thirteenth century. Notice how it is all polished with kisses and how the marble platform outside is worn into grooves by the knees of generations of devout folk. The great pilgrimage here is in October. Now turn inland to Recanati and Macerata, a fine hill-town with charming people. Walk to Fermo, a jolly old place with a wonderful outlook. Take the train to Ascoli, a city of towers nearly surrounded by a river spanned by fine bridges ; then on a clear day take the splendid steep road to Amandola, Sarnana and Tolentino. The way now goes by the fair villages of Belforte, Caldarola and Serrapetrona to the smiling old town of Sanseverino. Walk on to Matelica, a gay little town with gracious people, take the train to Cagli and walk over the Furlo Pass (der. Forulus, a tunnel) to Urbino, and then walk down to Pesaro along the banks of the river Foglia.

Through the Dolomites

These mountains in the North-East of Italy are formed of magnesian limestone, and, as this is very friable, they have weathered into strange and fantastic shapes. There is often a sharp storm in the afternoon succeeded by a superb sunset.

Start from Belluno and make for Perarola twenty-three miles away to the North, noticing on the way the cascade called Salto del Lupo and lunching at Longarone. At Perarola the River Boite joins the Piave and the view from the bridge, early in the morning, is beautiful. Keep on through Piave de Cadore to Gogna, and in the evening stroll along the gorge leading to San Stephano. From Gogna take the road to Auronzo and Lake Misurina, and begin the return journey by Tre Croce and Cortina. You can either descend the valley of the Boite to Perarola or go on West from Cortina to Caprile,

a charming little place, and come down the Valle d'Agordo to Belluno.

The Italian Riviera

This is an ideal journey on foot in March, and is as good a way as any of entering Italy. There are, of course, a great many tourists, but many of the towns are unspoilt and the side jaunts inland go into virgin country.

From Ventimiglia go along the coast by a corniche road through San Remo and Bordighera. Beyond this, when you reach the second coast village, Arma, turn inland to Taggia, an honest little town where the householders before going to work in the fields, put plates of fruit on their doorsteps. The engaging practice is to take any plateful of fruit you fancy and slip a ha'penny underneath the plate. Thus refreshed, go on up the valley, through the village of Badalucca, to Triora, a strong hill-town, and return to the coast by the way you came. The people hereabouts talk in a pretty sing-song, and their patois is remarkable. G is used for B and R for L (e.g. *giancho* instead of *biancho* and *sordi* instead of *soldi*. The villages Dolceacqua, San Biaggio, Perinaldo and Vallecrosia are altered in talk to Dosaïga, San Giazzio, Perinardo and Varrecrosia). (An alternative route, which saves covering the same ground, is to go from Ventimiglia up the valley of the Nervia through the old town of Dolceaqua to Pigna, then get a boy (*ragazzo*) to show you the footpath (*sentiero*) to Triora, whence you can descend through Taggia to Arma. This is a little more adventurous and might be left for a second trip to this beautiful strip of country.) Keep on along the coast to Porto Maurizio and at Oneglia, a slatternly town smelling of its chief export—olive oil, turn inland and go twenty miles up the Impero valley to Pieve di Teco, an arcaded town where the best boots in Italy are made. Here turn East along the left bank of the Arroscia and revel in the fine views all the way down to the sea at Albenga. Notice the octagonal baptistery and stroll down to the mouth of the river for a view of the town. Continue your walk to Toirano, a jolly little place, and to Final Marina, where you should see the sunset from the sands and watch a fishing net drawn in a way which was the fashion 2,000 years ago. Turn inland for eighteen memorable miles to Calizzano. Either return by diligence to Final

Marina and take the coast road by Noli, an ancient place which once had seventy-two watch towers, to Savona; or get a boy to show you the beginning of the road to Carcare and reach Savona that way. Take the train to Genoa and Nervi and walk to Camogli, a primitive seafaring town with a picturesque harbour. The main road going East traverses a gallery cut through the hill. At the far end, at once go up a mule track on the left. At the top a level mountain path skirts the East side of the peninsula. When it divides you can either take the left branch down to Porto Fino or the right to the famous monastery of Capo di Monte, now the home of a colony of poor rope-makers, whence you can row round to Porto Fino. This is a snug place, getting the sun nearly all day, and the view from the Church of San Giorgio is worth the little climb. Keep to the coast road to Sestri Levante and then turn inland for a fine steep walk by way of Varese to Borgatoro; take the train to Spezia and go to Fivizzano for a well-earned rest.

THE DALMATIAN COAST

A voyage down this coast in the Spring or Autumn is one of the pleasantest in the world. The eastern side of the Adriatic is thickly studded with islands, mostly uninhabited except for an occasional monastery, and the passage is sheltered and calm. The cities on the coast are picturesque and have been little altered since the time when the Venetian Republic was mistress of all this sea. The inhabitants are Italian, or of Italian blood, and the dialect of Venice is the language mostly used.

The most romantic, and least known, part of the coast line lies between Fiume and Zara.[1] Only the "slow" boats visit this strip, calling at five jolly little places, and a man who is not in a hurry will do well to forego speed and modern comfort for a day or two. Another advantage is the length of stay in the more important ports of call. At Zara these boats anchor for thirty-six hours and the time

[1] There is also a singularly lovely strip of coast-line from Capodistria to Paranzo. Of the little high-pitched towns and havens which lie along it Pirano is the most delightful.

is none too long for exploring the delightful city with its happy sunny people. There are two old gates to the town, and near the landward one, the Porta Terra Firma, there is a pleasant public garden. The street life can best be seen in the busiest parts of the town, the Piazza dei Signori, and at the end of the Riva Nuova by the military hospital. Sit at the Café Lloyd and watch the peasant girls carrying their loads, and the Morlocks, or gipsies, who bring in wild cherries for making *maraschino*.

After Sebenico, a sun-baked place of no particular interest, the steamer puts in at Spalato. The old town is contained in a palace of Diocletian, nearly as large as the Escurial, and the Duomo is famous for its pulpit and bishop's throne. Good tobacco is grown hereabouts and the local wines are delicious, especially a muscatel wine called *Vino Monte Rosa d'Almissa.*

Nine miles to the West of Spalato is Trau, a perfect little mediaeval city with splendid loggias and churches. Between it and Spalato lies the Riviera delle Sette Castella, which has its name from seven Venetian strongholds round which villages have grown up.

Going on South, the next ports of call are Lessina, formerly the Austrian Nice, and Curzola, an island town with mighty Venetian ramparts.

The last big city of the cruise is Ragusa, and it is, perhaps, the pleasantest place on the coast. The street life (of which I am everywhere enamoured), is very entertaining and the people still have their national costumes. The busiest part of the town is the Stradone, or High Street, which is really an old sea canal which has been filled in. For a glimpse of the life of the people dine one evening at the Hotel de Ville, and, to get away from the noise and dust, take the launch to the island of Lacroma, outside the harbour. For a stroll, strike up the steep slope behind the Hotel Imperial and explore the ruined villas ; or walk up the huge Torre Minceta at the back of the town, and stroll along the massive fortifications to the Porta Ploce.

The voyage ends at Cattaro, the old port for Montenegro, lying at the head of a superb and many-bayed inlet. A zigzag road climbs the great mountain behind the town and then goes through desolate country to Cetigne, the village capital. Hitherto the journey has been safe and tame. For a jaunt away from the beaten track leave Cetigne by the road behind the theatre, and, passing the military hospital, walk in three hours or so to Riecka. From here go by steamer to Lake Scutari and across it to Virpasar. Take the train to Antivari, a small coast town with an astonishingly good hotel and return to Cattaro by the local steamer which sails on Wednesdays and Fridays.

ITALIAN

Train

Good morning, Sir.	Buon giorno, Signore.
Excuse me, Sir, where is the station ?	Scusi, Signore, dov' è la stazione ?
Thank you very much.	Tante grazie.
Don't mention it.	Niente, *or* prego.
First, second, third class to Florence.	Firenze prima, secunda, terza.
Return.	Andata o ritorno.
How much? Is that enough?	Quanto ? Basta ?
Where is the train for——?	Dov' è il treno per——?
Is this the train for ——?	È questo il treno per——?
Take your seat. Off we go.	Partenza. Pronti.
Which is a good hotel at at ——?	Quale è un buon albergo a ——?
How long does the train stop here ?	Quanto si ferma il treno qui ?
I want to leave this bag (in the cloakroom).	Vorrei lasciare questa valigia (in l'ufficio bagagli).
Entrance. , Way out.	Entrata. Uscita.
A good place to have lunch.	Un buon luogo per far colazione.

Hotel

Good afternoon, Madam.	Buona sera, Signora.
I want a room.	Voglio una camera.
For one night only. For a week.	Per una sera solamente. Per una settimana.
What is the charge ? Wine included ?	Quale è il prezzo ? Vino compreso ?
I'm going to bed now.	Andro da letto adesso.
Good night, Miss.	Buona notte, Signorina.
Waiter, call me to-morrow at 6, 7.30.	Cameriere, domina svegliatemi alle sei, alle sette e mezzo.
Where is the w.c. ?	Dov' è il commodo ?
Come in.	Entrate.
What's the time ? What's the weather like ?	Che ora è ? Che tempo è ?
It's fine—it's wretched—it's raining.	Fa bello. Fa cattivo (tempo). Piove.
What time is the high mass?	A che ora c'è la messa alta ?
Wash this for me.	Vorreste lavarme questa.
Can I have it back the day after to-morrow ?	Posso averla dopo domani ?
I want my bill.	Vorrei il mio conto.
There's a mistake in my bill.	Vi è un'errore nel mio conto.
I have been very comfortable here.	Sono stato molto ben accomodado qui.

Walking.

On foot. For pleasure.	Camminando. Pel divertimento.
Which is the way to ——— ?	Quale è la strada per ——— ?
Is this the way to ——— ?	È questa la strada per ——— ?
To the right—to the left—straight on.	Alla destra. Alla sinistra. Dritto dritto.
Near. Far.	Presso. Lontano.
What a lovely view ! How hot it is !	Che bella vista ! Che caldo !

I am (very) thirsty.	Ho (molto) sette.
A glass of wine.	Un bicchiare di vino.
I am an Englishman.	Sono inglese.
I come to-day from ——.	Vengo oggi da ——.
I go to-morrow to ——.	Vado domani per ——.
I am (not) in a hurry.	(Non) ho fretta.
Let's be getting on.	Andiamo.
" So long."	A rivederla, *or*, a rividerci.

Shopping

How much? It's too dear. Cheap.	Quanto? È troppo. Buon 'mercato.
This'll do. I'll take that.	Questo mi va. Prenderò quello.
Very well. Never mind.	Va bene. Non importa.
Hair cut. Shave.	I capelli. La barba.
Some cigarettes, please.	Delle spagnoletti, prego.
Matches!	Fiammiferi, *or* cerini.
A 2½d. stamp.	Un bollo di vente-cinque.
Have you any letters for Mr. ——?	Vi sono lettre per Signor——?
What is the exchange for a sovereign?	Come contada la sovrana inglesa?

Eating and Drinking

The bill of fare.	La lista.
Will you give me ——.	Volete darmi ——.
Yes, please. No, thanks.	Si, prego. No, grazie.
Grape, strawberry, fig, walnuts.	Uva, fragola, fico, nochi.
No more, thanks.	Niente de piu, grazie.
A cup of (black) coffee; with milk.	Una tazza di caffé (nero); al latte.
Beer. A fruit drink.	Birra. Una bebita di frutta.
I want another.	Vorrei encora.
You can keep the change.	Tenete il resto.
Good-bye.	Addio.

CHAPTER VII

SPAIN

We have only one life; let us make the best of it and worry about nothing.—*Spanish Proverb.*

As a poor traveller I return to this delightful land again and again and with never failing zest. In no other country is the way of living so suited to my taste and nowhere else are work and play so harmoniously mingled. In spite of the wealth which flowed into Spain during the War, it is still a cheap country to travel in and is at least a hundred years behind the rest of Europe.

The people differ very much in type and dress in different parts of the country, and the four old kingdoms of Spain, Castile, Aragon, Leon and Navarre are recalled to memory by the number of hotels which have for name the "*Fonda de las Cuatro Naciones.*" The scenery, except in the extreme North and South, is stern rather than pretty, the centre of the country being a great table-land and the prevailing colour an ashy grey. The North of Spain has "Atlantic" weather not unlike our own, but East of a line drawn from Salamanca to Seville the weather is "Mediterranean"—cloudless skies and windless days for nine months in the year. The skies are violet, becoming purple at dusk, and the shining of the stars is a revelation to one coming from a country with a murky atmosphere.

Poor countries have the pleasantest people and all travellers are struck with the charm and friendliness of the men and women of Spain. Every man is a gentleman and is master of a courtesy which knows no subservience and brooks no condescension. Good manners are born

with every Spaniard, and a traveller sees this very well in the train, where a native will not eat or smoke without asking fellow-passengers to do the same, and where, if there is a man lying asleep along a seat, he will be left in peace even if there are no other seats empty. The only thing approaching discourtesy which the traveller will notice in the train is the habit of the young men of blocking the windows for an inordinate length of time. Looking out of the window, however, is their one solace in a railway journey, and their other little failing, of asking the price of everything you wear, is not in the least considered bad manners.[1]

There is no dissipation. Drunkenness is not so much considered wrong, as ugly and disgusting, and temperance and frugality are honoured and universal. In spite of their poverty, the Spaniards are a happy people with a real delight in living. Caring very little for our modern notions of material comfort and progress, they are content to go on living as their fathers did before them; and, though they admit that many things are wrong with their beautiful land, they simply shrug their shoulders and ascribe the shortcomings to the badness of the government. They are passionately loyal to their country, and, thinking a little sadly of their former grandeur and conquests, call their flag "Blood and Gold." There is, too, a more local patriotism, and every Spaniard swears by his own province.

The Spaniards are not a lazy people in the sluggish sense of the word, though climate and temperament have combined to make them adepts at the difficult art of doing nothing. Everybody is up with the sun, and the streets are not silent until long past midnight. The field-workers are tireless, though they have no machinery and no wheelbarrows and use the South European mattock instead of

[1] They are also curious to know if you are travelling for some business firm. If you are travelling for fun, the proper reply is, "*Viago por espor.*" It is really our English word, sport; indeed, it is so written, but the *t* is not sounded and a Spaniard cannot say *sp* without putting an *E* in front (cf. *España*).

the spade. The land as a rule is poor and barren, but the *vegas* of Murcia and Valencia show what the men can do when they have a few square miles of deep and well-watered soil. Indeed, the land is beautifully cultivated wherever cultivation is possible. The peasants are shockingly underfed, and thousands of poor Spaniards still live on the old Roman soldiers' diet—bread soaked in oil and vinegar, spiced with salt, green pepper, and garlic. Meat is seldom within their means and their true food is the olive and its oil, varied by *bacalao*, or salt codfish. Fortunately for them, the heat of the sun is generous and few clothes are needed.

The national costumes are fast dying out in the towns. Even the *sombreros* and *capas* which were in general use when I first visited Spain some twenty years ago, have given place to the soft felt hat and overcoat; but in the country, particularly in Leon and Valencia, the old dresses are still worn. The rope-soled shoes (*alpagartas*), perhaps a relic of the Roman sandal, and the sash (*faja*) are still in general use, and in the Basque country the men retain the *boina* or Tam o' Shanter.

The Spaniards are great lovers of music, yet it is seldom that the guitar is well played, and a young traveller who would have a few months' lessons in England and take his guitar with him would make friends everywhere. In the cafés there are sometimes good pianists, and bands of blind musicians go about the streets and reap a rich harvest of coppers.

The indiscriminating charity of the people is surprising, especially to a traveller, who, in moving about the world, has constantly to be on his guard against extortion and imposture. There are beggars everywhere, clad in garments green with age, held together with many darns and patches, and wearing incredibly old hats. The kind refusal is "*Vaya Vd con Dios*" or, "*Perdóneme, hermáno*"; but when they are importunate say "*Marchése.*"

The old men in Spain are handsome and their clean-shaven faces, puckered into many wrinkles—the "dry beds

of old smiles "—are very attractive. In some of the hotels, as at Lugo, they wait on the guests, reminding the traveller of the old men who act as servers during the Mass at St. Mark's in Venice.

Education is sadly neglected, and the streets are full all day long of children romping and playing. For, in spite of the number of young men who emigrate to South America, there are swarms of children everywhere. Only two out of every three grown-up people can read or write, and it is the rarest thing to see a Spaniard read anything except the newspaper. In nearly every market place there is a "*memoralista*" to write letters for those who cannot do it themselves. The babies are charming and you can win the heart of any Spanish mother by saying "*Que mono*" (what a dear little thing).

The women are not beautiful but *saladas* or full of salt, a quality more admired than mere good looks. Their faces have distinction but lack "goodness," and they have a very alluring walk. They are free from all pose and affectation and naturally graceful and langorous. I do not think I have ever seen Spanish women read even a paper, and their matchless eyes are spoilt by no eye-strain. Their hair is always beautifully done and even little girls have their hair up. It is usually a lustrous blue-black, but in the South a girl with old-gold hair is sometimes seen, and at Murcia the prevailing colour is a light brown. The head is seldom covered (except at church when a *mantilla* is worn), and a flower is usually stuck into the hair above the ear. Flowers are everywhere loved, and the poorest balcony has its carefully tended pot of carnations, which, in Spain, are allowed to hang down naturally.

The hotels have improved greatly in the last ten years, and the merits of the hotels at any place can be easily learnt from a fellow-passenger in the train. The charge is invariably "by the day" and averages seven or eight pesetas. For this the traveller gets his bedroom, lunch, and dinner. There are seldom any public rooms other than the

dining-room, but this is of little consequence as there are cafés in every street. No extras are charged; in fact, you may expect no attention except at meals; it is no use putting your boots out to be cleaned, for that is done in the cafés or in little shops which do nothing else.

Getting back to your hotel late at night, you clap your hands and wait for the *sereño* or night watchman to appear. He is an "institution" in Spanish towns, and can be heard all night going his rounds and calling the weather.[1] He carries a lamp and a spear and a bunch of great keys belonging to the houses in the street, and, when he lets you in, he expects a penny for his trouble. Going in, you notice one of the waiters asleep on a shakedown bed near the door. He is called "the dog with the open eye," and is there to prevent lodgers bolting in the early morning without paying their bills.

The fare at the hotels is excellent, and the taste of garlic, dreaded by some squeamish travellers, is seldom pronounced. The meals are usually unpunctual, but it is a compensation to watch the patience of the hungry men. The Spaniards, more than other people, have the art of serving a meal, and one waiter will not only keep satisfied a number of guests, but will take part in the general conversation. At the commencement there is a pile of plates before each person, and the same knife and fork are retained throughout the meal. A Spaniard usually starts with a draught of water and "cleans his mouth" between the courses by smoking a cigarette. There are no joints or pies and everything is served already cut up. If you do not like one of the dishes, you are allowed to ask for ham (*jamon crudo*), which in Spain is superlatively good. The fish course comes, pleasantly enough, after the meat, and olives are eaten at odd moments all the time. The little red sausage (*chorizo*) which is so often seen in the different

[1] His cry varies in the different cities. A typical one is "*Ave Maria purissima, son las tres y sereno.*" Six nights out of seven are "serene" in Spain and his name is a witness to the halycon quality of the Spanish climate. Cloudy is *nublado*, and rainy *lloviendo*.

dishes, is one of the finest dainties in Spain, and the older it is, the better it is esteemed. The Spaniards, being simple eaters, are little addicted to sweets and kickshaws and so there are no puddings unless the town is noted for some local "*dulce*" such as the "*membrilio*" of Seville or the "*mantecadas*" of Astorga. The fruit is excellent, and the grapes are washed in a tumbler of water to remove any taste of the sulphur with which the vines have been sprayed. As you rise from the table say to the other diners "*Buen provecho!*" meaning good digestion, to which they reply "*Igualamente,*" (the same to you).

Lunch begins with an egg dish and the waiter asks each guest how he would like to have his eggs (*huevos*). The usual answer is *fritos* (fried) or *tortilla* (omelette); but there are many ways, as the Spaniards are adepts at this form of cooking. Men in a hurry usually say "*pasados,*" when the eggs are heated for a moment in hot water, broken into a tumbler, and swallowed almost raw. Sometimes try them "*al plato,*" "*montados,*" "*estrellados*" (poached) or *rancheros* (served with tomatoes). It is considered vulgar to leave anything on the plate, and so the yolk of the egg is mopped up with a piece of bread. Dinner is very much the same as lunch except that the egg dish is replaced by a soup, which is the same all the year round. Wine is usually given free (except in the few "tourist" hotels), and the temperate Spaniards dilute it liberally with water. The bread in Spain is always good, especially when broken into the soup, and it is amusing to notice the peculiar shapes of the rolls baked in the different towns.[1]

Breakfast is served in the bedroom or taken at a café, and consists of coffee or very thick chocolate, which is scooped up with a piece of bread. For a change order a "*media tostada,*" (half a roll toasted and buttered), or, in the South of Spain, an "*ensaimada*" (a breakfast cake originating in

[1] Since the War many hotels have stopped giving wine for nothing; but by simply ordering *vino tinto* you will get a bottle of sound table wine at a cost of one peseta.

Majorca). But I like to get up early and go to the market, where the poor Spaniard's usual breakfast can generally be obtained. This is a sort of flour paste squeezed out of a nozzle into a bubbling pan of olive oil, and it is savoury and satisfying. It is sold at little stalls in the streets and is called *Buñuelos* (sometimes *toros* and *buñolitos* and, at Seville, *caleñitos*). With it a Spaniard takes a cup of black coffee or a tiny glass of *aguardiente* and his breakfast costs precisely 1½d. *Aguardiente* or *anis* is a less pernicious form of absinthe, and it is usually tossed off neat and followed by a draught of water, but I prefer to pour it into a tumbler and fill it up with water, when it makes an excellent cooling drink at any time of the day.

Besides the hotels there are *Casas de Huespedes*, or boarding houses, where the price ranges from three to six pesetas a day. They are useful for a man who stays for some time in one place and wants to become familiar with the language. The *Paradors* supply only beds and the *Posadas* wine and stabling, but in the towns a *Posada* is often a small but good hotel. The country inns are called *ventas*.

Café life is delightful in all the Latin countries, but in Spain there is an added charm due to the friendly and unembarrassed mixture of rich and poor people in the same cafés. The busiest times are naturally just after lunch and dinner, but they are seldom empty and Spaniards will spend all the afternoon there, playing dominoes or backgammon. The waiter is summoned by clapping the hands or by calling out "*Oiga*" (Hear me), and he asks whether you want your coffee black (*solo*) or with milk (*con leche*). Besides filling your cup, he pours a little black coffee into a glass on the table. This, filled up with water and with a lump of sugar added, forms the "student's cup" and lasts as long as you like to make it. It is a very refreshing drink, especially if you ask the waiter to add a drop of rum (*una gota de ron*). This used always to be given free, but is now sometimes charged for. I usually buy a flask of rum for this purpose, and pour a few drops in when nobody

is looking; because the waiter, scenting a foreigner, will occasionally bring a glass of *liqueur* rum and charge an additional 50 cents, the price of my entire flask. The sugar is done up in a paper packet containing three lumps, and the frugality of the people can be noticed in the way a Spaniard will wrap up the spare piece and take it home. Remembering my own childhood I prefer to give it to the children who are always hovering outside in the hope of such a windfall. The usual tip is a *perrachica*[1] and the waiter taps it on the table by way of thanks. A good cooling drink is *una horchata*, made from the milk of almonds, and if you want to write a letter the waiter (*mozo*) will bring writing materials if you ask for *una sobre*. The priests are not allowed by their religion to use the cafés, and women are entirely absent, a relic, I suppose, of the time of the Moors.[2]

In every town of any size there is a *Circulo* or *Casino* which forms the local club, and the traveller, without join-

[1] A halfpenny—so called because the lion on the back looks like a little dog. This is the general nickname throughout Spain, but it is also called an *aguileta* (Valencia), a *monedeta* (Alicante), a *perilla* (Seville), and a *patacon* (La Mancha). As might be expected from their whimsicality, the Spaniards call a penny a *perro gordo* or big dog, although there is no lion on the back. The peseta (=100 centimos) is worth about ninepence, and the five peseta piece is called a *duro*. There is a good deal of false money about, and in every shop there is a stone let into the counter for ringing the coins.

[2] Many other Moorish survivals can be noticed:—The reluctance of the men to take off their hats in the cafés, or to walk with women; the dread of the Evil Eye and of snakes: the word *culebras* must not even be used in polite conversation; the absence of women at funerals and their way of carrying children on the hip; the washing-basin in the dining-rooms and the way of beckoning with the fingers downwards. The handkerchief worn by peasants under the sombrero is perhaps a survival of the turban, and the mantilla certainly recalls the moslem veil. Many Spanish women have an instinctive habit of holding a corner of it across the lips, and, in some villages in the South of Spain, a woman going to mass will leave only one eye exposed. In Andalusia it is considered ill-omened to extinguish a lighted match and in this they go further than the Moors of the present day. *They*, too, will not blow out a match, as they think the breath is too holy for such a use, but they put the match out by holding it in one hand and making a quick pass over it with the other hand. The Spaniard throws it to the ground and lets it burn out.

ing, is allowed to take his coffee there and it is usually the best to be had in the place. The astonishing success of these clubs is due to the fact that they have a monthly subscription (generally five pesetas) instead of a yearly one. They usually give on the street and only differ in appearance from ordinary cafés by the luxury of their chairs and the absence of a name over the door. Besides a café, they have card and billiard rooms and a dancing hall, and are sometimes palatial, as at Murcia and Malaga.

The newspapers can be seen at the cafés, and the Spaniard reads his paper there instead of buying a copy. Each town has its local paper, and the time when the Madrid papers arrive depends on the distance. Travellers may like to remember that the papers which were consistently friendly to England and her Allies during the Great War were El Liberal, El Imparcial and El Heraldo de Madrid. The thrifty Spaniard never buys two papers at once, a contrast to our lavish habits, and he will seldom read and smoke at the same time; in fact, I believe that we northern Europeans are the only people who do the two things at once.

Tobacco is a government monopoly, and cigars and pipes are little used. The cigarettes mostly smoked are the *cigarillos de ochenta* (i.e. eighty centimos the packet) and it is customary to change the paper of the cigarette, the government paper being indifferent in quality. But it is more usual to make your own cigarettes. A large packet of the best tobacco (*Picadura al cuadrado*) costs three pesetas seventy-five cent. and a little of it is carried in the pocket in a leather cigar case (*petaca*). It is a granulated Havana Tobacco, not flaked as with us, and sufficient is *poured* into the palm of the hand when making a cigarette. One of your first lessons in observation will be to see how the cigarette is made and kept together by a deft turn in the end without the paper being wetted. It is, I suppose, the original form of cigarette smoking and certainly our made cigarettes taste insipid by comparison. I have not

been able to discover any English tobacco cut in this way, but there are two similar tobaccos of American leaf, Lone Jack and Durham Bull, which can be bought in London. Tobacco is never chewed in Spain, and, in spite of the novelists, Spanish women do *not* smoke!

The trains are certainly slow, but travelling by them is great fun. The third-class carriages, which are uncushioned and cool, are open from end to end and filled with a happy crowd. All sorts and conditions of people can be seen, and, in spite of the security of the country in the present day, two soldiers of the Civil Guard still travel in each train. It is, of course, the easest thing in the world to buy your own ticket. As in all other countries, you merely say the station and the class and put down the money. If there is likely to be a crowd at the booking-office, you can buy your ticket beforehand at the *Despacho Central*, a sort of railway office in the centre of the town. The kilometric tickets are excellent and a great saving, and can be bought at a few days notice in any of the big towns, or without notice on the frontier. They are made up in books ranging from two to twelve thousand kilometres and are available for from three to twelve months. A book of two thousand kilometres costs seventy-seven pesetas third class, and, instead of handing money to the booking clerk, you give him the book and he tears out the proper number of coupons in exchange for the ticket.

The conversation in the train is a constant lesson in Spanish, because, except in Catalonia and in the Basque province, every Spaniard speaks good Castilian. As it is a poor country, the talk is mainly about food and money, and the word peseta is heard every minute. The people are very patient in the long journeys, the lads shouting gallant remarks to girls working in the fields and the old men beguiling the way with songs sung in a strange long-drawn falsetto. Often when dozing during a night journey I have thought myself back in England at hearing a peasant woman at my side sigh "*Ay di me.*" It sounds exactly like

our " Oh dear me," which has indeed the same derivation, being a survival of the days when England was catholic and women invoked the aid of the Madonna. The guard clambers along the outside of the moving train and enters each carriage to clip the tickets. Notice, and copy, the little lift and fall of his hand when he returns your ticket; this is the lazy way of saying thank you, and the gesture is made when handing or receiving any little thing.

Leisurely crowds everywhere await the arrival of the train and the station-master's wife in all her finery is to be seen displaying her charms at a window overlooking the platform. A porter shouts the name of the place and the duration of the stop (e.g. " *Zaragossa, vente minutos,*") and, before the train goes on, the guard warns the travellers to take their seats by crying " *Señores Viajeros al tren.*" Hotel omnibuses meet the trains and the charge, which is usually two reales (fifty centimos), is paid to the driver on arrival, and not, as elsewhere, charged in the bill. As in other countries where there is still the wretched system of *octroi* duties (here called *consumos*), an official at the exit of the station will ask you if you have any saleable foodstuffs in your luggage. Answer *nada* (nothing) or let him peep in your bag. In some places where the station is beyond the walls, the omnibus is stopped and the passengers questioned at the entrance of the town.

Fine scenery can be seen from the train on these journeys :—

Bobadilla	to Malaga.	Orviedo	to Llanes.
Jativa	to Alcoy.	Alsasua	to Bilbao.
Baeza	to Valdepeñas.	Noveña	to Arriondas.
Vigo	to Monforte.	Tuy	to Redondela.

In the South of Spain the train runs for mile after mile through orange and lemon groves. The curious trees studding the olives are *algarrobos*. They bear a long, black nut which is used for feeding horses and mules.

The railway system is by no means complete and many parts of the country are still unserved, but by using the

diligences the traveller can keep on his way without much trouble. 'No list of these is to be had in Spain, but I have used the diligence routes which I am about to mention and a glance at the map will show their use to a man moving about the country.

Alcoy	to Alicante.	Becerrea	to Lugo.
Salamanca	to Avila.	Lugo	to Rivadeo.
Avila	to Bejar.	Huescar	to Barbastro.
Irun	to Pamplona	Soria	to Tarragona.
Tarazona	to Borga.	Utiel	to Cuenca.
Durango	to Vittoria.	Tarragona	to Reus.
Ripoll	to Puigcerda.	Granada	to Jaen.

Santiago to Noya.

There is also a diligence from Torrijos to Toledo, which cuts off a greater corner for a man coming from the West, and public motors run through fine scenery from San Sebastian to Bilbao and from Cadiz to Algeciras.

The roads are, with few exceptions, abominable, and many an English lane has a better surface than an important road in Spain. There is always, however, a narrow track at the side of the road beaten smooth by foot passengers and donkeys, and it is the custom for the people to walk unrebuked along the side of the railway metals. There are no footpaths in our sense of the word and the mule tracks are too rough and stony for pleasant walking. But, for all that, it is a delightful country for a leisurely and lightly equipped traveller to explore on foot. Long stretches of the country are dull and monotonous, but, by an adroit combination of railway travelling and walking, you can see some very fine scenery. The ordinary road-greetings are *Vaya, Vaya bendito, Vaya Vd con Dios,* and *Pasalo ben.* In Galicia they say *Buenos,* in Pamplona *Adios,* in the Basque country *Agur,* and at Montserrat *Sube.*

Wine can be bought at any wayside *venta,* but you should carry a little food. The local wine of the district you are in is " *vino corriente* " and you will be asked whether you

want it white (*claro*) or red (*tinto*). The usual form for ordering wine is to say, *Una copa*, or, if taking *aguardiente*, *Unā copita* (*de Anis*), and the charge is a penny for a tumbler of wine and a halfpenny for a tiny glass of the cordial. The people are gratified if you say "*Salud a España*" as you drink it. In the Basque provinces try a wine called *Chacoli*.

Beautiful road scenery will be seen in these walks :—

Vilalba to la Granja.
Bobadilla to Alora.
Llanes to Potes (through the gorges of the Deva).
San Sebastian to Bilbao.
Lena to La Pola (over the pass of Pajares).
Santiago to Padron.
Ponferrada to Villefranca del Vierzo.
Pamplona to Roncesvalles.
Villagarcia to Cambados (Galicia).
Jativa to Manuel (Valencia).
Alcala la Reale to Venta del Puente.
Lequeito to Deva, by a fine Roman road.
Miranda to Briviesca, over the Pass of Pancorbo.
Pontevedra to Orense, a direct and beautiful road of fifty-two miles.
Baeza to Villacarillo along a hogsback called La Loma de Baeza.
Astorga, Villefranca del Vierzo, Lugo, Santiago, the old Pilgrims' Road.

For those who do not care for long walks some strolls which can be taken from the towns are set down here, with the more general suggestion that if the town is walled you should walk round the top of the walls; if it is on a river you should cross the bridge to see the sky-line of the town from the other bank, and if there is a Moorish castle on a hill outside the town you should make that the object of a stroll :—

Avila. Walk round the *outside* of the walls and go out to the Church of St. Vincente.

Burgos. Stroll down the river and see the sunset from the fifth bridge.

Caceres. Climb by the way marked by granite crosses to the shrine of the Virgen del Monte.

Carmona. There is an unforgettable sunset stroll along the edge of the plateau of the S. W. of the Town.

Cuenca. Walk seven miles up the delicious valley of the Huescar to Palomera.

Gerona. Walk out to the Church of St. Filiu. A pinch of the wool above the mummy of St. Narcissus is taken by the peasants to cure toothache.

Granada. Stroll down the road (*Cuesta del Rey Chico*) which goes round the N. E. side of the Alhambra.

Jerez. Visit the Cartuja three miles S. E.

Murcia. Walk all along the splendid raised road which forms the Alameda, or Public Garden.

Malaga. Walk to the Calvary on a hill. Walk two miles along the coast to the village of El Palo.

Manresa. Get a boy to show you the way to the tomb of St. Ignacio (Loyola).

Mondariz. Walk to San Pedro, a village with quaint little watermills.

Montserrat. Take your lunch and follow the delightful path leading to the summit at San Jeronamo.

Orihuela. See the oriental scenes among the lagoons to the North.

Ronda. Go down the staircase of four hundred steps cut by Christian slaves and leading to the river.

Segovia. Descend the zigzag road on the North side and cross the river to the Alameda.

Toledo. Walk along the south bank of the Tagus from the Bridge of St. Martin to the Alcantara Bridge. Stroll up to the top of a hill topped with an iron cross, for the view.

Spaniards spend hardly anything on their amusements. Dominoes and cards[1] are played at the cafés and there are dances at the fairs and *festas*. These are all pleasures which cost nothing and the only amusement for which a Spaniard pays any considerable sum is the bull fights. These take place on Sunday afternoons from April to November, and the esteem in which they are held by all classes can be judged from the fact that a new bull ring is consecrated by the Clergy in procession. English people often profess to be shocked by these shows and think that the Spaniards are a cruel race. They are, on the contrary, uncommonly kind to their beasts, never letting their donkeys go hungry while they have a bite of bread for themselves, and, as a Spaniard once said to me, there is no need in Spain for a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to *Children*. Apart from the wretched business with the horses, it is an altogether noble sport and the only other objection from a sportsman's point of view is that the bull is doomed from the moment of his entering the arena. The picador from being a knight on a fine horse has degenerated into a padded professional on a blind-folded nag. It is to be hoped that he will soon disappear altogether, thus removing the one blot on the show. The rest of the performance is a wonderful exhibition of human intelligence matched against brute strength. A species of magnetic current thrills the spectators and there is no other sport which so quickly and completely takes you out of yourself.

In the music-halls there are few turns, but they are all good; and the performance seldom begins until the audience has shown impatience by stamping and clapping. Any feeble turn is howled down without pity, and young performers often burst into tears at this treatment; but almost fierce resentment is shown if a crying baby interrupts

[1] The four suits in a *baraja* or pack of cards are *copas* (cups), *espadas* (swords), *oros* (gold coins), and *bastos* (clubs). These are supposed to represent the Church, the nobles, the merchants and the peasants. There are no tens; a knight takes the place of the queen and a knave does duty for our knight.

a good turn. A successful performer is applauded with rapturous crys of "*arre, arre,*" a cry which was brought home by sailors and became our English "Hurrah." The seats are absurdly cheap, a quite good one costing forty centimos, and the usual notice against smoking is ignored even by the attendants and the police.

The cinemas are remarkably good and equally cheap. Notice the artless way in which the spectators read aloud, like children at school, the sentences which are projected on the screen to explain the plot.

Owing to the delicious climate a Spaniard spends a large part of his life in the street and in the *alamedas* or public gardens, sitting beneath the shade of the trees and listening to the band. The poor traveller, true to his ideal of living as much like a native as possible, should copy his example and not scruple to mix with the crowd, which in Spain has a very pleasing odour. There are few advertisements in the streets, because, sensibly enough, they are well taxed; and rooms which are to let are indicated only by a small piece of white paper tied to the balcony. There are, as might be expected, very few book shops, but barbers abound and are experts at their work. There is always a *chico* or boy learning the mystery, who stands by in rather an embarrassing way watching the barber shave his client. The charge is twenty-five cent. and I do not think that a Spaniard ever shaves himself. The local pottery is always worth noticing and can be studied in the markets and at the wells, where the gossip of the girls gives the traveller ample time to note the shape of the pitchers, cast in traditional moulds unaltered since the time of the Romans.

The cathedrals are dark and cool, and the interiors are arranged with the choirs in the body of the church as at Westminster Abbey, a narrow railed-in passage connecting the choir with the altar. This spoils the long view up the cathedral from the West doors, but gives occasion for the magnificent ironwork screens for which Spain is famous. One tower of the church is left unfinished as a precaution

against the Evil Eye, and also perhaps to act as an incentive to increased generosity on the part of the worshippers. Examine the carvings on the stalls in the choir and notice the old-time wigs worn by the vergers and the artless cat-holes in the great nail-studded doors.

There are splendid services every day at nine-thirty a.m. and three p.m. and I like to be at the latter in preference to taking a siesta. The singing of the little ragamuffin choristers (*monocillos*, little monkeys) is shrill and affected, and bears no comparison with the delightful voices of the boys calling the papers in the streets. But most of the singing is done by men, and the organ alternates with the voices instead of accompanying them. The church music has often a slight suspicion of irreverence; the organist plays any music he likes and seems mainly concerned in exhibiting the skill of his nimble fingers.

These services attract very small congregations; in fact, they seem to be carried on not so much for the edification of the people as for the sake of the large number of priests attached to every cathedral. Spain swarms with priests and they are heartily disliked by the people, who resent their interference with the politics of the country. Another grievance felt by the people is that the religious houses, though largely engaged in manufacture, pay no taxes and are not open to State inspection. The Church in Spain is a huge Trust with an all-powerful voice in the councils of the country, and, with the various Orders, controls a third of the wealth of the country. The priest's "housekeeper" is to every Spaniard a byword and a reproach. Many of these men of religion are decidedly gross in appearance and a devout traveller is pained to see them spitting on the pavement during mass and smoking in the cloisters and in the great vestries which they seem to use as clubs. They wear their cassocks all day and it is amusing to notice the various ways in which they hold their mantles in the streets.

The Church has lost her hold on the men in the towns but

the country folk are still very religious, crossing themselves devoutly when passing a church and even in a train when starting on a journey. The fact that meat is eaten on Fridays in so Catholic a country as Spain is due to a curious survival. The Pope of the period rewarded the Spaniards for expelling the Moors by allowing them to eat meat every day for a year. This old bull (*Bula de la Santa Cruzada*) has been renewed yearly, and a copy of it can be bought for a peseta. The palm branches seen in so many balconies in Spain have been blessed in church and are supposed to bring good luck.

The Spanish women are great church-goers and invariably dress in black and wear mantillas when attending mass. Though they look very demure and devout, great play is made with their fans, and many secret messages are conveyed by this means. The duenna is still to be seen with her young charge, apparently an implacable dragon, but complacently engrossed in her devotions at critical moments. You will often notice the pretty ways of young lovers in church and I hope you will wish them good luck, because, in spite of the general opinion, the way of true love is difficult in Spain. The young man has to carry on his courtship in the open street with the object of his adoration safe behind the bars of her window. He is nicknamed an "iron-eater," or, in a different idiom, is said to be "playing the bear," and it must require great nerve to appear indifferent to the straight faces but twinkling eyes of the passers-by. Jolly places to idle at are :—

Huescar.
Elche.
Toro (near Zamorra).
Olite (near Pamplona).
Sitges (near Barcelona),
Puerto di Sta Maria (a fishing village near Cadiz).
Denia.
Moron (S. E. of Seville).
Figuera (near Port Bou).

Ribadisella (near Santander).
Bezalu (near Figueras).
Martos (near Jaen).
Sepúlvedo (a wonderful old walled town N.E. of Segovia).
Coria, (thirty miles W. of Placencia).
Alhama and Loja near Granada (two charming little towns in fine scenery with many old houses and churches).
Morin (a little fishing town in Galicia).

Montserrat, near Barcelona, should on no account be missed. It is a monastery set in the fold of a jagged mountain which rises sheer from the plain. On arriving, go to the *Despacho de Aposentos* and get a room allotted you. This used to be free but now a charge of three pesetas a night is made. There is a good restaurant, but most people buy what they want at the grocer's shop and at the little market, where the honey is delicious. The masses in the church begin at 4 a.m.; if you can be there at 6 a.m. you will see the unusual sight of ten masses being said at the same time. At this hour, too, the faithful are allowed to kiss the Holy Child and His Mother above the High Altar. It is worth while going up with the crowd if only to see the ex-voto pictures given by those who have been saved from sickness or peril by the intercession of the Madonna of Montserrat. The way up is along the South wall of the church. At the foot of the stairway leading to the image is a wooden figure of a choir boy holding a plate into which you drop a penny as you pass. After kissing the Child's hand and His Mother's wrist, sit at the back of the domed chamber behind the altar and admire the excellent modern painting of the ceiling, so great an advance on clouds and fat cupids.

The Madonna is said to be by St. Luke and is a " black " one, as are those at Ponferrada, Zaragossa, Puy, Rocamadour and Oropa. How the peculiar sanctity attaching to Madonnas of this colour arose has often puzzled me.

There is a choral evening service at 7 o'clock and on summer evenings the choir boys sing old folk-songs in front of the café.

As you approach the church, notice a large gateway on the left. This leads to the back of the church and then turns to the left to a pleasant path which you might easily miss. It runs along the North face of the mountain and is level and shady. The other walks and strolls are obvious. When you leave, walk down by the old and excellent road made by the monks.

Good trout fishing can be had at Ampueras, near Santander, and at Mondariz and Caldas de Reyes near Pontevedra. The best flies are Blue Dun and Wickham's Fancy. The new line from San Sebastian to Pamplona runs by the side of a secluded and likely-looking stream. For a first experiment leave the train at Latasa, and, without waders, fish the five miles up to Lecumberri, where there is an inn.

THE BALEARIC ISLANDS

Boats run from Barcelona and Valencia, and a man who knows well the South-East coast of Spain might go by one way and return by the other. The boats run at night and take about twelve hours for the little voyage.

The climate is perfect except in the height of summer and the people are friendly and good looking. The young men at first seem effeminate owing to their surprising paleness, but a traveller soon finds the very human reason—that the girls admire them most when they are not sunburnt. Like all Spaniards the women have their hair perfectly done, and have delicate, well-formed hands.

Living in Majorca is very cheap and the poor traveller will be in his element. The charge at the *fondas* is usually four to six pesetas a day for everything. The tobacco smoked, even by the officials, is *contrabando* and is to be had almost for the asking if you become friendly with one of the natives.

The Spanish boats reach Palma early in the morning and the view of the capital from the sea is charming. Most places with a beautiful sea approach lose their glamour when the traveller lands, but this town is an exception, and a few days can be spent there pleasantly enough strolling about the streets and market and watching the gay life of the harbour. Notice the cool *patios* in the private houses and spend the hot hours of the day in the jolly little *alameda*, the Borne. For a jaunt outside the town go by tramway to the Castle of Bellver, which lies to the West of Palma. At the foot of the hill is the *Terreno*, a summer resort studded with villas. Walk up the hill by the *old* road and admire the view. On another day, go by tramway to Porto Pi, a village with a fine aquarium, and stroll along the coast for a mile to the delightfully situated Cas Catala Hotel.

After a few days in Palma set out to explore the island, contriving to reach the different towns on the market days, when the country folk come in to buy and sell.[1] There is a fairly good system of trains, but the railway carriages are decidedly behind the times. The second-class carriages are like the Spanish third, and the third class are mere cattle trucks.

It is pleasanter to explore the island on foot and the people met with on the roads are not surprised to see an Englishman walking. The local road-greeting is "*Bon di tenga.*"

From Palma a crowded diligence goes the twelve miles to Valdemosa for the remarkable fare of 7½d. Three miles on is the Hospedaria of Miramar where you can have a room for nothing for three days, but you must supply your own food. The views from the garden are exquisite. Going on along the coast, you pass Deyá, a beautiful village nestling in a valley, and in two miles reach Soller, a little

[1] *Sunday:* Pollensa, San Sellas, Binisalem. *Monday:* Manacor. *Tuesday:* Artà, Montuiri, Llabi, Poreras. *Wednesday:* Sineu. *Thursday:* Inca, Muro, Andraitz. *Friday:* Lluchmayor. *Saturday:* Palma.

town with a landlocked harbour surrounded by mountains. A steamer runs every week from here to Cette and it is the starting place for the climb up Puig Mayor.

Now find your way to Pollensa, a picturesque town in the North of the island, and stroll up the stepped path to the *Calvario* on the hill in the centre of the town. From Pollensa follow the fine Roman road for twelve kils. to Alcudia, where there is a Roman gate and traces of a Roman wall with a Moorish wall inside it. The Port of Alcudia is about a mile off and there is a pleasant stroll along the beach to an old Moorish tower surrounded by disused wells. A steamer sails from here every week for Mahon, the capital of the sister island Minorca. The return journey to Palma from Alcudia should be made by way of Manacor, where there are some interesting caves.

THE CANARY ISLANDS

Of the three groups of Atlantic islands this is by far the most delectable. The Azores to the North are windy and damp, and the Cape Verde Islands to the South are scorched with tropical heat. The Canary Islands lie in the middle of the Gulf Stream and so are warm even in the depth of Winter and the Summer is made cool by the N.E. trade winds. There are no heavy dews nor any chill at sunset. They are the Fortunate Islands of the Greeks, and Oratava is the veritable and undoubted Garden of the Hesperides.

Santa Cruz of Teneriffe is the capital, and is a free port without Custom duties. The approach from the sea is charming. It seems a white town full of palm trees, with fantastic mountains all round. As the vessel gets nearer the shore, the square houses are seen to be painted white, red and yellow, with red tiled roofs, and to rise in tiers into the red Anaga hills. The peak, *el Teyde*, an isolated cone rising directly twelve thousand feet from the sea, forms the background of the picture. The whiteness on its top is not snow, but powdered pumice stone.

The markets are interesting and there is a pretty *alameda*, or public garden, from which you can watch the surf and see the strange outline of Grand Canary, forty-five miles away. It is common enough to hear Spanish *fondas* abused, but a poor traveller here will enjoy himself much more in one of them than in the tourist hotels, full of supercilious folk and invalids.

After a few days, set out to walk the twenty-five miles to Oratava. The road is a fine one of hard volcanic stone and the engineering of it is superb. Laguma, the old capital is reached in five miles, a cool but foggy place, full of convents and churches. Further on is Matanza, a town with two good inns. At Puerto de Oratava (locally Puerto). a place of silent, grass-grown streets, notice how the surf penetrates even into the tiny harbour. Two steep miles on is Oratava itself (locally Villa). It is two thousand feet above the port and the famous Botanical Gardens lie midway between the two. As the name implies, the town is built on lava and is noted for its splendid air and sun, and for the *patios* and balconies of the houses. There are runnels of water in every street.

The walk from Santa Cruz to Oratava can easily be done in a day, but a traveller with all the world before him and doubtful of returning again to these islands, should not hurry. From Laguma starts a beautiful mule track to Mercedes and Tayanana, two romantic villages noted for the beauty of their women. The track is quite walkable and a gallant man who loves the elemental things, wine, women, rocks and streams will be glad to have taken the side journey.

If you hanker for an absolutely unsophisticated island, unknown to tourists, take the night boat to La Palma (*not* Las Palmas). It is the westernmost island of the group and there is a good little inn, facing the sunset, at St. Domingo. The village is reached by an unforgettable mule ride of a day from the port.

Grand Canary, the second largest island, is full of beauti-

ful mountain recesses watered by streams. In these deep volcanic ravines, or *barrancos*, grow the famous dragon trees, shaped like candelabra, and there are a number of cave-dwellers. The bird life is delightful, but there are no parrots or monkeys in all these islands and the canary birds are disappointingly green, not yellow.

Cock fighting, which has almost died out in the mainland, still flourishes in these islands and there are matches every Sunday. Morals are lax and there are hospitals for foundlings (*expositos*) in every town. The children run after you, offering flowers, of which the people are great lovers, and beggars whine for a *quartito* (2d.) but they are not so insufferable as at Madeira where the persistent drone of beggary poisons the air.

The poor traveller will like to know that steamers go from these islands to the West Indies at very cheap rates.

SPANISH

Train

Good morning, Sir.	Buenos dias, Señor.
Excuse me, which is the way to the station ?	¿ Dispenseme Vd, por donde se va a la estación ?
1st, 2nd, 3rd, to Madrid.	Madrid. Primera, secunda, tercera.
How much ? Is that enough ?	¿ Cuanto ? ¿ es bastante ?
A return ticket.	Un billete de ida y vuelta.
Is this the train for——?	¿ Es este el tren para——?
What station's this ?	¿ Que estación es esta ?
How long do we stop here ?	¿ Cuanto tiempo paremos aqui ?
Which is the best hotel at——?	¿ Cuál es la mejor fonda en——?
How much by the day ?	¿ Cuanto es cada dia ?
I want to leave this bag.	Quiero dejar esta maleta.

J. C. 61 85897

Hotel

Good afternoon, Madam.	Buenas tardes, Señora.
I want a bedroom.	Quiero una habitacion.
My key, please.	Me lleve, si le gusta.
Do you want to get up early? I want, etc.	¿ Madrugaís ? Madrugare.
Call me at 6, 7.30.	Llameme a las seis, a las siete y media.
Good night, miss.	Buenas noches, señorita.
I am going to bed now.	Voy acostarme en seguido.
Come in. Sit down.	Venga. Siéntese Vd.
What's the weather like?	¿ Que tiempo hace ?
It's fine—cold—very hot.	Hace buen tiempo. Hace frio. Hace muy caliente.
Not bad. It's raining.	Regular. Llueve.
Breakfast.	Desayuno.
Lunch.	Almuerzo.
Lunch (to eat in the train)	Merienda.
What time is dinner?	¿ A que ora es la comida ?
The bill of fare.	La lista.
Yes, please. No, thanks.	Si, si le gusta. No, gracias.
Only a little. No more, thanks.	Solamente un poco. Nada mas, gracias.
I am an Englishman.	Soy inglés.
I come to-day from ——.	Vengo hoy de ——.
I go to-morrow to ——.	Voy mañana para ——.
Please have these clothes washed.	Sirvase lavar esta ropa.
Please mend this.	Quiero que Vd me arregle esto.
Where is the w.c.?	¿ Donde esta el retrete ?[1]
Give me my bill, please.	Deme la cuenta, si le gusta.
The change. A present (for you).	El pico. Un regalo.

[1] Often indicated in hotels by the numeral 100, sometimes 00, or by a euphemism "*Jardin.*" I have also found written over the door, *Aquí es*, Here it is!

I have been very comfortable here.	He estado muy commodo aqui.
I'll come back another time.	Volvere otra vez.
"So long." Good-bye.	Hasta la vista, *or*, Hasta luego. Adio.

Walking

On foot.	A pié.
Is this the way to ——?	¿ Es este el camino para ——?
How far is it?	¿ Cual es la distancia ?
This way. That way.	Por aqui. Por alli.
Very near. Very far.	Muy cerca. Muy lejos.
Thank you very much.	Muchisimas gracias.
Don't mention it.	No hay de que, *or* De nada, *or* Servidor, *or* No meresce.
I am (not) in a hurry.	(No) Tengo prisa.

Diligence

The coach starts at ten, doesn't it ?	¿ El coche sale a las diez, no es asi ?
I want a seat on the box.	Quiero asiento en el pescante.
What a fine view !	¡ Que vista hermosa !
What a bad road !	¡ Que malo camino !
Wait a minute.	Espere momento.
Let's be getting on, my good fellow.	Vamos, hombre.
What is the name of this town, village ?	¿ Como se llama esto pueblo, esta aldea ?

Shopping

I'm going for a stroll in the town.	Voy dar un paseo en la cuidad.
Clean your boots, Sir ?	¿ Limpia botas, Caballero ?

Have you any letters for Mr. —— ?	¿ Tiene Vd cartas para el Señor —— ?
A stamp. Letter box.	Un sello. Buzon.
I want a shave.	Quiero que me afeite.
Cut my hair.	Corteme el pelo.
How much is that? (pointing).	¿ Cuanto ?
It's too dear. More cheap.	Es demasiado caro. Mas barato.
Very well, I'll take that	Muy bien. Tomare este (a, o).
What is the exchange for English sovereigns ?	¿ A cuanto esta el cambio de libras esterlingas ?
Do you like Spain ?	¿ Le gusta Espâna ?
Yes, it is very much to my liking.	Si, es muy a me gusta *or* me gusta mucho.

CHAPTER VIII

PORTÚGAL

It is better to travel a-foot than to ride and fall—*Middleton.*

THE attractions of this little country, the oldest of our Allies, are the scenery and climate, the sunsets and the courtesy of the people, every hat coming off as the traveller walks along the country roads. To these must be added the cheapness of living, a sovereign changing for about 6,200 reis and having nearly twice the purchasing power that it has in England.

The country has not the grey appearance of Spain and Italy; instead, there are forests of pine and eucalyptus and fields of Indian corn, harvested in October and stored in little stone granaries. The road scenery is beautiful, and there are many wayside springs and hedges, which you do not usually see out of England. The vines are trained up the trees instead of being pegged down, and, as in all wine countries, you should time your visit to see the vintage. The coast is not a fine one, in spite of its being exposed to the full force of the Atlantic. The cliffs are low all the way, but are redeemed from dullness by the great stretches of *mesembryanthemum* with which they are covered and by the sunsets, which are especially gorgeous in October.

I do not, however, like the country as much as Spain, probably because I have less grip of the language. But there are other reasons. The churches are tawdry, the priests dress like laymen and the men are squat and plain. There are also fewer cafés, those havens of the wanderer, and the coffee sold in them is Brazilian and not to my liking. There are many beggars, as in Spain, but their

ways are less taking. To their whine for an *esmola* the kind refusal is "*Paciencia, e vai com Deus,*" or, more shortly, "*Tenha paciencia.*" The children, however, touch your heart by kneeling in the road as they beg, and are not to be refused.

Although the Portuguese men are not handsome, they have many admirable qualities, of which the most important to a traveller is their good nature. They are, besides, thrifty and serious and great lovers of clean linen. No one who lives a few months in their midst can fail to notice the striking similarity of Portuguese and Irishmen—their innate courtesy and good humour; their humanity, tempered with a taste for assassination; their horror of the death penalty when legally imposed; their love of cabals and secret societies; their reckless courage and amenability to military discipline; the idealism which leads them often to mistake oratory for statesmanship.

In the country places the men wear a strange black night-cap, pulled down over the ears, and a sort of Eton jacket that does not reach the trousers but leaves an inch of shirt showing. They carry a long stick (*pâo*) to guide their sleek, contented oxen. The yokes of these beasts are finely carved with traditional designs. The carts which they draw are of a shape that has persisted from the time of the Romans, and the ungreased wheels creak horribly. They say that this is to frighten the wolves, but the true reason is that a Portuguese delights in any sort of noise.

Unlike the men, the women are often strikingly handsome, and those who live at Vianna and Arcas, North of the River Lima, and at Ayntes, near Oporto, are noted for their beauty. These country lasses wear red aprons and black Andalusian hats, with a brilliant kerchief. They carry their savings about with them in the form of heavy gold ear-rings and lockets, and go barefoot, walking splendidly with their loads on their heads.

Of the happiness of the people, leading as they do a perfect pastoral life in a land of flowers, there can be no

doubt. Every peasant owns his little plot of land and I suppose there is no more self-supporting country in Europe. There is, however, an undercurrent of melancholy in their disposition, their dances are slow and sedate, and the music is always in the minor. Perhaps there is a Moorish tinge in their blood. Their gardens are certainly Moorish—shady places refreshed by only a few flowers, with water dripping into cool basins.

Wine is, of course, the universal drink, and the mountain wine is thought to be better than that grown on the plains. The vintage is in September and the new wine is not drunk until the following April. Port wine, *vinho fino*, costs 2*d.* a glass, and in the towns it is often drunk with soda water as a long drink. In the South drink *Collares* which costs 450 r. a bottle and in the North *Bucellas* or *Mirandella*. A good mineral water, *Sameiro*, is made at Bom Jesus and another, *Lombadas*, is imported from Madeira. The drinking water is bad except at Bussaco and Cintra.

The food of the people is mainly pork, fish, and rice. The pigs are fed on figs and on acorns from the evergreen oaks, and the sardines come in great shoals to the coast in April. Eggs in some form or another appear at every meal, but no green vegetables are used. The bread is made of maize and rye flour and every one is sleek and well fed.[1]

The hotels are cheap and clean. They are called *hospedaria, estalagem* or *venda* according as they are first, second, or third rate. The pension price (*cama e meza*) is about 1200 r. a day, and the tariff is hung up in each bedroom, so there is no need to bargain. At the little inns the bills are reckoned in *vintems* (20r.). There are but two meals: *almoco* at 9.30 and *jantar* at 5. Be ready to answer the three questions of the waiter:—(1) Do you like your wine *verde* or *maduro*? You are given free of charge a bottle

[1] Good native dishes are *canja*, a chicken broth served with rice,—and *gaizardo*, a fine Irish stew called in the South, *ensopada*. Veal (*vitella*) is always good in spite of the fact that the cows are kept indoors all their lives. The best oranges are grown at Cintra and Setubal.

of the first or a half-bottle of the second, which is less crude. (2) Do you want your eggs fried or boiled? Reply *fritos* and eat them as a sauce to the invariable beef steak. But notice the local way of eating boiled eggs, by breaking them half raw into a glass and swallowing them down. (3) Do you want your tea (*chá*) to be *preto* or *verde*. I prefer the green. It is Chinese tea, straw-coloured and drunk without milk, and is given free at dinner. Good cigarettes are *Antoninos cigarros* and *capa de tabaco*.

The bull fights are harmless affairs compared with those in Spain, the bull having his horns tipped with balls and being only played with, not killed. The favourite game in the country villages is a sort of skittles, and an alley for playing it runs at the back of every wineshop. The great holidays of the people are the pilgrimages (*romarias*) especially the two which take place in May, when the weather is perfection.

The little country can be seen in three journeys, taking the North, the Centre, and the South in turn.

My own plan is to reverse this order, entering in February by the diligence which runs from Huelva to Faro in the extreme South and following the Spring northwards.

This diligence reaches the frontier at Ayamonte where the mouth of the Guardiana divides Spain from Portugal. On both sides of the frontier the railway stops short and it is a twenty miles' coach journey to Tavira, the first town of importance. Spend a few days at Faro, Stoy and Lagos, but the place you will like best is Villa Nova de Portimão, a picturesque little town amidst the brown and old-gold rocks of the Algarve. Within a walk is Praia de Rocha, a seaside village with a very good inn. Then turn inland through the carefully cultivated country to the mountain district of Monchique and sleep at Caldas. When you reach the railway, go by train to Beja and Evora, a cathedral city with an arcaded market-place. The peasants' costumes here are the best in Portugal, and there are two delightful public gardens. The first of these, by

the Archbishop's Palace, has a Roman Temple, almost undamaged by the lapse of time, standing at its gates. The second is near the Palace of Dom Manuel, now an agricultural museum, and from it there is a pleasant stroll to the hermitage Church of St. Braz.

To the N.E. of Evora lies Estremoz, a pleasant city perched, as are most Portuguese towns, on a hill. There is a fine old castle from which the view is delightful. If you are entering Spain from here, do not take the train to Elvas, but trudge along the fine road through cork forests to Badajos by way of Borba and Villa Viscosa, and buy one of the local walking sticks (*pão*) to help you along.

The second journey covers the coastwise towns between Lisbon and Porto. Of these the prettiest is Leiria, an exquisite place on the River Liz. The sunset as seen from the castle is said to be the finest in Portugal. At Bussaco, just North of Coimbra, is a romantic hotel which has been in turn a palace of the Archbishops of Braga and a Carmelite monastery. It stands on the slopes of a wooded sierra, and the gardens, tended by the monks for two hundred years, contain exotic trees from all parts of the world.

The third little journey enables you to see at leisure the wonderfully fertile strip of country which lies between the two great rivers Minho and Douro. The ideal approach to this is from Salamanca in Spain. Leave the train at the frontier and follow the riverside road down the Douro. After tumbling over a famous series of cataracts called the Cachão, or Shark, the river has bored its way in fine gorges through three ranges of mountains before reaching the sea.

Braga is the most interesting town hereabouts and you should sit in the garden in its centre to watch the busy life of the people. Bragança looks a big and important place on the map and I once trudged there from Zamora in Spain, expecting to find a splendid old city. But the size of the names on the map is no criterion, at least in Portugal, and I found it to be an unremarkable straggling village. From Braga a tramway runs to Bom Jesus where an astonishing

zigzag stairway, worn by the *knees* of countless pilgrims, leads up to a church-sanctuary on a hill. Half-way up is an old terraced garden, and there are statues all the way.

Trout fishing is very good in this district, and the two best places are Oliveira d'Azeneis, twenty-five miles from Porto, and Ponte de Lima; but you should explore on foot the whole of the romantic Lima valley. It is the only place in Europe (to my knowledge) where the village lads catch trout by diving for them. There are no pike in Portugal, and the only drawback to the trout fishing is the abundance of two dace-like fish, the *escalo* and the *boga*, both of which take the fisherman's fly.

PORTUGUESE

Train

1st, 2nd, 3rd to Lisbon.	Lisboa primeira, segunda, terciera.
How much? Is this enough?	Quanto custa? E este assaz?
Excuse me, Sir, do you know of a good hotel at ——?	Lhe peço perdão, Senhor, sab Vmce. se ha boa fonda em ——?

Hotel

Good morning. Good evening.	Bons dias. Boas noites.
I want a bedroom.	Desejo uma cama.
Yes, please. No, thanks.	Sim, se lhe gosta. Não, graças.
A hot bath. Some hot water.	Um banho quente. Agua quente.
Waiter, where is the w.c.?	Moço, Onde esta a privada?
Please call me at 6 (7.30).	Queira me despertar as seis horas (sete e meia).
Can I have my bill?	Posso ter a minha conta?
I've been very comfortable here.	Hei estado muito commodo aqui.

Shopping

How much? Please write it down.	Quanto custa? Queira escrivel-o.
Too dear. Cheap.	Muito caro. Barato.
That will do. I'll buy this.	Este me va. Quero comprar este.
Cigarettes. Matches. A good cigar.	Cigarros. Fosforos. Um bom charuto.
Hair cut. Shampoo. Shave.	Corte de cabellos. Friccão. Fayer a barba.

Café

Waiter. A cup of coffee, with milk, black.	Moço. Um café, com leite, simples.
A glass of wine. Cognac. Beer.	Um vaso de vinho. Um coñac. Um copo de cerveza.

On the Road

What is the name of this village (town)?	Come se chama esta aldeia (cidada)?
What beautiful country (view)!	Que bello paiz (campo)!
Is this the road to ——?	E este o caminho para ——?
Road-greetings.	Passar bem. Deus o salve.
Please fill this bottle with (the best) wine.	Faça o favor de enchar a garafa do (melhor) vinho.
I am English.	Sone Ingles.
I come to-day from Oporto.	Chego hoje de Porto.
I go to-morrow to Coimbra.	Saio amanhã por Coimbra.
On foot.	A pé.
Many thanks.	Muitas graças.
Don't mention it.	Nada.
"So long."	A té logo.
Good-bye.	Addiós.
Take care of yourself.	Cuidado com vossé.

CHAPTER IX

MALTA

All places that the eye of Heaven visits
Are to the wise man ports and happy havens—*Shakespeare.*

THIS yellow, rocky island is mainly interesting to the wanderer as a connecting link between Europe and Africa, there being a service of steamers to Syracuse and another to Tunis. It is a hot, glaring place without any shade, the goats nibbling down every seedling before it has time to grow to any size. The climate is tolerable, except in September, when life is made miserable by the *Scirocco*, a hot, damp wind from the South.

There is no "scenery," but the varying tints of the blue sea and the wonderful sunsets are a pleasure to watch. Along the South-West coast runs an undercliff, caused by a landslip, and inhabited by a number of wild-looking, but friendly, cave-dwellers.

The town of Valetta is clean and healthy, and the busy life of the harbour is enjoyable. The local gondolas, or *Dghaisas*, are supposed to be a survival of the Egyptian Boats of the Dead. The place is thickly dotted with churches and swarms with priests. Indeed, there is a local saying that Malta would be a delightful place if every priest were a tree. Notice the old dolphin knockers on some of the doors of the flat-roofed houses, and try a few of the local dishes at the Sole d'Oro in the Strada Marina. Tunny and cuttle-fish are both good, caviare is surprisingly cheap, and the vegetable marrows stuffed with forcemeat (*zucchetti forsati*) are delicious. Duels used to be fought in the Strada Stretta, because, owing to its narrowness, a man could not leap back.

The people are noisy talkers and vain, and the cumbrous

faldettas worn by the women are unlike anything else in the world. I can only describe them as a stiffened cape and hood combined.

If you have long to wait for a steamer, take the boat which goes in two hours to the sister island of Gozo. There is a good hotel at the chief town (Rabato) and a pleasant stroll can be taken round the ramparts at sunset.

These two islands are perhaps the last relic of a land bridge between Europe and Africa.

CHAPTER X

RUMANIA

Glory to your feet—*Albanian road-greeting.*

THE train approach to this pretty little Balkan country is by way of Orsova and Turnseverin but a jollier way is to go by boat down the Danube from Budapest to Georgiu, which is only forty miles from Bucharest.

The best seasons for a visit are May or October, when there is usually a wonderful Indian Summer with cloudless days and a touch of frost at night. From June to August the mosquitoes are bad, especially in the low countries by the great river. March and April would be good months for a man fond of shooting or of bird life as the wild-fowling is unsurpassed. Migrants from North, South, and East meet there and many go no farther and the pelican breeds there. I could find no fishing.

The peasants are clean, honest, and picturesque in their national costumes. Like the Hungarians they are very musical and even the tiniest café has its band. The inns are decent and reasonable in their charges, and where there is no inn, the local mayor (*premor*) will put you up. The only drawback of the little country is the serenely accepted squalor of the villages.

Of the native foods I remember with most relish the *smetanca*, or curdled milk. It is less bitter than the Bulgarian *yagout* and goes wonderfully well with wild strawberries and other fruit.

The finest scenery is in the Carpathians, which exceed in beauty anything which I have seen in Europe. The mountains are clothed with deciduous trees nearly to the

top and above them are bare snow-covered peaks. A walk of 120 miles (with good inns all the way) through the pick of this scenery would go through Sinia, the summer residence of the royal family, and over the easy pass to Kronstadt in Transylvania. The scenery in Moldavia is also pretty, but it is not on the same level of beauty.

The cigarettes (*papirosi*) are a government monopoly and are made in the Russian manner with a cardboard mouthpiece. The nicest variety is called *Pelisor*.

The money is similar to that of other Latin nations, a *lei* being a franc and a *bani* a centime.

RUMANIAN[1]

Have you a bed ?	Avetsi pat ?
Please.	Va rog.
Good day, Sir.	Dimineatsa, domine.
How much ?	Cât costa ?
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.	Un, do, tre, patru, cinci, chess, sept, opt, nooa, zeci.
Thank you.	Multumesa.

[1] The only difficult words in this slight list are pronounced :— Avety, coot, chinch, zech, multsumesc.

CHAPTER XI

GREECE

Maybe I shall not walk again
  Down Dorset way, down Devon way,
Nor gather foxgloves in a lane
  Down Somerset or Sussex way.
But though my bones, unshriven, rot
In some far-distant alien spot,
What soul I have shall rest from care,
To know the meadows still are fair
Down Dorset way, down Devon way.

—*Sergeant Coulson.*

THE pleasantest way of reaching Greece is by way of Crete, either from Alexandria by the Pan Hellene Line or from Trieste by an Italian Lloyd boat. The first sight of Crete is unforgettable: a rock-bound coast of cliffs with razor-like edge rising sheer from the water and apparently without an opening. The boat usually calls first at Canea, an African looking town with many dusky merchants from neighbouring Tripoli. It is a picturesque place still encircled by the old walls built by the Venetians, and living is much cheaper than in Egypt as you get about 130 piastres for your pound. There is a little inn by the quay where you can lunch on the balcony, and watch the life of the port. Go on by boat (or by road through Retimo) to Candia, the capital. This also is a walled town, and a few days can be spent there, studying the life of the streets and the elaborate dresses of the natives and their manly swagger. There is a good early morning market outside the Turkish Gate, where you can breakfast on a bowl of curds bought from one of the flamboyant pedlars dressed in yellow shirts and green stockings.

The prehistoric treasures which have been dug up in the island are housed in a white building to the East of the town and the frescoes in the entrance hall give you a notion of the appearance of men and women 5,000 years ago. By some archaic convention the figures of the men are painted red and the women white. Hire a mule and ride out to Gortyni, and go to Phaistos where are the famous ruins approached by still-splendid flights of steps. A pretty zigzag road in the White Mountains runs from Omalo to the South coast: during the last four miles to Samaria it is a delightfully cool lane by the side of a romantic river-bed.

After a week or two in Crete take the steamer to Nauplia[1] or to the Piræus, the port of Athens. It is a bustling place, thronged by seamen from all parts of the Levant. To get away from the babel, stroll round the little cape to the East of the harbour, or go to the reading room called the Strangers' Rest (Αναγνωστήριον). Instead of going by train to Athens, walk westward along the coast to the Bay of Salamis until you reach the Sacred Way from Athens to Eleusis (now called Lersina); turn to the right along this, through the village of Daphne, and so enter the famous city in a fitting manner.[2]

There is no railway connexion between Athens and the rest of Europe, and in consequence it is a quiet town without "grand" hotels and noisy cabs. The modern town is spaciously planned with wide boulevards shaded with pepper trees, and marble has been lavishly used in the building of the houses. Put up at one of the excellent Greek hotels in Concord Square, the centre of native life.

[1] If you land at this pleasant place, stay a few days to get used to the ways of the country and then go by train to Mycenæ, where there is a good inn, coloured pink, called the "Beautiful Helen." In the evening stroll up to the ruins on the hill. You will later on see the treasures which have been dug up here in the Mycenæ room of the Central Museum at Athens.

[2] The little journey is only eight miles, but you should take your lunch with you. You can give your bag to one of the hotel runners who come down from Athens to meet the steamers.

At the back of the square is Mt. Lycabettus, a towering rock now laid out as a public garden.[1]

The street life is full of interest. A great deal of petty commerce is carried on in the open by pedlars; no doubt a relic of the time when, owing to the Turkish seclusion of women, little shopping was done and the goods were carried round to the houses for sale. There are lace-sellers from Cyprus and the Ægean Islands, sponge merchants from Tunis and market-gardeners from the country with their donkeys piled with vegetables and fruit. That a Greek has a sweet tooth is made evident by the number of sellers of cakes, biscuits, and sweets. It is the custom of the natives to buy some of these biscuits (*paximahdi*) or a ring of sesame-covered bread (*konlowie*) and have breakfast in the street. The children, who are much petted, nibble food all day long. There are hundreds of little blue-bloused shoeblacks (*loustri*) who come to the city from all parts of Greece and black boots during the day, learning their letters at a night-school in the evening.

See the shoemakers' bazaar, the shops in Æolus Street frequented by the peasants and the gardeners' market

[1] The Greek word for hotel, *xenodocheion*, sounds almost exactly like "Senator Sheehan," and a waiter is *Kamerōt*. Have a clear understanding with your landlord whether you are to pay in Greek or French money. Stipulate for the former and do not pay more than twelve drachmæ a day. The meals are at noon and eight and you get your breakfast outside at one of the many cafés. In these the waiter is summoned by tapping on the table, to which he replies *amesos*, immediately. The coffee is good and cheap, and the tea is served, as in Russia, with a slice of lemon. Before lunch try a *mastic*, an appetiser made from the gum of a tree which grows only in Chios. Try also a *loukoumi*, a sort of Turkish delight, served with a glass of water. The best comes from Syra and it will remind you of your boyhood. For smoking buy cigarettes *Agrinion*, made from tobacco grown at Agrinion in Ætolia, costing eighty lepta a box. The *narghile* is not so often smoked in Greece as in the Ægean Islands, but you can order one at any of the smaller cafés by saying "*Phere mou en narghilly.*" The best newspapers are the "Nea Hemera," the "Acropolis," the "Asty," and an evening paper called the "Hestia." The language is not at all difficult if you "did" Greek at school, and, to get used to it, you should buy a copy of "Hesperia" a newspaper in Modern Greek, published at 101, Dean Street, London, W.1.

held outside the church of St. Irene on Sunday mornings. The changing of the guard at the King's palace in Constitution Square is a popular function, but a traveller is more likely to be interested in the beautiful garden behind the palace which is open to the public twice a week. Another restful place is the *Ceramacus*, or cemetery. Time your visits to the Acropolis so as to be there at sunrise or sunset, thus evading the guides. The air, besides being exhilarating, is very clear and the views are superb. Coming down, either turn to the right at the gates and go down the steps, or find your way down the South slopes and pass the Areopagus (from which you should one evening watch the afterglow shining on the Acropolis).

Phalerum, a bathing resort on the coast, is connected with the capital by a steam tram. It is crowded with eating houses and cafés, and is a good place to see the people at play. Go one day to the gorge of Chalandri to pick some of the red anemones, and, for a longer jaunt, take the train to Kharsi and walk through the fine gorges to Phylæ. It is a pleasant voyage of seven hours from the Piræus to the island of Ægina.

The country is generally ash-grey and barren. The old forests which used to cover the hills have been cut down and there is nothing to catch the rainclouds. And, as in so many places in the Mediterranean, the goats, roaming unchecked, eat every seedling tree before it has time to grow to any size. There are no hedges and the cultivated plots are marked off only by boundary stones.

The people are very friendly to Englishmen, and it is no unusual thing for a man to offer to show you the way. He is often quite disinterested and would resent a tip, so carry plenty of cigarettes and trifles to give in return for these friendly services. A surprising number of men in Greece are able to speak English. This is due, I think, to the fact that the Greeks are the hotel-keepers of the near East, and many of these men have either served in hotels or earned their living as pedlars or ice-cream men in America.

A good way to see the country is to hire a mule for a month or two. The owner supplies with the beast a muleteer (*agoyatis*) who also acts as guide.[1] Travellers often take their own bedding, but this is not necessary for a seasoned traveller, and it is a pleasant country to walk in. *Loukoumi* (Turkish delight) and coffee are to be had at all wayside *khans*, but do not lodge in them as they are dirty and flea-infested. Instead, ask for a lodging at the best house you can see in the village ; it is usually that of the mayor (*demarch*). A common road-greeting is *giasas*, a shortened form of *eis ten hugieian sas*, meaning, to your good health. You will meet many women spinning flax as they walk along, and the wailing of the shepherds' pipes will echo long in your ears. The country folk have retained the use of their national costume to a greater extent than is usual in Europe, and primitive customs still prevail. The women never dream of eating until their lords and masters are satisfied, and they do most of the work and leave the wearing of stays to the men.

The best way to start out from Athens is to go through the *Ceramacus* and walk by the pass of Corydallis along the Sacred Way to Eleusis. Then go round the bay of Salamis along a corniche road to Megara and Corinth. Take the train there for Mycenæ and Nauplia, and set out for the fine week's walk from Nauplia to Patras, which takes you through the best scenery in the Morea.[2] In the extreme

[1] A mule (or horse) in Greece is ridden with a single rein. You guide him by pulling or pressing it across his neck. To stop him you whistle, or say to the muleteer *Kato* which means that you want to get down. A few other words which are useful are :— look out, *empros* ; ferry ahoy, *varka varka* ; five minutes, *pende lepta* ; all right, *kala* ; hot water, *zesto nero* ; café, *Kappeneim*. The distances on the roads are marked in *stadia*, eight of which equal five miles.

[2] The way is Nauplia, Lake Stymphalos, Phreneos, Solo, Kalavruta, Hagia Laura, and Megaspelœon. If you are landing at Patras from Brindisi and want to take the splendid walk in the reverse order, go by train on the Corinth line to Diakophto and walk up the wild gorge to the Monastery of Megaspelœon, sleeping there the first night. In this direction the way is harder to find, but the master wayfarer will have no trouble.

South of Greece a good road leads from Tripolitza to Sparta. It takes fourteen hours on a mule and two days afoot. From Sparta go down the beautiful valley of the Eurotas to Marathon, or strike westwards over the Langada Pass, rejoining the railway at Kalamata.

The prettiest railway journeys are from Athens to Corinth; from Athens to Chalchis; and from Athens to Cape Sumium, the promontory at the end of the Attic peninsula.

The monasteries are usually hidden away in valleys and dells owing to the old-time fear of pirates. The road traveller, who comes upon one of them in his wanderings, need not scruple about asking for a lodging as the monks are very hospitable. The most extraordinary ones are the monastries of mid-air (*meteora*) which are near the railway station of Kalabaka, a hundred miles North of Volo. A cliff two thousand feet high has been eroded by the weather into twenty-five pillars, and there was at one time a monastery on each pinnacle. Four remain :—Hagios Stephanos, Hagios Balaam, Meteoron, and Hagios Trias. The only means of access is by a basket which is let down by the monks.

MODERN GREEK

Train

Good morning	Καλημέρα.	Kaliméra.
1st, 2nd, 3rd,	Πρώτης, δεύτερας, τρίτης.	Prótes, défteras, trítes.
To Athens.	Δεσέως δί 'Αδηνας.	Théseos dhi Athenas.
Is that enough ?	Εἶναι ἀρκετὰ ;	Íne arketa ?

Hotel

Excuse me, Sir.	Συγχωρήσατε, Κύριε.	Sing-khorísate, Kírie.
Where is the hotel?	Ποῦ εἶναι το ξενοδοχεῖον ;	Poo íne tó xeno-dhokhíon ?

Thank you very much.	Εὐχαριστῶ.	Efkharistó.
Don't mention it.	Τίποτε.	Típotty.
Certainly.	Πόλυ καλὰ, or μάλιστα.	Polly kalla, *or*, Malista.
Good evening, Madám.	Καλὴ σπέρα, Κυρία.	Kalispéra, Kiría.
I want a bedroom.	Θέλω ἕνα δωμάτιο.	Thélo ena domátio.
Breakfast.	Πρόγευμα.	Próyevma.
Lunch.	Δευτερο πρόγευμα,	Dheftero próyevma.
Dinner.	Γεῦμα.	Yévma.
I am an Englishman	Εἶμαι Ἄγγλος.	Íme áng-glos.
Sorry, I don't understand	Λυποῦμαι, δὲν καταλαμβαίνω.	Lypoóme, dhen katalavéno.
Yes, please.	Μάλιστα, σας παρακαλῶ.	Malista, sas parakaló.
No, thanks.	Ὄχι, ἐυχαριστῶ.	Ókhi, efkaristó.
This cost 12 drachmæ in London	Αὐτὸ ἐκόστισε δώδεκα δραχμαίς στὴ Λόνδρα.	Afto ekóstise dhó dheka drachmas ste Londra.
Where is the W.C. ?	Ποῦ εἶναι τὸ ἀναγκαῖο ;	Poo ine to anankhaïo ?
Call me at 6.	Ξηκώσατέ με εἰς τάς ἕξι.	Sekósate me eis tas exi.
Good night.	Καλὴ νύκτα.	Kalinikta.
Come in.	Ἔμπρός.	Embros.
My bill, please.	Την σημειώσιν, παρακαλῶ.	Teen semiósin, parakaló.
I have been very comfortable here.	Ἤμουν πολύ εὐχαριστήμενος ἐδῶ.	Emon polly efkaristeménos ethó.
I am going away to-morrow.	Ἀναχωρῶ αὔριο.	Anachoró ávrio.

Street

How much is that? (pointing).	Πόσο;	Póso?
It's too dear.	Εἶναι πολύ ἀκριβό.	Ine polly acrivó.
All right, I'll take that.	Καλά, τό παίρνω.	Kala, tó pāno.
I want a shave.	Θέλω νὰ ξυρισθῶ.	Thélo na xiristhó.
Cut my hair.	Κόψατέ μου τὰ μαλλιά.	Kópsate moo ta malliá.
Cigar.	Πούρο.	Poóro.
Cigarette.	Τσιγαρέττο.	Tsigarétto.
Tobacco.	Καπνός.	Kápnos.
Coffee.	Καφές.	Kafés.
Wine.	Κρασί.	Krasí.
Beer.	Μπίρα.	Bíra.
Good-bye.	Ἀδδίο.	Addío.

CHAPTER XII

EGYPT

Every moment of pleasure that you enjoy, account it gain; who can tell what will be the event of anything?—*Hafiz.*

IT is often thought that only rich people can afford to spend the winter in Egypt. As a matter of fact there is no country where a sensible man can live more cheaply, and, if he be willing to do without some of the minor elegances of life, he will have more fun and experience than the rich folk who put up at the great hotels.

When going for the first time to a new land it is a good plan to leave the capital to the end of your journey, moving slowly from the frontier through busier life and activities towards the centre, but here the land is so tiny that it is best to go straight to Cairo and spend some weeks there before setting out to see the country.

The name of the city is derived from Masr el Kahira, the unlucky (city) of Egypt, and it is still called Masr all over the East, just as Damascus is called Shamma, and Persia is still called Rûm. The Egyptians, alluding to its position at the head of the delta, speak of it as the jewel set in the handle of a fan.

There are really two towns in one, the European and the native, and a line drawn from the Central Station to the Citadel will roughly divide them.

Get a lodging in the Mouski, a long business street which was formerly roofed-in like a bazaar, and have your meals at one of the little Greek eating houses near the Sharia Kamel. The bill of fare is written in Greek and French and the cooking is extremely good. They excel in omelettes

and ragouts of beef, and a meal costs a shilling or seven piastres.[1] Ask the attendant at the Khedevial Library in the Sharia Mohammed Ali to let you go behind the scenes into the great room where the books are stored. There is a good collection of English and French books but the catalogue is beneath contempt. By leaving a deposit you can take a few books home to read. World-famous cigarettes can be bought for about 5s. a hundred. When I first went to Egypt, twenty years ago, most Egyptians made their own cigarettes, carrying the tobacco and papers in an oblong wooden box, but now they all smoke the ready-made brands. Coffee at the native cafés costs only a piastre tarif a cup and you can there try a water-pipe (*sheesha*). Hashish is sold furtively at all the cafés. Its dubious character can be guessed from the fact that our word assassin is derived from it. In India it is taken in the form of a sweetmeat called Gunga or Bhang and in Morocco its name is Keef. It is smoked with tobacco, is a powerful narcotic, and it is under the influence of this drug that Malays become insane and "run amok," wounding or killing all whom they meet. The aroma of it is unmistakable and I have often sniffed it in the streets of Paris where *cigarettes indiennes* (cannabis indica) are sold by the chemists as a specific against colds in the head.

An Egyptian bath is worth trying. It is similar to a Turkish bath, but the hot air, instead of being dry, is saturated with moisture. A *hammam*, as it is called, can be recognized by its door, which is painted red, blue, and yellow in conventional design. To conform with local practice, you should enter with the left foot first.

The alfresco life is delightful and it is a constant pleasure to walk about the streets in the never failing sun. Typical

[1] Since the War the old confusing silver coinage has been done away with and there is now a paper currency with the number of piastres plainly marked. There are also two nickel coins the piastre tarif (or ten milliemes) which is worth 2½*d.* and the petit piastre (or five milliemes). The exchange is constant and ninety-six piastres go to the pound.

crowds can be seen at the market in the Sharia Mohammed Ali and at the Zoo on Sunday afternoons. A fine old mediaeval street is the Gamaliya or Camel Way, and the Suk en Nahassin is well worth exploring. On the doorways there is often a charm against the Evil Eye in the form of a bloody hand, but the word " Protected " on some of the old houses, which I once thought to indicate some special immunity from the powers of evil, means nothing more than that the carvings may not be bought by curio hunters. Be careful not to buy any of the *antikas* offered you in the streets. The Egyptians are born cheats and there is a regular trade in manufacturing these shams ; but genuine statuettes are on sale at the Cairo Museum ; and show no glimmer of interest in the wares which the hawkers bring round, or you will be pestered to death. It is a poignant sight in the cafés to see the children picking up the ends of cigarettes thrown down by the grown-up customers. There is a regular market for them and they are remade into cigarettes for the poor. Before dinner have a *mastic* or a *zibib* in the Café Phœnix in the new Chareh Emad el Dine. It is frequented by Greeks, of whom there are a large number in Cairo, and you can see good billiards played there.

The beggars are a great nuisance, constantly pestering the traveller for backshish. The correct form of refusal is *Mafish* (There is nothing) or, more kindly, *Al Allah* (God will provide). To a pedlar say *Mooshouse* (I want nothing).

For two sunset views, walk on the hills behind the Citadel and, another day, cross the bridge of Ghezireh and spend the evening in the fine gardens.

Electric trams run to the Pyramids and to Heliopolis, and a train goes in half an hour to the Delta barrage, where you should take your lunch and eat it under the trees.

A longer jaunt is to the Fayoum Oasis. You change at Wasta, 1½ hours from Cairo and a branch line goes the twenty-three miles to Medinet. It is a thriving modern town with a covered bazaar a mile and a half long.

Through the town runs the canal Bahi Yusef dug in the time of Rameses by Joseph, and the hotel is on its banks near the station. Stroll outside the walls by moonlight to get a view of the town.

Before setting out to see the rest of the tiny country, buy a fly whisk and get plenty of small change.

The Nile journey can be taken without much expense if you go by train as far as the first cataract and return by one of the Government mail steamers. But I am convinced that it would be possible to walk back along the towing path, the great highway of Egypt. It is certainly well outside the tropics, and there are villages and towns all the way. I have not tried it, but I intend to do so if I do not grow old too quickly. It would, I think, be better to make the return journey afoot rather than the outward journey. The wayfarer would have the prevailing North wind in his face to cool him, he would have his back to the sun and so avoid the glare from the water, and he could carry his umbrella resting on his shoulder, which is, of course, much less tiring than holding it out in front. The distance is about four hundred miles and the best scenery is between Assuan and Kena.

Assiut, the capital of Upper Egypt, is the first big town reached in the journey up the Nile. There is little trace of European commerce and the streets are filled with jolly native life. The bazaar is poor, but the open-air stalls by the river-side are worth a glance. Stroll out beyond the Arab cemetery to the Hill of the Tombs for the sake of the fine view of the town.

To get an idea of the nature of the country outside the fertile strip watered by the Nile, leave the trunk line at Kharga Junction, take the light railway to the Great Oasis and put up at the Government Rest House. It is an amazing little journey across the desert and through waterless gorges, and you are almost certain to see a mirage on the way.

At Luxor, the city of the lotus-eater, the scenery and

climate of the Nile reach perfection. There is a little cheap hotel close to the station, and by lodging there you are mercifully despised by the touts and guides with whom the place swarms. The river-side gardens are delightful and there are the famous temples. A ticket giving admission to all the temples in Egypt costs 24s., but the people and the country are more interesting to me. Besides, the outside view of the temples is free to all the world and the shops are full of photographs of the interiors.

In Assouan get a cheap room at the Hotel de la Poste or at the old Grand Hotel in the main street and have your meals at one of the Greek restaurants. The bazaar is mainly filled with rubbish, but at the North end of it is the interesting grain market of the Bisherin; still further on are some fine native khans or lodging houses and the port. If there is any wind, hire a boat and sail round the island. An astonishing road leads in six miles to the Barrage and Cataract at Shellal. This broad hollow, dotted with many tombs, was once the bed of the Nile and half-way along it there is a good view of Philæ.

The Delta province has this great advantage, that there are no tourists and comparatively few beggars. A daylight train journey from Cairo to Damietta gives the traveller a good idea of the country: unfenced fields of sugar-cane, maize, and cotton, clumps of palms, villages of mud-bricks with manure stacked on the roofs of the houses, countrymen wearing clothes of a wonderful blue and women dressed in sombre black. The Fellaheen were quite friendly and seemed well content with their lot under English rule before the War brought Bolshevism in its train. They cannot be said to be a fine race physically, but the men age well and the patriarchal beauty of old men in the East is as marked as the ugliness of the old women. A good trait in their character is their kindness to the blind and to cripples. They are clean in their habits and, like all Moslems, will only wash in running water.

In case you are invited to a meal with natives, it is useful

to know the correct procedure, which is the same here as in all Arab countries : Wash the face and hands before eating. No knife and fork are used and you take the food in the right hand, using the bread as a plate. It is polite to exchange tit-bits and they should not be refused when offered to you, but it is not necessary to talk, or to eat every dish. The last dish is always grilled bones. The food is usually impregnated with senna, but the taste is not unpleasant. At the end of the meal rise independently and wash as before.

The usual road greetings in country places are *Naharak said* (May your day be happy) or *Roh-es-salaam* (Go in peace) to which you reply *Ma salaami* (With my blessing).

Damietta itself is a " dead " place, all commerce having passed to Alexandria and Port Said. Even the railway does not trouble to reach the town, and you have to cross from the station in a ferry-boat. The hotel provides no food. Behind the imposing line of houses fronting on the river there are only hovels and ruins, interspersed with stacks of palm leaves from which the famous baskets are made. A pleasant stroll leads in two miles to Ghait-en-Nasara, a fishing village on Lake Menzaleh.

Fine old towns in the Lower Nile district are Mit Gamr, Samanud and Fakus ; and Mit Hadid and Solamun are two pretty villages.

The heat in Egypt is not uncomfortable in the Winter months owing to the dryness of the air, and a sun-helmet is not necessary. When Cairo grows too hot, move down to Alexandria, an Italian city in appearance and language, and take a boat to Crete and Greece and so follow the Spring North. If you have some days to wait for your steamer, go out to Rosetta, a beautiful old town on a fine reach of the river. See the native khans and explore the streets behind the bazaar, which is quite unspoilt.

ARABIC

Talking

Welcome. Good morning.	Mahubbah. Nahārak sa-yeed.
Good night. Yes, no.	Sa-yeeda. Ai-wa, la.
Please.	Min fadlak.
Thank you (very much).	Kattar kherak (keteer).
Don't mention it. Sorry. It doesn't matter.	Ma' alaysh.
Good-bye.	Ma'as salaama.

Train

The train.	El attree.
1st, 2nd, 3rd.	Breemo, secoondo, tairzo.
To Cairo, Alexandria.	Le Masr, Eskandareea.
What is the fare ?	Kam el oogra ?
Take your seats.	Irkub.

Walking

The road. Bridge.	Es sikka. Koobry.
Desert. Town. Village.	Khalla. Medeena. Belad.
How far is it to —— ?	Add ay ba-yeed le —— ?
Show me the way to ——.	Warreeny es-sikka le ——.
Straight on.	Dooghry.
To the right. To the left.	Yemeenak. Shemaalak.
Far. Near.	Ba-yeed. Ooraa-yeed.

Hotel

Hotel. Bed. Breakfast.	Locanda. Sereer. Fatoor.
Dinner. Mosquito net.	A'asha. Namooseea.
Soap. W.C.	Saboon. Bayt el addab.
I want. Bread. Meat.	Owz. Aysh. Lahma.
Fruit. Wine.	Froota. Nebeet.
Milk. Tea. Coffee.	Laban. Shai. Ah-wa.

Nice. Some more.	Kwa-yees. Aktar.
Cigarettes. Matches.	Sagar-yer. Kabreet.
Tobacco. Hungry.	Dokharn. Ga-en.
Thirsty. Tired. Quickly.	Atsharn. Tarbarn. Dilwart.
Enough. Bill.	Buss. 'Hissarb.
The change. Money.	El fakka. Felloos.
Piastre. Piastres.	Eersh. 'ooroosh.

Shopping

How much is this ?	Kam da ?
Cheap. Too dear.	Rakhees. Gharly keteer.
I'll give (3) piastres.	Ana adfa (talarta) 'ooroosh.
I have paid. Post Office.	Daffart. Boosta.
Stamp. Market. Mosque.	Warra boosta. Sook. Gameh.
Newspaper. Horse.	'oornarl. Hussan.
Donkey. Dog. Fleas.	Homarr. Kalb. Baragheet.

CHAPTER XIII

RUSSIA

Scratch a Russian and you find a Tartar.—*Russian Proverb.*

NO one will want to go to Russia until the spectre of Bolshevism is laid and the great country returns to its senses and settles down.

It will be then worth visiting once in a lifetime, and I think that the Winter is the time to go, since the typical life of the people is then seen; besides, the cobbled streets are then snow-covered and clean, whereas at other times they are often morasses. In Summer the pleasantest approach is by sea. From Stockholm do not take the direct boat but the one which touches at Abo, Hango, and Helsingfors.[1]

A Summer journey also has the advantage that you can take the Volga voyage. Go from Petrograd to Tver (eight hours) and embark on one of the fine boats of the Kavkaz and Mercur Line. The steamer ties up for a few hours at old-world places:—Kazan, Samara, Saratov, etc., and reaches the Caspian at Astrakan. Here take another boat to Baku, a sordid evil-smelling place, but interesting from the variety of costumes in the early morning market. Now go by train through fine scenery to Tiflis, which was (when I was there) a town in three parts: the modern Russian town, the German town, and old Tiflis with bazaars thronged with Persians and Tartars. From Batoum go across the Black Sea to Sevastopol

[1] For a mere "tip and run" visit take a ten guinea return ticket to Petrograd by the Lassen Line (108, Fenchurch Street). The little voyage lasts four and a half days and you have six days on shore while the boat "turns round." September or October are the best months for this jaunt.

and rest from your journeyings at Yalta, the gem of the Crimea. Return home by Kiev, the most picturesque town you will have come across. It is called the Jerusalem of Russia, being thick with churches and thronged with crowds of pilgrims. Take a few trips on the River Dnieper steamers and idle in the fine public gardens.[1]

In the churches marvellous singing can be heard, always unaccompanied by music; and notice that the smell of incense is unable to drown the still stronger smell of poor folk without which a Catholic church, Greek or Roman, is not a church.

Nearly all the men of the peasant class wear dark blue seamen's caps and high-top boots. They are great lovers of travelling by train, perhaps a survival of the old nomad spirit. And this may account, too, for their distrust of banks and for their habit of walking in the roads of towns, rather than on the pavement, such as it is. I suppose that they dread some lurking danger if they go too close to the houses.

The trains (always, of course, in normal times) are good and up to time. The first-class carriages are painted blue and the second class brown. The third-class carriages are unpainted and are crowded and interesting. Tea can always be had in them *en route* and at every station there is a wooden shed where boiling water (*Kipitok*) can be had.

Three bells ring before the train starts: fifteen, ten and five minutes before the scheduled time. On arrival every one is in a hurry to jump out before the train stops. The stations have excellent buffets, but the platforms are littered with the husks of countless sunflower seeds, of which the Russians are as fond, as the Americans are of their chewing-gum.

[1] Leave Moscow until one day you go overland to Japan. The Trans-Siberian route is not monotonous if you go in any season except winter. At Harbin take the Chosen branch which runs South to Fusan, whence it is only ten hours by steamer to Shimonoseki.

The national "refreshing" drink *Kwass* can be bought everywhere. It varies in colour from brown through amber to red according as it is locally made from bread, apples, or berries. A wine called *Kaka tinski* is obtainable throughout Russia and there is a good mineral water called *Narzan*, which is made at Tiflis. As is well known, the tea is drunk with lemon and no milk. The poorer people take a sip of tea and then a bite of sugar, instead of putting it into the glass as we should do.

It is not worth while for a single journey to tackle the awe-inspiring language, but you will miss being able to understand the names over the shops and the prices of things in the windows, which, in other countries, a mere smattering of knowledge enables you to do. I can only recall one phrase:

Nyet Russki, "I don't speak Russian" and a wonderful word—*Nichevo*, which means "nothing," and so, "it doesn't matter," and so, "it is all right," and so of a man "*he* is all right."

PART III

THE FAR EAST

There is a peace for the wanderer in the strange seclusions of the East; in the secret lands where life has preserved the past by leaving it, or where the present itself is like the past in its remoteness. Peace may be found there—for a time at any rate—a peace that is not stagnant, but vivid with the tumult of stingless pleasures, with the pulses of a magical youth given back again to the heart of experience. This is the peace which is known to the true traveller, which none can imagine except those who have tasted it, and which those who have tasted it once ever afterwards crave for.

—*W. H. Mallock.*

CHAPTER XIV

THE VOYAGE OUT

Where have you been, O wandering soul?
I have journeyed far and wide.
I drift to a home in any port,
Drift out upon any tide.—*The Ocean Tramp.*

VISIT far-off lands while you are young and eager, and leave the countries nearer home until you are older and less adventurous.

Choose the newest boat of the line by which you are going. The cost is the same and everything is fresh and clean. But the second trip of a new boat is to be preferred to her maiden voyage, as by then the ship's servants will have shaken down into their places.

Select a cabin which will be on the cool side of the ship in the evening: the port (or left) side going South and the starboard side going North.

Make your voyage at the best season of the year; because, however good a sailor a man may be, day after day of dirty weather soon palls. April to October are the bad monsoon months in the China Sea, and October to April in the Indian Ocean. Typhoons occur round Japan in May and in September, the hurricane months in the South Sea Islands are December, January and February and, for going round Cape Horn, all months are bad except January and February.

Comfort at sea is doubly welcome, and those who can afford it get good value for the cost of a first- or second-class ticket; but a poor man, who is ready to give and take, can get along quite well in the steerage. When I was an

undergraduate I went third class to Sydney and to Rio and enjoyed both voyages as well as any that I have had in my life. The Royal Mail boats to South America have third class accommodation for English passengers which is separate from that of the Spaniards and Portuguese who join the vessel at Vigo and Lisbon, and the "deck" passages of the Japanese boats are particularly good.

It happens sometimes in the tropics that the shipping agents refuse to issue a third-class ticket to a white man. The British consul, if appealed to, will make them do so. And it is well to know that, if you are "on the rocks" in a foreign port, the same benevolent government servant will help you on your way or send you home as a "consul" passenger.

It is an interesting experience to sign on as a steward or hand for a short voyage. You get an impression of sea-life from a different point of view from that of a passenger, and gain possession of a document which is of great use to a poor traveller. This is a "sailor's discharge," which is a passport the world over and gives you the right to pay your shilling a night for a "cabin" at a Sailors' Home in any port.

But for your first few voyages, you will naturally go as a passenger on a liner. Then, for a change, try one of the newer "tramp" steamers, on board which you will have plenty of room, the society of the "old Man" and stays of some length at the ports of call.

On a liner some of the little community of people who are your fellow passengers may be of great service to you in the country to which you are going, but do not endeavour to make acquaintance at once.[1] The few noisy folk, who seem to be important at the start of the voyage, are soon found to be shallow and pretentious. Your future

[1] But if you are a chess player, this device will at once introduce you to the other players on board. On the first or second evening get a set of chessmen from the smoking-room steward and pore over some problem. Other chess players will soon come to the bait and you will have congenial companions at once.

friends should be among the quiet, unobstrusive men who make no advances. When you get to know them after a few days, you will find out a good deal about adventurous lives and work in remote parts of the world.

Most ships have libraries aboard, usually very poor stuff, so it is well to take a bundle of books, which you can pass on when you have read them. When the voyage is over, leave books alone for a time and read the minds of men instead. A good atlas, besides being one of the most interesting books in the world, is useful for striking up acquaintance with a foreigner, who will be pleased and proud to put his finger on the map at the place where is his home. For you should always try to get to know a native of the country to which you are bound if there is one on board. He will teach you a few phrases of his language and befriend you at the final port.

If you are in the steerage, take also some fruit and jam and a bottle of rum, which nowhere tastes so well as at sea.

Collect scraps of nautical information: the duties of the officers and their nicknames, which are the same in every boat, and the places where the ships tie up to the wharf instead of lying out in the roadstead.[1] Notice that no sea-bird has a musical voice, that the Arabs regard the phosphorus on the sea as the souls of dead sailors, that at Singapore the coolies coal the ship in silence whereas at Java they chant "*Anna-ti-ra-ti-huh*" and at Port Said "*La ilaha ill 'Allah Mohamedu rasul Allah.*" You soon find out that the time on board is indicated by a bell every half-hour, beginning with "one bell" at 12.30, 4.30 and 8.30 and that the distance run by the ship is reckoned in knots, six of which equal seven miles.

Have a star-map with you and never miss the sunrise

[1] E.g., Macassar, Tonga, Manaos, Sydney, Melbourne, Wellington, Auckland, Hobart, Singapore, Castries, Georgetown, Alicante, Malaga, Brisbane, Santos, Port au Prince, Rio, Port Darwin, Thursday Island, Sabang (Sumatra), Saigon, Suva, Kingstown and Salina Cruz. At all these places the boats moor to the side of the quay and you can walk ashore when you please.

and sunset. I always watch for the Green Ray, a beautiful sight of which a surprising number of seafarers and coast-dwellers seem never to have heard. When the sun sinks into the sea after a fine day, the last tiny segment of its circle to disappear sometimes becomes a lovely green. It does not always happen, but I see it five or six times every voyage. I suppose it is caused by the sun shining through the green sea which is at the apex of the world from my point of sight; but I am puzzled to explain why, when all the conditions are present—a calm sea, a clear horizon and halcyon weather—it does not always appear.

Spend much time in the bows of the boat, where you have the freshest of air and an unbounded horizon. Besides, you see many things which the other passengers miss. Can any traveller forget the little thrill of excitement which he felt when he saw his first basking turtle, his first shark and his first flying-fish with its strange hunted look; or, on land, his first troop of monkeys and his first humming-bird?

A last, but important, piece of advice is not to eat too much. The meals on board ship are on a scale far exceeding what most of us are used to at home, and there is little scope for exercise unless you have had the happy thought to take a skipping-rope with you.

At the end of the passage notice the curiously abrupt break-up of the set of people with whom you have become so intimate. It is inevitable but always a little pathetic.

CHAPTER XV

ACROSS CANADA

As long as I have money in my pocket, I am determined to see the world.—*The Four Men.*

THAT Canada is a White Man's Country is an axiom with every Canadian. He means by it, I suppose, that the people are friendly and honest and that every one has plenty of money. Wages are certainly high, with the usual unfortunate result that living is expensive, and it is certainly not the place for a poor man travelling for fun. Still it is included in this book for the sake of men taking it for a change on their way to the Far East.

Book your passage as far as Montreal (because the two days' voyage up the great river is interesting), and spend a few days there to become used to the new surroundings. As good a way as any to get an idea of the place is to take the observation car which does a round journey every hour. In the residential district the gardens are unfenced so that each road is an unbroken strip of green, and the sleeping-out verandahs are enviable. The shops keep open until late, and, even when they are closed, the windows are lit up and unshuttered (in fact, they have no shutters). The lights are turned out at midnight by certain patrol-men who carry keys to fit the switches which you see by the front-doors of the shops. Many of the cafeterias, or eating houses, never close at all. In them you pick up a tray as you enter and carry your order from the counter to one of the tables. They are jolly places, second only in my opinion to the penny-in-the-slot restaurants so popular in Scandinavian towns.

Like their American neighbours, the Canadians are great cigar smokers. The cigarettes sold are our familiar brands exported from England, but there are some fine pipe tobaccos made up in Canada.[1]

Before starting the long journey across the Continent go and see Niagara Falls, which, alone of the great sights of the world, surpass expectation.[2]

The journey across begins with a day through wooded and half-cleared country, where an Englishman's eyes are most drawn to the primitive way in which the clearings are fenced and to the havoc caused by forest fires. The second day is spent in rounding the North shore of Lake Superior.[3]

[1] A good cigar, which can be had everywhere, is Van Loo, 15c. straight (i.e., for one only) or 25c. for two. Another of about the same quality, but freer drawing, is Tuckett's Marguerite, three for 25c. The Imperial Mixture made by the Hudson Bay Company costs only 10s. a pound, and, since it is put up bone dry, you get good value for your money. Inside the top of the tin is a piece of felt which you are to wet to dampen the tobacco. A slice of apple has the same effect. Other good sorts are "Forest and Stream," and "Myrtle Cut." The tobaccos soon get dusty in the pouch and it is a good plan to tear the edges of a cigarette paper and, after rolling it into a ball, put it at the bottom of the pipe to prevent bits getting into the mouth. (Wet smokers might use a bit of blotting paper.) This saves a good deal of tobacco in a week and the pipe knocks out clean. Here is another pet economy of mine. I noticed in Japan that the usual three or four draws from a native pipe satisfied my desire for a smoke and I reflected that I never had much enjoyment out of a cigarette after the first few whiffs. So I now break a cigarette in two and smoke one of the bits through a holder, with the pleasant result that 100 cigarettes mean 200 to me. There is also sold in Canada that excellent tobacco, "Durham Bull," which men who have travelled in Spain will have no difficulty in rolling into cigarettes as it is similar in cut to Spanish tobacco. It is a favourite tobacco in the States where they make an ingenious little rubber mouthpiece (called a "Squeezer") for the bags in which it is always put up.

[2] They can be seen sufficiently well from the Canadian side only, if you get off the car and stroll about at different points on the way back. Especially leave the car at Brock's Monument Station. Do not go up to the monument but walk down the road to your boat at Queenstown. In a hundred yards on the right is a circular summer-house, unknown to the tourists, from which there is a view which will linger long in your memory.

[3] An angler might break his journey at Nipigon, which is about half-way round the lake. A branch line runs North to Lake

Two dull days across the prairies follow, but console yourself by thinking of the pioneers of the country, who, in their lumbering prairie schooners took weeks to make the journey. After leaving Calgary you get your first sight of the Rockies and reach scenery which you should not miss by travelling at night...

If you have a trans-Pacific ticket you are entitled to "stop over" where you please. Break the long journey first at Banff, a common-place little town in a beautiful setting. There are several hotels with reasonable prices and delightful strolls in all directions. The lower slopes of the mountains are covered with white spruce and aspen, and you are never out of sight or hearing of running water. A plan of the place is given away at the local museum and no irritating charge is made for any of the side shows. The bears in the Zoo and the trout hatchery at Bow Falls pleased me most.

Now go on (if only for one day) to Lake Louise—a unique

Nipigon where there is a fisherman's inn at Orient Bay and where the fishing for speckled trout is accounted the best in North America. I must confess that I was disappointed with the trout fishing in Canada from the sportsman's point of view. The rivers which I came across were big and swift and full of white water, so that it was hopeless to use fine tackle, and in the lakes (where the fish will not rise to the fly), the trolling was too much like mackerel fishing for my taste. Here, for instance, is the way they troll for salmon and salmon-trout in the creeks near Vancouver. The lure is a seven inch label-shaped spoon on a yard of piano wire. Fifteen feet up the line is a pound weight, and six yards (no more) of line are let out between the lead and the boat. The fisherman has about 150 yards of line ready to let out at the first rush of the fish and is careful not to allow him to rub the hook out against the bottom. Mosquitoes and "black flies" are a nuisance in the summer and it is necessary (as in Finland) to wear gloves and a veil when fishing. Dark flies seem to be more successful than light ones and I did best with "March Brown" and "Dark Montreal." The season starts on 1 May in British Columbia, 15 June in Eastern Canada, and 1 July in the National Parks. Licences are bought from the local game-warden. They vary from one dollar for the season in Eastern Canada to fifteen dollars for a fortnight in the Nipigon water. They are not needed in British Columbia nor in the National Parks (Banff). A watch-maker often sells flies and spinners, and marriage licences, rather oddly, are to be bought at any jewellers in Canada.

place. You will not be able to live at the hotel there (and there is no alternative) under 30s. a day, but it is worth while. I excused myself for paying this great price by reflecting how gladly I would have paid it for the shelter of the veriest cabin had I been lost in the midst of these mountains. There is no fishing in the lake but there are many walks, the pick of which is the level trail leading along the West side of the lake to the foot of the glacier. Return by the upper trail which is good going after the initial zigzags.

From here check on your handbag by train to Field; get out at Hector and take the walk from Hector to Field. At the end of Lake Hector, where the Kicking Horse River begins its run to the Pacific, the line goes through a cutting. Near the end of this leave the railway track for a cinder road on the right. This is the old railway line discarded since the spiral tunnels were built, and is now used as a pony trail. It is in places rather like walking on the beach, but the grade is downhill all the way and the scenery is superb. On the way down notice the switches, where, in the old exciting days, a runaway train could be turned up hill until it was brought to a standstill. About a mile beyond Yoho leave this trail for a zigzag down to a bridge, bathe your feet in the icy river and follow the road downstream. The river here often shifts its bed, sometimes even washing away the road. On its dry sand-banks are great stretches of *Dryas octopetala* and *Saxifraga nivalis*, which give better walking than the loose road. Notice the silver and lead mines reached by break-neck paths up the face of the mountain and hug yourself on the freedom of your lot.[1]

[1] The C.P.R. Hotel at Field has been handed over to the Y.M.C.A. as a hostel for railway men, but stray travellers are still put up. You will be comfortably and cheaply housed, but you must not expect the frills and prettiness of the Lake Louise Château. Before starting this memorable walk, find out if your train from Lake Louise stops at Hector, and, if not, leave it at the Great Divide where all trains stop for a moment to tack on a push-engine. See how the waters of the brook are split, one to the Atlantic and the

Canadians will often ask you if the Rocky Mountains are not finer than anything which we have in Europe. It is an embarrassing question, because they are neither finer in shape nor in grouping than the Alps. I hedged by admitting that they were *bigger* than anything we had. Mountains soon pall on me, and, more than other scenery, make me long for the busy streets of towns.

The railway has now to climb the Selkirks, the surveying of which was an even harder task for the engineers than that of the Rockies. They had to bore a tunnel at the top through which it takes the train twelve minutes to go; and even then their difficulties were not over, there being a third range—the Gold Range—to surmount before the line could begin its long descent to the coast.

At Sicamous there is a good little C.P.R. hotel at the station, where travellers, who are wise enough to complete the wonderful journey by daylight, can spend the night. There are great trout in the lake but they will not take the fly and it is necessary to troll for them and a boat costs 10s. a day.

It was here that I came across the only disagreeable trait in the Canadian character. Coming in one evening from fishing, I did as I should have done in England and offered the sandwiches and things left over in my lunch basket to the man from whom I had hired the boat. He was up in arms at once. He would give them to his dog, he said. It was a free land and one man was as good as another. Canada was a white man's country and so on. I looked suitably humbled, and, after apologizing, left him. This aggressive independence and suspicion of anything that looks like condescension appears to an Englishman merely churlish. But perhaps I was out of humour at having caught nothing and read more into his words than they meant.

An hour or so after losing sight of the lake the train

other to the Pacific, and, when the train has gone on, follow it along the track for two miles to the solitary station of Hector.

enters the dry region of the Thompson River valley. With bare hills and sandy soil covered with sage-bushes it resembles the scenery of North Africa. After passing North Bend, look out for a frail suspension bridge over the river. Below this there are a number of flimsy shelters on the rocks overhanging the river. The Indians lodge in them for three or four weeks in the Autumn when the salmon are running up the river. They spear the fish from the rocks and smoke them for their winter food. It is a curious and unexplained fact that the " run " is noticeably heavier every fourth year. Lower down the river the Japanese have managed to get control of the netting of salmon for the canneries. Their intrusion is much resented by the Canadians, as is that of John Chinaman, who here, as always, is the gardener and laundryman.

Arriving at Vancouver, you will be at once reminded of the old country by seeing the street traffic keep to the left. In all other provinces of the Dominion the American and Continenal way of keeping to the right is followed. Spend a good deal of time in Stanley Park, a bit of virgin forest which has escaped the havoc of fire. Don't be content with merely driving round the eight-mile road which surrounds it, but explore the smaller trails. There are plans of the park posted up at the beginning of every trail and a guide is of course unnecessary. At the Zoo in the park notice the cougar, the only dangerous animal in Canada. When I was walking along the trails in the Rocky Mountains I was at first expecting to meet a grizzly bear at every turn and I was always choosing a suitable tree to run for if I did. But I soon learnt that they are scarce and that they will not show fight unless they are chased and cornered. This puma-like beast, the cougar, on the contrary will attack a man without provocation.

It is a pity that, in the town, the wharves and warehouses obstruct the water-front. For a breath of sea air cross the ferry to North Vancouver and take the toy train to Whitecliff where there is a horseshoe bay at the head of a

mountainous creek. The lane leading down to the beach is delightful, so let your fellow-passengers get on ahead and have it to yourself. There is nothing to do except to loll about, unless you like to hire a boat and go trolling for salmon-trout.

It is a charming voyage over to Victoria, a fine city from which tramcars radiate to all manner of delightful bays and beaches. My favourite stroll was the three miles of coast road between Oak Bay and Foul Bay, using the cars for the outward and homeward journey. A noticeable tree about here is the arbutus, which sheds its bark every year but retains its leaves. The red core of this tree looks very like a cork tree that has been peeled. In fact, there are several ways in which Victoria reminded me of the South of Europe. It has a Mediterranean climate in the Summer one faultless day following another, and the snow-clad Olympian mountains behind Seattle take the place of the Alps.[1]

[1] If you have a few days to wait for your ship run over to Seattle and take the train to Portland, which I think is the most delightful of American cities.

CHAPTER XVI

JAPAN

There are two kinds of fools—Those who have never been up Fuji, and those who have been up twice.—*Japanese Proverb.*

IT is often said that Japan is getting spoilt; but I have not found it so in successive visits with a few years interval between each. It is true that at the Japanese ports the men, if they have any official position, do not wear their beautiful native dress at their work; but, the moment they get home, the European clothes come off and the kimono goes on. Inland there is little trace of this influence, except that the bigger schoolboys wear a sort of naval cadet's uniform. The Japanese are not town lovers; in fact, of a population of fifty millions, forty millions live in villages, and here the old customs and costumes are not likely to die out for many a year to come.

The appearance of the country is pretty rather than beautiful. Pine trees, often curiously twisted, and rocks are everywhere, except in the flat lands which consist of rice fields, all different in shape, and thickets of bamboo. The rice in planted in May and harvested at the end of October.

The towns and villages are of two-storey houses of wood, easily and cheaply repaired after earthquake or fire. They are roofed with grey tiles, which weather to a beautiful soft tint, or in the remoter villages with a thatch of rice-stalks in which an iris (*Iris tectorum*) grows freely. In the bigger towns the street line is broken by an occasional go-down of stone in which valuables are stored.

As there is hardly any horse traffic, the streets are quiet. The people walk in the middle of the road, there being no

sidewalk except in the main street at Tokyo. The tap-tap of their wooden sandals, which raise the wearers above the mud or dust of the road, is one of the memorable sounds of the East.

The shop windows are usually without glass and it is interesting to be able to read the prices on the goods displayed for sale. The mark for sen is 錢 and for yen 円. (A yen = 2s. 0½d. and a sen = ¼d.)

The numbers from 1 to 12 are :

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
一	二	三	四	五	六	七	八	九	十	十一	十二

a common sign meaning "one piece, one yen" is 一ヶ円; ½ is 半, 50 is 五十 and 100 百

The shops are open until late at night, the industry of the people being amazing. But the salesmen seem to have plenty of leisure and offer unending cups of tea and cigarettes to a possible customer. In buying a thing of value, it is a good plan to offer one-sixth of the price asked and then start bargaining. For integrity in commercial dealings the Japanese have not such a good reputation as the Chinese. I heard of a Japanese merchant who ordered a hundred Singer bicycles, and, when they were half-way across the Pacific, cabled that he had changed his mind and would take sewing machines instead. The explanation offered is that in the time of the *Daimios* traders were looked down upon and were men of the lowest caste, and that several generations must pass before the old prejudice dies down and men of good standing enter business. It is noticeable that in Japanese banks the shroffs or paying clerks are always Chinese.

The police stations are red with a gilt *kiku* or chrysanthemum, and the public bath-houses have a black flag at the door.

Visit a *Yoseba* or story-telling hall. You will not, of course understand the story, but the gestures of the

narrator and the modulations of his voice are amusing. It is the fashion for these story-tellers, who succeed one another like the turns at a music-hall, always to keep a fan in the hand.

A Japanese barber is a thoroughgoing artist. On entering his shop say *minna* (everything). He not only cuts your hair and shaves you, but cleans the wax from the ears, trims the eyebrows and shaves the forehead and the inside of the nostrils. For this a native pays twenty sen and an Englishman forty sen.

In nearly every shop is a toy garden (*Tokoniwa*) planted in a dish. Sometimes there is a fan-tailed goldfish in a glass or a happy-bell-insect (*Fuku mushi*) in a tiny cage.

There is no Sunday and the shops are always open. The temples seem to be recreation grounds rather than places of worship, but in every house there is a shrine to a man's ancestors, which is decked and worshipped every day. Some of the most beautiful gardens in Japan surround the temples, and the people are never tired of strolling in them. You will occasionally see a man performing his devotions at one of the shrines. He kneels, rises, claps his hands, bows, murmurs his short prayer, bows, claps his hands again and departs.

For articles in constant use they like things that wear out quickly and can be easily renewed, as may be judged from the astonishing number of uses to which bamboo and paper are put.

In their charming, fragile houses the Japanese have discovered the beauty of emptiness. There is no furniture in the rooms except a cushion to sit on and a charcoal fire-box. The walls and ceiling are of wood, left unpainted to show the grain, and the floor is covered with mats of rice straw, edged with black braid and fitting closely together. These mats are of a standard size (six feet by three feet), and a room is measured by the number of mats it contains. A ten-mat room, i.e., fifteen feet by twelve feet, is the usual size. The windows are of opaque paper and there is a

sliding door. The only decoration is the recess or *tokonoma*. This also is of a constant size, six feet by six feet. It is two feet deep and raised six inches from the floor. It usually contains a hanging screen and a few flowers. These are always artistically arranged, the art of arranging flowers being one of the three essential studies of girls.[1] The other two are the management of the fan and the art of laughing prettily.

A crowd in Japan has a peculiar but not unpleasing smell. It is not a brilliant crowd such as one sees in Bombay or Burmah, because the colours of the outdoor kimonos of men and women alike are soft greys and blues; and the practice of the men in wearing our soft felt hats and using our sombre umbrellas detracts from its picturesqueness. No jewellery is worn out of doors by either sex, and all working-class people wear a dark indigo blue. The children, however, are dressed like butterflies and are a perpetual joy. They seldom cry and are very good to one

[1] The principles of this art (*Ikehana*), in which the Japanese undoubtedly excel us, can easily be applied to our flowers in England. They aim at showing the whole growth of the plant, not merely the blossom, and the height of the flowers is nearly twice the height of the vase. The flowers are usually not more than three, of which the middle one is the highest and leans slightly to the right or left. The second is half-open and the third a bud. The use of borrowed leaves is regarded as an error, and they are careful to avoid sandwiching, e.g., flower, tree, flower; preferring the order, flower, flower, tree. Colour sandwiching is also disliked. Three other faults are to have a similar droop of the two side flowers, to arrange the blossoms in steps and to have one blossom upright with leaves on each side. The twigs of tree branches are bent to the desired shape with the thumbs and forefingers, and held underwater, when the bends remain. A daffodil is prepared in this way:—After being cut low down, the plant is pulled to pieces, the sheath being slipped off and laid aside. The selected leaves, after being straightened with the finger and thumb and put together in twos or fours (long and short with short behind), are slipped back with the flower into the sheath. Land plants are arranged in narrow-necked vases and water plants in flat, wide bronzes. By smearing a little oil round the edge of these, the water is made to show a little above the top with charming effect. There are professors of the art in all towns and they are glad to let a traveller see their methods. It is worth while to bring home a few of the wooden flower holders which are fixed across the mouths of the bronze vases.

another. The last child but one is the Little Mother, and carries the latest arrival about on her back. There is, however, an unwholesome prejudice against washing the children's heads and they are usually covered with scabs.

It is a perfectly safe country to walk in, and I have walked for weeks, with only a map as guide, without any annoyance other than occasional cries of *eejin* (foreigner) from village boys. English is taught at the schools, and it is not unusual for a boy to come up to you with a smile and say, " You Ingleez, you welly strong," but that seems to be the extent of their knowledge.

For a preliminary walk to see whether you will enjoy it, leave your luggage at the port and follow one of these routes :—

(1) Take the train from Yokohama to Kodzu, and the tram to Yumotu and walk through fine gorges to Miyanishita and on to Hakone.

(2) Take the train from Osaka (Namba station) to Wakayama, and walk through typical landscape of islands and pines to Waka-no-ura and on to Nara.

(3) Go by train from Tokyo to Atami and walk round the Izu peninsula. If you like these trial walks there is a fine route, taking twelve days, along the Nakasendo, or Road of the Central Mountains, from Tokyo to Kobe, and the Tokaido, an historic highway connecting Tokyo and Kioto.

Excellent maps are given to travellers by the Japan Tourist Bureau, and it is well, if you are staying some months in the country, to join the Welcome Society (*Kihin Kai*).

There are inns at all villages, and every one of them (as, indeed, every house in Japan) has its little garden. Since that is a hobby of mine, I ask for a room overlooking it. Like the houses, the Japanese gardens are reticent. Instead of a blaze of colour such as we have in our gardens, they have one shrub or plant here and there, backed by a moss-grown rock. The paths are stepping stones in zigzags of three and four, with a large stone for both feet after each

run of seven. Four-fifths of the trees are evergreen, and all unnecessary or ugly branches are cut out. In the Winter the trees are carefully wrapped and supported to prevent the weight of the snow injuring them. The ground is of raked sand or beaten earth. No garden is thought to be complete without running water or an imitation of it in white pebbles, and a charming feature in the larger gardens is a stone placed so that you can sit and see the moon rise. The famous gardens are the Koraku-en at Okayama, the Kenroku-kōen at Kanazawa and the Kairaku-en at Mito, but I like best the little ordinary ones, which have the same wonderful sense of proportion and are more intimate and friendly.

The Inland Sea can best be seen by taking a coasting steamer from Osaka. The prettiest parts are near Onomichi, Miyajima and Itozaki. For a taste of the mountain scenery of the land, walk from Kamayama to Tsuge. The fine road winds over passes in the hills, through green valleys and along swift rivers—altogether a delightful stretch of country.

Spend a fortnight at Hayama for the boating and bathing, and go to these jolly little towns which are seldom visited by Europeans: Tadotsu, Hino Misaki, Hishi-ura in Oki, and Yumotsu in Iwami. Of the larger towns, other than the show places, I like best Shimonoseki and Toyama.

The Japanese love travelling, and in the vacations the young men often go on walking tours and pilgrimages to famous shrines. The places which they think to be the most beautiful in their land are Miyajima, Matsushima and Amo-no-hasidate. For the first, walk along the fine road (eleven miles) from Hiroshima to Ajina and take the ferry across. For Matsushima, allow four days after reaching Shiogama by train. Engage a sampan and spend the nights at Yogasaki, Miyatomura, Matsushima and Shiogama. For a visit to Amo-no-hashidate go by train to Otzu on Lake Biwa, take the steamer across the lake to

Imadzu and walk to Kumagawa. From here, there is a stretch of forty miles of exquisite coast scenery to Shimaidzura, whence you can take the train to Maidzuru and the boat to Miyadzu. Then walk through the famous pine grove and go up the hill at the other end to a tea house from which there is a noted view. Return by Ochitoga to Maidzuru and Kyoto. A traveller who "hates walking" can do all these routes by jinricksha.

The railway carriages are built on the American principle, long and open and with seats down the sides. They have different coloured bands round them showing the class: white for the first, blue for the second and red for the third class. Little boxes of lunch, called *Bento*, can be bought at the stations for 50 sen, and a pot of fresh-brewed green tea (*cha*) costs 4 sen, including the teapot.[1] The train manners of the people are perfect, and it is a delight to watch them talking, smoking and enjoying the view.

Smoking is universal among men and women alike. With their usual daintiness the Japanese prefer a short smoke to a long one and have tiny pipes. The tobacco smoked in them is cut as fine as hair. I do not know how they get it so fine, but I have noticed men in the shops using planes on great bales of compressed tobacco and getting it off in shavings. A little of this tobacco is rolled between the fingers into a big pill, placed in the bowl and smoked in three puffs. The first is called the puff of anticipation, the second the puff of enjoyment and the third the puff of satisfaction. The dottle is then tapped out, or expelled with a breath, and is used to light the next pipeful, if another is smoked. The cigarettes (*maki-tabako*) are made in the Russian way with a cardboard mouthpiece, and are

[1] At most halting places, a "*chaya*" on the platform will refill the pot with a little muslin bag of new tea and boiling water for the modest sum of one sen. The *Bento* consists of two neat little wooden boxes. One contains hot boiled rice, the other a number of Japanese dishes, varying according to place and season, but fish, omelette, pickles and some sweet food are usually included. In addition there is a papernapk in and a pair of new wooden chop sticks, together with a toothpick sealed up in a little paper bag.

supplanting the pipe among the rising generation. The tobacco is sold in packets at 14 sen and the two varieties of cigarettes, *Kokka* and *Sikishima*, are the ones most smoked by the natives.

As a student of human nature the traveller should pay a visit to the quarter where the members of the oldest profession in the world reside. There is one in every big town, and the method of segregation is probably the best that has been devised. The quarter is called the *Yoshiwara* at Tokyo, the *Sinti* at Osaka and the *Fukuwara* at Kobe. The Yoshiwara at Tokyo is entered by a single gate called *Omon*, and is on the North side of the Asakusa Park. There are six wide streets and many alleys. The girls sit behind bars in brilliantly lighted rooms open to the street and are not allowed to solicit passers-by. Notwithstanding the beauty of the dresses and the luxury of the rooms, these houses are only considered third class. The second-class houses merely show photographs of their inmates and the first-class ones have no display at all.

Time your visit to Japan so that you are there in the cherry-blossom season, 15 March to 30 April, or in November when the maples are a blaze of colour. It is often forgotten that Japan has several months of solid Winter and a Summer which is very hot and tropical in its wetness. Another drawback in summer time is that for fear of burglars the innkeepers are forbidden by law to let their guests have the windows open at night; and life is made miserable by mosquitoes, which, in Japan, do not sing but are none the less voracious.

And put up at the native rather than the "European" hotels. There is sure to be a Japanese passenger on the ship by which you arrive. If you can make his acquaintance he will take you to a Japanese inn on reaching port. After this the rest is easy, for it is the custom to pass the guest on with a letter of introduction to the next inn. By handing this to the host you are saved the trouble of explaining your wants.

On arriving at the inn, you take off your boots and are conducted to what is to be your bedroom and living room. The maid who is allotted to you is called the *Nesan*, or Elder Sister, and she brings in a cushion for you to sit on, a charcoal fire-box, and finally tea. While drinking this you prepare the *chadai* or tea-money, which takes the place of tips given on leaving the hotel in England. It should be wrapped in paper, or, better still, in the little envelopes (*Kaneire*) which are sold in the shops for that purpose. The tip is divided into two portions and one yen for the master and 50 sen for the *Nesan* is usually given for a stay of a few days. On one envelope you write , which means master, and on the other , which means *Nesan*. After drinking the tea you leave the envelopes on the tray. In a little while the maid comes in and carries off the tray, pretending not to notice the tea-money, but, in a few minutes, the master and all his servants come in, rubbing their knees and drawing in their breath in token of respect, and thank you by touching their heads on the floor.

Before going out for a stroll clap your hands and ask the *Nesan*, who comes running with the cry of *Tadeima* (in a minute), for the address card of the inn; for the houses are all alike and it will be useful to show to a rickshaw boy if you get lost.

When you return in the evening the *Nesan* will come to tell you that the bath (*O-yu*) is ready. It is the custom to take a hot bath daily and all use the same water. This is not nearly so unpleasant as it sounds, because you wash with soap and swill water over the body with a calabash while standing on the wet floor, before getting into the wooden bath. The bath boy (*Banto*) washes your back for you; and it is embarrassing for an Englishman to find that one of the girls may come in and rub him dry, but in Japan nakedness is seen but not looked at. When you get

back to your room give the *Nesan* 20 sen for the bath boy, and sit down and await dinner.

This soon comes, and very good it is. It is all brought in at once in little lacquer bowls on a tray. A few days' practice will make you clever in using chopsticks (*hashi*), but at first you will have to face the chaff of your *Nesan*, who kneels opposite you all the time that you are eating. The meal is not taken a dish at a time, but you wander from dish to dish and back again as the fancy takes you. The staple dish is rice, beautifully cooked and kept hot in a box; the other little dishes are to lend a zest to the rice. There is sure to be a dish of radishes and raw fish in slices (*sashimi*), which is eaten with a sauce called *soy*. This is very good and, after all, it is no worse than our way of eating oysters raw. There may also be a little dish of chicken or beef. From time to time you will ask the *Nesan* for a little more rice, then at the end of the meal you pour some tea over the rice left in your bowl, and, raising it to the lips, push it into your mouth with the chopsticks.

The only wine of Japan is *saki*. It is made of rice and new *saki* is better than old. Its first effect is only to loosen the tongue, but, if you drink much of it, it turns the whole body crimson for a time. It is drunk slightly warmed, and the *Nesan* will keep filling your little cup. After a while it is the custom for you to rinse out the cup, fill it with *saki* and offer it to her. She raises it to her forehead and drinks it in the three prescribed sips. Of Japanese beer (*Biru*) the brands called *Kirin* and *Ebisa* are the best, and *Tansan* is a good mineral water.

One night you may like to have in a geisha to amuse you. Remember that she is usually quite a good girl and not a prostitute (*meshi-mori*). Indeed, she is traditionally your guest. She has been trained in the art of amusing, and the name means a person of pleasing accomplishments. The fee is 25 sen the hour and one yen tip, and it is paid in the hotel bill.

When you want to go to bed, clap your hands and tell

the *Nesan*. The bed is kept in a cupboard in your room, and consists of several mattresses and a heavily wadded kimono, in which you sleep. The pillow is packed tight with rice or with tea, and is undeniably hard, but if you have a small air-cushion you will be comfortable enough. If tired, it is refreshing to have in a masseur. He is invariably a blind man and will gently knead your body in a traditional way, working always away from the heart. The *Nesan* then brings you a night-lamp, and takes out the fire-box, as the fumes are dangerous, before bidding you good night. You will hear no further sound except the night watchman in the street, who beats two pieces of stick together as he goes along, to assure the householders of his watchfulness.

In the morning the household is early astir and the shutters are noisily opened by your *Nesan*, who greets you with a cheery *Ohio*. To wash, make your way down to the little garden, where you will find a trough of running water and brass bowls for the guests to use. You must never ask for it to be brought into your room. When you return indoors the *Nesan* brings you tea and bean cakes, and if you want lunch in the hotel, you tell her so and the time at which you want it.

When the time comes to pay the bill, wrap the coins up in paper. With the receipt you are given some little present, usually a towel with the crest of the hotel on it. On your departure the whole household sees you off with many bows and cries of " come again " (*Matu dozo irrashi*).

The charges at the inns average two yen, twenty sen a day for dinner, bed and breakfast. If you find that you are being charged more than that, get a Japanese friend to write on a card, " I do not want to pay more than three yen a day," and show it to the *Nesan* when she brings your first cup of tea.

Lunch is not included in the charge by the day, it being the custom to have this at a restaurant. Good things to order there are chicken in the pan (*Tori-nabé*), or beef

(*Giyunikio*), or oysters (*kharki*). These are cheap and are to be seen outside eating houses unshelled and in large tubs. You can have an oyster meal (*Kharki messhy*) with nothing but oysters cooked in different ways. There is no drainage system in Japan, all refuse being taken nightly to the ricefields; so the oysters can be eaten with confidence. Or, if you are willing to chance it and wish to try new dishes, say "anything nice" (*nandamo umai momo*).

If you are asked to register yourself at an inn, write yourself down a *manyū-sha* or traveller.

As in most other countries, I find the Japanese very interested in the little things which an Englishman usually carries about with him when travelling—safety razor, pipe-lighter, and maps, etc. It is a good plan to have them all in one evening and go through the contents of your bag—each fresh thing being greeted with exclamations of wonder (*maas!*) and it is useful to be able to tell them how much each thing cost in London. It pleases them, too, if you can write in Japanese script your name and the place you come from.

It is not difficult to learn to speak a little of the language. The consonants are pronounced as in English and the vowels as in Spanish. There are no sounds corresponding to L V and X, and the nearest a native can get to hotel is *hoteru*. Every letter is sounded and there is no plural.

JAPANESE TALK

Train

1st, 2nd, 3rd to Kyoto.	Kyoto-made joto, chuto, kato.
How much? Thank you. Don't mention it.	Ikura? Arigato. Doshi-máte.
Give me a "bento."	Bento hitosu o-kure.
Give me a pot of tea.	Cha-wo hito-dobin o-kure.
What station is this?	Kono teishaba no nawa nanto moshinasuka?

Rickshaw

Hi, Rickshaw !	Kuruma ga !
I want to go to a good Japanese inn.	Watakusi joto Nippon ya doya yukimasu.
Stop. Wait. Go on.	Tadomáru. Skosi omáchi nasái. Yuku.
Go slow. Go faster.	Soro, soro. Hayaku.
Yes. No.	Hai. Eeye.
Is that enough ?	Soréda takusan arimasuka ?
That is enough.	Soréda takusan arimasu.

Inn

Good morning. Good afternoon. Good evening.	Ohio. Konnichiwa. Kombanwa.
Please I want a room (looking on the garden).	Dozo (niwano mieru yuki) heya-o irimas.
I want Japanese food.	Watakushi Nihon ryōri irimas.
Where is the w.c. ?	Benjo wa dochira desuka ?
Please send these things to the wash.	Dozo konomono o sentakuni okuri kudasai.
Give me the address card of the inn.	Kono yadoya-no na[illegible]a ichimai kudasai.
Breakfast. Lunch. Dinner.	Asa-mesi. Hiru-mesi. Banmesi.
Some more rice. Very nice.	Goharnwo moskōsi. Uroshi (*or*, Kekko).
What is your name ?	Anata namae nande arimasuka ?
How old are you ? Will you have a cup of saki ?	Ikutsu desuka ? Ikaga desuka ?
I am an Englishman.	WatakushiIgirisujinarimasu.
I come to-day from Osaka.	Watakushi konnichi Osakakara kimasita.
I go to-morrow to Nara.	Watakushi myōnichi Nara-e yukimasu.

This cost 5 yen in London.	Korewa London-de go yen skimasu.
Cushion. Thing to lean against when sitting.	Zabuton. Kiōkorōka.
Time-table. Mosquito net.	Jikan-hiyo. Kaya.
Shampooer. Mr., Shampooer.	Amma. Amma san.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.	Ichi, ni, san, shi, go, roku, shichi, hachi, ku, ju.
One o'clock. 7.30.	Ichi-ji. Shichi-ji han.
Bring my bed. Good night.	Futon motte koi. O-yasume nasai.
I want my bill.	Kanjo kudasai.
Give me a letter of introduction to a good inn at Kobe.	Kobe-no joto yadoya-o shiráse (*or* annaijo) kudasai
I have been very comfortable here.	Watakushi takusan urésiku áru.

Shopping

How much is that ?	Ikura dēsŭka ?
Much too dear.	Takusan takai.
Make cheaper.	Mo skosi omake.
I'll give 12 yen.	Ju-ni yen agemasu.
All right. I'll take that.	Shitoban. Sore o torimasu.
Do you understand ? I don't understand.	Wakarimasuka ? Wakarimasen.
Please write it down.	Dozo kaite kudasai.
Here is my card.	Kokōni watakushino meishi arimasu.
I don't want a guide.	Annai irimasen.
Postage stamps.	Youbin-inshi.

Walking

Is this the way to ——?	—— made korewa hom-michi desuka ?.

Is it far to ——?	—— ye dono kurai arimasuka?
Near. Straight on.	Chikai. Massugu.
I want something to eat.	Nani ka tabetai.
I want something to drink.	Nani ka nomitai monda.
To a worthy beggar:— (Honourably amuse yourself by passing.)	O tori asobase.
To a worthless beggar:— (Nothing for you.)	Den zo!
Farewell.	Sayonara.

CHAPTER XVII

CHINA

You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.
—*Chinese Proverb.*

I have only visited the sea-coast fringe of this great country, but, judging by the little that I have seen, I do not think it is as interesting as Japan.

Travelling in the interior is difficult. Only carters and pedlars use the inns; other travellers putting up at the Temples where they have to provide their own wadded quilts for sleeping in, and their own food. The Chinese do not use coffee or milk, and dislike butter and cheese; in fact, they say that they can smell butter when a European is near, as though we exuded it. They are clean feeders, and it is a lesson in nicety to see them using their chop-sticks, which they call "nimble fingers."

Like the Japanese, they are great admirers of scenery, and set up little pavilions where the view is loveliest. You should always praise the other man's country, and the Chinese are especially gratified if you share their admiration. Another likeable trait is their fondness for children, whom they spoil in the most engaging fashion. The usual pet name for a little girl is "my thousand ounces of gold." We owe to them porcelain and tea, which they introduced owing to the epidemics which devastated the land when the peasants drank unboiled water.

The women occupy an inferior position and are not allowed to enter many of the Temples or to walk on the wall round Pekin. Their dress, of a blue frock-coat

tightly buttoned and short silk trousers, sets off their tiny figures to admiration, but the way they wear their hair detracts from their appearance. Until a woman marries the hair is worn in a queue; afterwards, it is cut square across the forehead and packed tightly into a horn at the back of the head. It is, perhaps, owing to this custom that so many Chinese women become bald as they grow old. Men and women never walk together, nor do they act in the same play at a theatre, and, as in Japan, women are excluded from dining with their lords and masters.

A passing traveller is most struck with the swarms of people everywhere. It is said that of every two babies born into the world one is a Chinese. Their industry, too, is marvellous. They will work for very little and are the laundrymen and nursery gardeners all over the East.

They are a democratic people. Rich and poor have the same furniture and the same raised fire-places, differing only in quality. They have, too, an excellent rule, which might well be copied in Europe, that a prince must marry a commoner. There is one creed of thousands of years standing, to which all, high and low, yield allegiance; and the rare Chinaman who has broken from the faith of his fathers is less trustworthy than his fellows.

Your verdict after a few weeks' travel will be that they are a kindly and law-abiding people. You will wonder what collective madness seized them to bring about the Boxer Riots, and shiver for the peace of the East if the taint of Bolshevism reaches the Chinese Republic.

CHAPTER XVIII

INDIA AND CEYLON

Said Jesus, on whom be Peace, the world is a bridge, build no house on it."—*Inscription on Akbar's Arch at Futehpur.*

THE scenery of India is, on the whole, dreary in the extreme, and resident sahibs are frankly amazed that tourists, whom they call T.G.'s or Travelling Gentlemen, should go there when they can stay away.[1]

The hotels, too, are bad and expensive; in fact, the sleeping rooms which are provided at some of the stations are to be preferred to the hotels. It is necessary to take one's own blankets and a *resai* or narrow mattress; and this in itself is a nuisance to a man who likes to travel light.

Fine scenery, however, can be found if you take the

[1] They are called Passengers in Ceylon. The nicknames which a traveller comes across in his wanderings are interesting, e.g., *Pork knockers*—Gold prospectors in British Guiana. *Jackaroo*—A new chum in Australia. *Creeper*—A tea planter's apprentice in Ceylon. *Holy Joe*—A missionary. *Conquistadors*—Rich young idlers in Brazil. *Pepper pot*—West Indian curry. *Rock Scorpions*—Natives of Malta or Gibraltar. *Timber cruisers*—Mahogany tree prospectors in British Honduras. *Remittance man*—A man of shady past paid by his relatives to live abroad. *Highball*—American for a whisky and soda. *Bush-whacker*—A tree feller in New Zealand. *Sparks*—The wireless operator on board a ship. *Ducks of Florida*—American tourists in Cuba. *Stonies*—Native hunters in the Rocky Mountains. *Griffin*—A new arrival in the Far East. *Scaldings*—The sailors' cry when a wave is coming aboard. *Sundowners*—Loafers who time themselves to arrive at a station (i.e., farm) at sundown. Tramping in search of work in Australia whether afoot or on horseback, is called "Mumping bluey." Tramps in England call themselves *Moochers*. They speak of *scrand* for food and *skimish* for drink. A bed is a *feather* and a train a *rattler*.

trouble to search it out, as at Matheran in the Southern Ghats and round Udaipur. The Kulu Valley to the North of Lahore is very beautiful; a number of Englishmen, who have retired from work, are settled there with native wives.[1] Along the Malabar coast a good little journey can be made. Start from Kolapur and go seventy miles all downhill through fine jungle to Mormugao. Cross the creek and drive to Panjim and Goa, the Portuguese settlement on an island between the mouths of two rivers.

But the cities and the people are more interesting than the scenery. Bombay, the stateliest and most beautiful of the sea-marts of Asia, easily takes the first place. Of the others the pick are Jodhpur (a town unspoilt and unimproved except for tramways), Ulwar, Jaipur (the finest Rajput city), Agra, Benares, Amritsar (the great Sikh city) and Hardwar (the famous pilgrimage place). Of the smaller places which I have seen, I like best Deoghur, a picturesque little port with a land-locked harbour 180 miles South of Bombay. There are four jolly little towns with delightful summers and sun-bathed winters: Simla, Mussoorie, Naina Tal and Murree. They are all on the foothills of the Himalayas at an elevation of about 6,000 feet.

The people are patient and handsome, but there is a hopeless sadness about them which is depressing to a traveller from the more strenuous West. Only in Jaipur and Bombay do the natives wear brilliant dresses.

Of the railway journeys, that from Silijari to Darjeeling is the most wonderful. Though the distance is only fifty-one miles, the journey takes between five and six hours, the level rising from 400 to 7,500 feet. The scenery throughout is amazing.[2] Another beautiful railway

[1] The Beas River here was stocked with trout from Kashmir in 1908; but the hatchery which was then made is now (1918) much neglected. Natives are allowed to net the lower river *all the year* for a payment of two rupees, whereas an angler's license for the season costs £2 10*s*.

[2] On the return journey go by train to Jalpaiquir and Dhubri and then take steamer down the Brahmaputra and Ganges, a delightful

journey is from Cochin and Calicut up to the Nilgiri heights.

In India all "sahibs" travel first class, but in every train there is one third-class carriage reserved for Europeans and Eurasians. The first-class carriages are painted white, the second dark green, and the third native colour. Seen from the trains the fields are always full of life and there is a continual and picturesque procession along the country roads. These are a good deal wider than ours in England, and in the centre there is a mud division eighteen inches high, one side of the road being kept for heavy traffic. The country carts are wonderful contrivances of string and bamboo.

The density of life is very great, and the outstanding wonder of the traveller must be that these teeming millions are governed by a handful of white men.

CEYLON

There is an explorer latent in almost every man whose mind is large enough to have any interests outside of himself; and it is this unused and frustrated explorer who sits beside the fire and pores, entranced and fascinated, over the Arctic diaries of Dr. Kane or the African Journals of Stanley.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Unlike India, Ceylon is a paradise for a traveller, and a delightful country to walk in during January and February, provided you go easy, resting during the hottest part of the day, from ten to twelve, and not walking again at any great pace until 2 p.m. As is usual in the tropics, there are no seasons in our sense of the word. It is always hot; sometimes a little hotter and sometimes a little cooler.

At the Dâk Bungalows, or Government Rest Houses, which stand at intervals of eight miles or so along the roads, bedding is provided and there is a fixed tariff for

week's voyage. The boat stops at numberless quaint places and the last part of the voyage is through the Sundarbans, narrow waterways threading virgin jungle.

meals.[1] Those at Tangala, Matale and Ambalangoda are especially jolly, and a poor traveller will do well always to prefer a rest house to an hotel in towns where there are both.

The roads are excellent and thickly shaded, and the wayfarer need not burden himself with food. Half the wayside houses display something to eat, rice cakes and tea can be bought everywhere and that most delicious of drinks, the water of a green coco-nut, can be had for the asking.

The scenery is as beautiful as anything in the world. Mountains, jungle and rivers, form a fit background for the picturesque people, even the paddy fields are attractive with the radiant green of their watered ledges, and the air is spicy with a smell of wood-smoke.

In Colombo men of all sorts are seen; Sinhalese with their hair twisted in a knot on their heads and kept in place with a tortoiseshell comb, coolies carrying great loads hung from their springy *pingos* and Tamils with religious symbols chalked on their foreheads. The Sinhalese are great chatterers at their work, and are much given to the Eastern habit of betel chewing, buying the ingredients from pedlars at every street corner. It is harmless and soothing but, after a time, stains the teeth black and the lips an ugly brick-red. A piece of sliced areca-nut is wrapped in a betel-leaf and before being put in the mouth a pinch of moistened lime (*chunam*) is dropped in the nut. The lime is made of shells and coral from the Maldive Islands and the whole quid costs about a farthing. After preparing it the natives wipe their fingers on any building which may be handy and these "*chunam* marks" are to be seen everywhere.

Great faith is reposed in the predictions of astrologers and a native will seldom do anything without consulting the local wise man. In the country places every little hut has its veranda, and a charm against the Evil Eye is hung

[1] Breakfast, 50–75 cents.; tiffin, 1 rupee; dinner, 1.50 rupee; bed, 1.50 rupee. The rupee of 100 cents. equals 1*s.* 3*d.*; 25 cents. equals 4½*d.*, and 1 cent. equals a farthing. At the smaller places send word of your coming to the keeper of the rest house, to ensure there being food ready.

on the wall by the door. It is usually a broken jar made black in the smoke of a fire and then painted with white spots. In the towns the house has a tiny court inside, with little cupboards of rooms ranged round it. Some fine old Dutch houses with two-storied verandas are still standing in the coast towns, and the streets are shaded with rain-trees, on the leaves of which the moisture condenses all night and at sunrise falls in a shower.

The Kelani Valley

For a first walk take the train to Yatiyantota and stroll down the romantic valley. It is, of course, downhill all the way, the rest houses are excellent and the railway is at hand in case you find walking too arduous. But do not give in too easily; rather try staying two nights at each rest house, and so only walk on alternate days.

From Yatiyantota, which is forty-seven miles from Colombo, walk down to Ruanwella. In the garden of the rest house is a great mango tree covered with the Thunbergia creeper, and the local pottery is worth a glance. At the next stopping-place, Kaduwella, the rest house overhangs the river, and you should stroll to the top of the cliff behind the Buddhist Temple for the sake of the superb view. At Hanwalla the rest house stands on the site of an old Portuguese fort and overlooks another beautiful reach of the river. It is twenty-one miles from here to Colombo, and, with a little contrivance, you can get a lift for the rest of the way in one of the quaint river craft. (A hardened traveller might start this little journey from Hatton and walk by the Gingathena Pass to Yatiyantota.)

Colombo to Galle (seventy-two miles).

The traveller will learn more of native ways by a walk along this beautiful and shady road than from a long stay at an hotel in Colombo or Kandy. It hugs the coast all the way and runs through a number of purely Sinhalese villages. The railway is always at your disposal if you are tired, or you can hire a *hackery*, a cab drawn by a bullock, in which you sit with your legs dangling over the back.

The first village, Bambala (four miles) has nothing of interest, but at Dehiwala (seven miles) notice the strange fish

which are sold by auction on the beach and have a look at the Buddhist Temple. The hotel at Mt. Lavinia (eight and a quarter miles) is famous for its fish tiffins, and the bathing is safe and good, the sharks being kept at a distance by the reef. Go on through Angulana (eleven miles) and spend the first night at Lunawa (twelve miles) where the rest house is close to the station. Moratuwa (thirteen miles) is very pretty and the carpenters, for which the place is noted, can be seen hard at work making tea-chests. The great lagoon here never dries out like our creeks at low water, because there is hardly any tide in the sea round Ceylon. At Panadura (seventeen and a half miles) there is a good view from the bridge of the estuary with its islands. There is an hotel by the station and a good rest house half a mile off. The road goes on through Wadduwa (twenty-one miles) to Kalutara, a large town, well laid out and with a splendid bridge over the river. It is a teeming place, noted for its manufacture of Toddy and Arrack, two drinks made from coco-nuts, and for little baskets packed in nests. There is a capital rest house close to the sea on the far side of the river, and at the end of the town a great banyan tree makes an arch over the road. Beruwala (thirty-five miles) has a picturesque bit of coast and a good bazaar, and at Alutgama (thirty-eight and a half miles) it is worth walking the little way to Bentota to have a meal of oysters at the rest house at the mouth of the river. Kosgoda (forty-five miles) is a pleasant uninteresting village but Balapitiya (fifty miles) is finely situated on a lagoon with a hundred islands. Space your journey so as to put up at the jolly rest house at Ambalangoda (fifty-two miles) where there is a good bathing-place stockaded against sharks. The next stage, to Galle, is too long for a walk in the tropics; so take the train to Dodanduwa (sixty-four miles) where there is a pretty lake, and walk on through Gintota (sixty-eight miles) to Galle, the old trading port now eclipsed by Colombo. There are many relics of the Dutch occupation and the roads are of that pleasant red which softens the glare of the sun. Three continuations of the little journey may be suggested. Turn inland at Galle and go by way of Akuressa and Madampe to Ramapura, or take the train back to Panadura and reach Ramapura by the highway through Horana. Ramapura is not only a great and beautiful place, but it is the starting-

point for the wonderful river journey down the swift Kallu Ganga. The third route is more adventurous. By this you go on round the South coast to Matara, Tangalla and Wirawila and then turn North with the mountains before you and make your way up to Bandarabella.

Kandy

A pleasant and unusual way of reaching Kandy is to take the train for Colombo to Bandarabella and walk along the mountain road by way of Badulla, Neualia and Ramboda. The scenery is magnificent and the climate like an English June.

Kandy itself clusters round a lake in a basin of the hills and a traveller who has left it to the last will enjoy a few weeks' rest there.

See the street life in Trincomalee Street and Colombo Street, and take these strolls :—

(1) By the lower road round the lake in the evening when the fire-flies are out.
(2) Round the lake by the upper road, the Gregory Road.
(3) Lady Horton's Walk. It is three miles long and the entrance is in King Street, by the gate of the Governor's Residence, the King's Pavilion.
(4) Wace Park, a little bluff overlooking the lake.

Perideniya is only four miles off along a beautiful road and there is a rest house at the entrance of the famous gardens. They lie in a loop of the River Mahaweli, and the lake in the South-West corner and the Fernery half-way along the main drive are especially beautiful. Notice the great reddish bats, called flying foxes, hanging asleep in the trees, and keep off the grass to escape the leeches.

For a longer jaunt take the train to Matale, a pleasant place, where there is a mile-long bazaar shaded by rain-trees ; and, by whichever route you have reached Kandy, be sure, on your way back to Colombo, to *walk* down as far as Rambukhana, where the plains begin.

To the West of Ceylon lie two groups of coral islands which are seldom visited by travellers, the Laccadive and

Maldive Islands. They are "safe" and jolly, and the people friendly and interesting. Take a passage to Malé or Malakoi, the two chief towns. These teeming Islands are low atolls covered with dense groves of coco-nut palms from which the natives make coir for export. There is surf even in the finest weather, but there are no mosquitoes. Half-way between the Laccadives and the Maldives is the island of Minnikoy, a narrow strip of coral sand fifteen feet high and six miles long inhabited by 4,000 clean, happy people. The tunny fishing will appeal to the angler: the natives stand on a platform at the stern of the fishing boats, cast a handful of small fish to attract the tunny and then swing out a bait attached to a bamboo fishing-rod. The water is so clear that the whole proceeding can be seen. The women, though Mohammedans, go with their faces uncovered, and the only drawback is the prevalence of mosquitoes which breed in the bathing tanks all over this island.

SINHALESE TALK

Train

Station.	Thoom-riyer.
Where is the station?	Thoom-riyer kohayther?
1st class.	Palermoo-weni.
2nd class.	The-weni.
3rd class.	Thoon-weni.

Road

Is this the way to Kandy?	May Kandy-ter uner pah-rerther?
Yes.	Owoo; (to superior) eheyi.
No.	Nar.
Is it far?	Eyer thoorerther?
Far. Near.	Thoorer. Kittoo.
Straight on.	Kelinmer.

A mile.	Hathakmer.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5.	Ekker, thekker, thooner, hûtheru, puhu.
3 o'clock.	Thooner-ter.
This carry.	Mayker geneyupun.
I am (very) thirsty.	Muter (bohomer) pipahsayi.
Coco-nut water.	Kurumba.
English.	Inggileesi.
What is the name of that village?	Urer gumáy numer momukthér?

Street

How much?	Keeyerther?
It is dear.	Eyer ulahber.
Cheap.	Lahber.
Tobacco.	Thoong-koler.
Matches.	Gini-kooroo.
Thank you (servants) (equals)	Honthuyi. Stoothiyi.

Rest House

Good morning or Good evening.	Ahyoo bóhwun. (Lit. May there be long life).
Breakfast.	Uloomoosoower.
Tiffin.	Tipin.
Dinner.	Kammer.
Bread.	Pahng.
Give me bread.	Pahng mutertheyun.
Meat. Fish. Curry.	Mus. Mahloo. Mahloower.
Boiled rice. Rice-cake.	Buth. Kawoon.
It is nice.	Eyer unurghuyi.
Water.	Wuthoorer.
Tea.	Thay-wuthoorer (i.e., tea water).
Hot water.	Oonoo-wuthoorer.
Soda water.	Sodhu-wuthoorer.
Coffee.	Kohpi.

Bring me coffee.	Kohpi genen.
Washerman.	Dhoby.
Where is the w.c. ?	Wasi-kiliyer kohayther ?
Key.	Yuthoorer.
Bed.	Anther.
Come in.	Athool-weyun.
Bill.	Biller.
Good-bye. (Lit. I will go and come).	Gohin enyah.
Reply to Good-bye. (Lit. Good ; do go and come).	Honthuyi, gohin wuren.

N.B.—Orientals reply what they think you would like to hear ; so do not place much trust in their estimate of distances.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FEDERATED MALAY STATES

To pole down stream makes the crocodiles laugh.
—*Malay Proverb.*

SINGAPORE is one of the great meeting-places of the East and a man who is travelling for any length of time in this part of the world will be constantly crossing and recrossing his tracks there. The name means the "City of the Lion," and, like all great ports in the Far East, it swarms with humanity.

Malays and Chinese form the bulk of the population. The Malays have clean bodies but dirty houses, in spite of the fact that a man is allowed four wives. The famous *kris* is carried on the left hip in a fold of the *sarong* and they wear their wedding rings on their middle toes. They are the greatest loafers on the face of the earth and will not work for themselves or for anyone else. A Malay delights to sit in the shade and watch the Chinese and Tamils work the mines and till the soil. But, after all, he is but acting naturally, since, except in the densely populated regions such as India and Java, tropical man can get all he needs from the jungle, the sea and the rivers, with a trifling amount of work—usually his wife's. The Chinese have captured most of the local trade and the money-lending business is in the hands of Indian *Chitties*, who can be recognized by their dress of whitish gauze.

It is Summer here all the year round, but December, January and February are supposed to be bad weather months. In spite of this, the poor traveller will do well to be here at Christmas time, because the steamers to Siam, Burmah and India run at half-rates for the holiday season.

There is a lighthouse right in the streets, as at Hong Kong, and the roads are made of red laterite as in Colombo, This lessens the glare and contrasts well with the vivid green of tropical foliage. The Botanical Gardens. are particularly fine, and you should notice the clumps of King Palm with red boles.

It is the best place for buying clothes for wearing in the tropical East. A suit of "satin gin" will be made by a Chinese tailor in six hours and costs only four dollars (a strait dollar equals 2s. 4d.).

To get a notion of the outskirts of the town, take a rickshaw to Gaylong and through groves of rubber, coco-nut and banana to Tanjong Katong. On another day take the train to Johore and see the garden of the Sultan's Palace (*Istana*).

There are Government Rest Houses all over the Malay States and public motors work in with the trains. I went second class with the better class natives as fellow-passengers, and found it comfortable enough. Besides, in this class sleeping berths are provided free and can be secured by sending a chit beforehand to the station master. An express train is called *kreta sombong* or haughty carriage, because it runs through small stations without stopping.

The interior of the country is mountainous and wet, and the great forests are not pleasant to be in, though the shade there is perpetual. There is no breath of air, it is neither hot nor cold and the silence is oppressive. If it is virgin jungle the walking is easy; it is only when the great trees are cut down that the impenetrable tangle springs up. There are few flowers, because the shade is too dense, but in a clearing they will appear as by magic. The trees have no side branches and at the top break out into knobs of foliage; underneath there is a lower forest of fern and bamboo, and festoons of rattans stretch from tree to tree. Myriads of leeches are seen in all directions humping and hastening towards the traveller, who is lucky if he only gets a dozen inside his clothes.

The days are, of course, of much the same length all the year round, the sun rising at five-thirty and setting at six. The early mornings are entrancing and the insect buzz opens at dawn.

Going North, a pleasant leisurely way is to take the boat to Malacca, have breakfast at the rest house and spend the day exploring the fine coast road here. Next day go on by train to Kuala Lampur and see the Botanical Gardens and the public buildings, excellently designed in the Moorish style. But though the town is so up-to-date its civilizing influence does not reach far. In the ever-growing, never-resting jungle round the place live some wild folk called the Sakais whose women suckle little pigs to make them fat. The place I liked best, however, was Taiping. It has a good rest house, interesting native streets and a lovely lake in an amphitheatre of hills at the East end of the little town. Then go on to Prai by train and cross the ferry to Penang, the "Island of the Betel-nuts." It is a beautiful place and the sea approach to it through islands and mountains is only surpassed by that to Macassar. To get away from the heat, take a change of clothes and drive in a rickshaw to the foot of the Crag and walk up, letting a Kling boy carry your bag. At the top is a hotel like a village of bungalows. Have a Malay bath, change and enjoy the view.[1] Notice the way a pineapple is peeled hereabouts, and eat it with a little claret poured over it. You will also see the right way to sound a gong. The best long walk is from Gopen to Ipoh through a valley shut in by limestone hills.

Between Penang and Burmah lies the Mergui Archipelago of 4,000 islands, as beautiful as anything in the Inland Sea of Japan. It is seldom visited because the mail boats keep out to sea and the boats which go there are small and only sail once a month, but at Mergui itself, a little pearling town, there is a very jolly rest house, and the

[1] This form of bath is very cooling because you get an air bath as well. You stand naked and pour water over yourself with a dipper plunged into an Ali Baba jar.

sea fishing is superb. The voyage is most enjoyable during the North-East monsoon. The Andaman Islands in the centre of the Gulf of Bengal, have green forest-clad heights, with coral beaches and surf-lines. There are no streams of any size, but the coast is broken by many fine harbours. In 1858, the Indian Government set up a penal settlement in Great Andaman, which still exists, and the natives in consequence were ravaged by European diseases. Little Andaman is quite untouched, but the natives are bitterly hostile and life is made unbearable to a white man by the heat and mosquitoes.

The Malay language is easy to learn and beautiful to hear.

MALAY TALK (F.M.S.)

Good morning.	Tabbay.
I want a room.	Sia mow beelay.
I want a bath.	Sia mow marndy.
Lunch. Dinner.	Tiffin. Machin.
Some more coffee.	Laggie coffee.
Thank you.	Treema karsee.
Where's the w.c. ?	Marna jambun ?
Give me a chit.	Kassi sia chit.
I am English. Drive to.	Sia orong Ingles. Piggy.
Go slower. Go faster.	Piggy plan plan. La casse.
Right. Left. Stop.	Kanan. Kiri. Brenti.
Wait a little. Go on.	Nanti dahula. Jalan.
Go away. Get away.	Hurry lakkass. Pulang.
How far ?	Bruppa batu ?
How much is this ?	Bruppa eny ?
It's too dear.	Bunnyar mahál.
I'll give two rupees.	Sia kassy dua rupear.
All right. Never mind.	Bertóll. Teeda arpa.
Bananas. String mattress.	Pisang mass. Balch-balch.
Market. Bill.	Passer. Keera-keera.
Good-bye.	Salamet.

CHAPTER XX

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES

Over boundless seas and deserts, to dusky nations living under strange stars.—*Macaulay.*

THESE islands, to which the Dutch historian, Dekkar, has given the happy name of Insulinde, are probably the finest example in the world of beneficent colonization. The rajahs are contented with their monthly allowances and the natives are happy in being protected from pirates, and in having the ideal minimum of toil. Five days a month they have to work for the Government, and the rest of their time is their own.

At the same time the Dutch are stern in putting down disorder and never allow the islanders to become familiar. No native may learn or speak their language, nor may a Chinaman, however rich, live outside the local China-town or employ a white servant. They succeed in this way in keeping up their prestige, and no tropical possession is governed with less friction and less fuss. Their one mistake seems to be the easy indifference they have shown to the immigration of Chinamen and of Arabs from Suez, who are now the richest inhabitants and control the trade at all the ports. They are merciless money-lenders and have bought up many of the fine old houses of the original colonists throughout the islands, and there is bitter truth in the local saying, "The Dutch hold the cow; the Chinese and Arabs milk it."

These Arabs are missionaries as well as traders, and few villages are without a *misigit* or mosque. The Mohammedan religion easily beats down the Christianity of the

Dutch, who are very feeble exponents of their faith, but, though it has spread through all the islands, it has fortunately not been able to induce the Javanese to relegate their women to the seclusion of the harem and the veil.

The climate is hot, but not hotter than the South of Italy in Summer, and, with my umbrella up, I was able to walk at all hours of the day without undue fatigue or discomfort. Of course, you are equally bathed with perspiration whether you are sitting doing nothing or walking briskly. The dry or East monsoon lasts from April to October and the West monsoon blows during the rest of the year. In these months the mornings and evenings are fine but it pours in torrents every afternoon.

The magnificent island of Java is one great cultivated garden, and you can travel anywhere under the shade of tamarind trees along roads that are not surpassed in the tropics. Live trees are everywhere used instead of telegraph posts and you are seldom out of hearing of running water. The roads swarm with people and in an hour you meet all the types of the country; Dutchmen (who never dream of walking) in motors with an unexpectedly musical toot; Malay drivers, the worst in the world, urging on their unshod ponies with a "*dree,*" instead of our click; Buddhist priests, gaily-dressed natives, and children with no more to cover their nakedness than their innocence. How dense the population of Insulinde is, may be judged from the fact that in Madura, a big, but unimportant, island at the East end of Java, there are no less than ten million inhabitants; and yet, so fertile and well cultivated is the soil, that Java not only feeds itself, but exports to Europe hundreds of thousands of tons of food and tropical products.

There are no rickshaws, but you can get a boy to carry your bag from place to place. When walking it is not necessary to carry food, because vendors of eatables leave laden baskets at the roadside for the refreshment of travellers, who take what they want and drop a coin into

a bamboo tube fastened to a nearby tree ; and, every few miles, there are eating houses where you can get a meal. If there is no one there to receive you, call out *spada* (i.e., *siapa ada*) which means, who's there.

The scenery is superb. The central mountains are clothed with bush nearly to their summits, and their lower slopes have been terraced by the work of generations into artfully irrigated ricefields. The plains, where not cultivated, have thickets of bamboo and great stretches of coco-nut, finishing in mangrove swamps at the coast.[1] There are countless villages reached by side-tracks, worn smooth by the natives' bare feet and there is usually some old temple to clinch the view.

The largest and most famous of these temples is Boro Budoor, which was built to house the Tooth of Buddha, which is now at Kandy, in Ceylon. Long forgotten and buried in the jungle, it was discovered by Sir Stamford Raffles during the few years in which we owned the island. But I liked best the beautiful and less unwieldy temple of Panataren, with its delightful bas-reliefs of gods and men enjoying themselves in the company of our poor relations, the animals. You will recall these figures when you are looking on at one of the *Wayang*, or shadow-plays, given in the towns at the present day. The natives, themselves, recognize the likeness and sit for hours watching and admiring the deeds of their men of old time. Most of the temples have now a custodian appointed by the Government, a measure long over-due. In the past they suffered lamentably from villagers quarrying for stone, treasure-hunters, and unscrupulous Dutch officials making collections to sell in Europe.

It was only due to the supineness of the English

[1] If you ever have to cross a mangrove swamp do so at low water and keep to the runnels which drain it, because they are pebbly and afford better foothold than the stinking mud. Notice the strange jumping fish which inhabit them. They have goggle eyes like a frog and lie on the sloping bank with their tails, in which they have some sort of breathing gill, just touching the water.

statesmen of the period that we lost this magnificent possession. Their easy-going incompetence has become proverbial, and there is a story that Castlereagh gave up Java because he could not find it on the map.

The Dutchmen of the present day in Java are able and contented men, and, though they will not *open* a conversation with an Englishman, they are friendly enough when once the ice is broken. They do not seem to grow so homesick as Englishmen do when thousands of miles from home and settle down for life. Their women, too, are sensible enough to wear when indoors the *sarong* and *badgu* of the country instead of tight stays and hot European clothes. The bungalows in which they live are admirably suited to the climate, and, with the exception of those at Honolulu, are the most beautiful that I have seen. Each has a portico which is a room in itself. It is furnished with a hammock and a few chairs standing on the marble floor; and it is well to know that when the lights in the portico are out in the evening, the usual calling time, the owners are supposed to be "not at home."

The South coast is mountainous and has fine deep-water harbours, but, to gain the shelter of the neighbouring islands, the steamers which ply between Tanjong Priok (the port of Batavia) and Soerabaya go along the North coast, where the sea is so shallow that, at the intermediate ports, they have to lie off a few miles while loading.

The trains are dirty, and, in spite of gauze blinds, soon get filled with dust and grit. In most hot countries it is a good plan to travel by train during the night-time in order that you may escape the heat and glare. Here it is not possible because the trains stop running at night for the simple reason that the native railway staff cannot be induced to keep awake. The prettiest railway journey is between Tasik-malaja and Tjitjalenka.

The hotels in the towns have the bedrooms scattered about the garden in tiny bungalows, one for each guest. The bed is a bare mattress without any bedclothes and is

surrounded by mosquito curtains. From head to foot of the bed lies a "Dutch wife," a long bolster which helps to keep you cool, by keeping the sheet (if you use one) from touching the body. Lizards run about the walls and ceiling, picking off the mosquitoes, and it is amusing to notice that they cannot open their mouths and their eyes at the same time.

The meals are frequent and abundant. Coffee is brought to your room at six o'clock and is followed by a snack breakfast in which cheese plays an unexpected part. At half-past eleven you take a gin and bitters (*pahit*) and have a great lunch at noon. After your siesta the servant brings you a cup of tea and dinner is eaten at nine. Before turning in you drink a whisky "spleet." At the two principal meals you should bow to the rest of the company when sitting down and when leaving the table.

The water at the hotels is good and the bread delicious, the yeast for making it being got from the sap of the sugar palm. There are also excellent biscuits made of shrimps which have been dried in the sun and ground into powder.

Try the celebrated rice-table occasionally at lunch. You will never have tasted such curries. You are first given a plate of rice, which you moisten with a sort of curry soup, then a succession of servants, often twenty in number, bring you the *sambols*, tasty things such as bamboo tops, raw fish and coco-nut. After taking a little of those which you fancy and passing the rest, you mix the whole into a savoury and delicious mess.

At the smaller places, where there are no hotels, there are Government rest houses (*passangsahan*). The pawn shops (*rcemah gadeh*) are also managed by the Government and are the best places to go to if you want to buy "curios." In one of them I bought some of the Javanese turban-cloths (*ikat kapala*) which make good handkerchiefs.

The natives are supposed to be descended from Hindoos from the *West* of India who overflowed into Java and overcame and intermarried with the original inhabitants. At

the present day they are gentle and lazy creatures. They wear cotton sarongs, not silk as in Malaya and go barefooted. For food they take little else than rice, which they roll into a ball in their hands, and tropical fruits. The most delicious of these is the mangosteen, a dozen of which you can eat a day with impunity. It is about the size and colour of an old cricket ball and tastes like grapes and strawberries and cream. You should cut it round the equator, and, after taking off the upper half of the rind, eat it segment by segment like an orange. It is very nice, but I would have given a hundred of them for an English apple. Most savage music is exasperating to Western ears, but a Javanese band, which has no wind instruments, is soft and mellow like muffled bells. The people are delightfully clean, bathing three times a day. It is a cult with them and you will enjoy a visit to the religious bathing-places Banya Biru, Wendit and Oombulan, where life is Arcadian in its simplicity.

Pleasant and fairly cool places are Buitenzorg, with world-famous gardens, Tjandi, a little hill station behind Samárang, and Garoet, a little town on the floor of a circular valley surrounded by mountains. These are the favourite "health resorts" with the Dutch, but to see the unspoilt native life you must go to Solo and Djokja. Here you can spend hours watching the busy life of the markets and the strange dresses of the townsfolk. Both have their rajah who still maintains a certain show of state.

At Soerabaya there are three towns, European, Chinese and Javanese; and the native streets, each given up to one trade, are full of interest. The road from the harbour to the town runs parallel with a canal and has many little perambulating restaurants, or *worongs*, where coffee, syrups, jellies, and cakes are sold. The streets are well shaded with trees and every half-mile there is a policeman's sentry-box. In it is one of the gongs of the country, a hollowed log five feet long, used for telling the hours and giving warning of fires, and a long forked stick for pinning to the ground a

man who has run amok. It is a form of madness peculiar to this corner of the world and is not common. I have been to Java several times and have never seen a case of it. The man, who usually has some grievance, rushes along killing or wounding every one he meets, and in the end, as a protest against fate, kills himself. Luckily, he runs straight ahead, not turning to right or left, and so is easily avoided if you hear the shouts of the people in time.

To get away from the heat when at this end of the island, take the early train to Pasoeroen, drive to Poespoe and have breakfast there. Then go by pony the seven miles to Tosari. Hire a coolie to carry your bag, but see that he wraps it in oil-paper because the rain hereabouts is sudden and drenching. The natives at Tosari are Tenggers and grow vegetables instead of rice. They are, perhaps, descended from the original inhabitants of the island; at any rate, they come from some stock more robust than the Javanese. The Bromo crater can be visited from here, if you care for such things.

From Soerabaya a steamer goes every month for a delightful round in the great wonderland of sea and islands which form the East Indies. They all belong to Holland except Borneo, which we share with the Dutch, and Timor which is Portuguese. This is not a place of any interest. The only town, Dihly, lies sweltering in tropical greenery along the beach, backed by mountains eight thousand feet high. On the boat which makes the long round the first class is occupied by Dutchmen and you are rather out of it unless you speak their language, surely the harshest of modern tongues. The third class is impossible without a hammock; besides, you have to provide your own food and nothing will keep in this climate. The second and most interesting class is full of Chinese and Arab traders. They are pleasant fellow-passengers, and are on their way to buy from the natives of the different islands rattan, copra, resin and birds of paradise.

The islands are of every conceivable shape and size, but

their prevailing colour, a sombre olive, cannot compare with the emerald green of the South Sea Islands. Owing to the old-time dread of pirates, the smaller ones are but thinly inhabited, but now that piracy has been killed by steam (as highway robbery in Europe was killed by the telegraph), the population is increasing.

There are Government rest houses in the islands, the one at Lombok being especially delectable. It is the unfinished palace of some rajah and stands on the slopes of a gorge with terraced gardens and fountains.

The wet season is from December to February, except at Amboina where it rains every day from June to September.

Of the many ports of call Ansus and Geelvink Bay are interesting as being the great marts for birds of paradise. They cost £3 each dead. The harbour of Banda is very pretty. It is an old crater, entered through a small portion of the lip, called the Sun Gate. This was formerly the chief of the Spice Islands, which we now call the Moluccas, and its old wealth may be estimated from the size and quality of the houses of the merchants who used to live there. The trade dwindled away when men found that pepper and nutmeg could be grown in other parts of the tropics, and the finishing blow came with the invention of the refrigerator, which made unnecessary the smothering of tainted meat with spices. A poor man, fond of the tropics, might do worse than settle down here, where any one of these splendid houses can be hired for two pounds a month.

The sea approach to Macassar, the chief town of Celebes, is one of the finest in the world. This great island is surely the most oddly shaped in the world, and resembles nothing so much as a spider. It is certainly hot, but there is a sea-breeze every day and the climate is equable and healthy. Macassar lies in a flat plain backed by mountains and has three long streets, two hotels and a very good club. It is a free port and one of the best places for buying trade goods. There are two fine roads in this island, one from Macassar to Boni and Maros, the other from Menado

through magnificent scenery to Tondano where there is a lake nine miles long at the height of two thousand feet. To get the best view of it, stroll up the track which leads to the Tompusu Pass as far as just beyond Remboken. The finest tortoiseshell comes from this island and it is the home of the famous durien fruit, the taste of which is delicious but the smell abominable. It is never picked but allowed to fall when ripe, and during the season when it ripens, the natives build stockades round the ground under the tree to prevent the treasured fruit being stolen by men or monkeys. The tree is sixty feet high and the fruit is the size of a pineapple, and is divided inside like an orange. It tastes like a banana beaten up with cream and a dash of chocolate.

Between Celebes and the Philippines stretch the Sanguir Islands, clothed with coco-nut palms from the beach to the crater-tops.

The natives of all the East Indies are lazy, letting the women do what work there is to be done. After all, this is not much. Enough food to last six months can be got from one sago palm with a week's work. Just before it flowers and dies, a native cuts it down and splits the trunk into two. His wife then chops out the pith in thin flakes and makes them into little lavender-coloured cakes. This is the staple food and it is washed down with palm wine (*sagueir*), which is got with even less trouble than the food. The native climbs a palm and slits with his knife the stem of the flower. The toddy then drips into a bamboo placed under the cut and is collected in vessel after vessel at the foot of the palm. It is clear and sweet when new, but becomes bitter and intoxicating when it has fermented.

The chief amusements of these folk are cock fighting and betel chewing, and it is probably on account of their loafing existence that they are becoming infertile. In fact, the women openly prefer to marry Chinamen, and their half-breed children, here called Paranaks, are by comparison energetic.

The deep channel between Bali and Lombok is called Wallace's line, from the great naturalist's theory that there were once two adjacent continents separated only by this narrow strait. His argument was based on the fact that the fauna on the West side is Asiatic, and that on the East side Australian in type.

The crowd of fishing canoes between Bali and Java is called the mosquito fleet and is really engaged in smuggling opium which in these islands is not smoked but swallowed in the form of a pill.

The great island of Sumatra is seldom visited by travellers, but as I was in the neighbourhood, I went there to see what it was like. The North coast is uninteresting, but there are two considerable towns, Palénkan and Medan, on the East coast. The best country, however, is inland from Padang, situated, as its name implies, in an open plain. Its port is Emmahaven, which lies in blistering sunshine at the head of a bay studded with bewitching islands. You can go in a four hours' train journey to Fort de Kock, the capital of the Bovenlanden or highlands, where the air is comparatively exhilarating. To get an idea of the scenery, stroll one evening to the Buffalo Gully (*Karbou-wengal*). The houses are built on posts driven into the ground and have curious horned roofs. Even the rice-barns are on stilts to avoid the dampness of the earth. Walking in this high region is not unpleasant and in every village there is a village hall (*balai*) where a traveller can put up for the night.

MALAY TALK (EAST INDIES)

Tabeh, tuan.	Good day, Sir (road-greeting).
Slamet malam, tuan.	Good evening, Sir.
Pasar. Chandi.	Market. Temple.
Sawah. Kali.	Ricefield. River.
Aloon aloon.	Open space in centre of towns.

Wedono.	Native chief of a district.
Doccut. Kedai.	Dogcart. Shop.
Ini hari. Bissok.	To-day. To-morrow.
Gamelan.	Native orchestra.
Rooma machan. Machan.	Eating house. Food.
Marna kakkous ? Tidor.	Where's the w.c. ? Sleep.
Sini. Sireh.	Here. Betel-nut quid.
Brupa druit ?	How much ?
Sia kassy sater guelder.	I'll give one guelder.
Mata mata.	Policeman (lit. eyes everywhere).
Trima Kâsi.	Thank you.
Salamet tingal.	Good-bye.

CHAPTER XXI

BURMAH

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.
—*Sir William Temple.*

FOR a poor traveller to winter in, there is no country in the Far East more delightful than Burmah. What can a man want more than to spend a few leisurely months among a gay, charming people in a perfect setting? The prodigality of nature is amazing and a traveller can live on as little as he pleases.[1]

The cool season lasts from November until March and the Autumn tints begin in January. It is a "still" country. There is seldom any wind and the pure greens and yellows of the sudden sunrises and sunsets are due to the absence of dust in the air.

Great forests cover many hundreds of square miles, and the smell of burnt wood all over Burmah is perhaps caused by the frequency of forest fires. The cotton tree is the highest in the jungle, but it is surpassed in value by the teak, which has the unusual quality of retaining its blossoms when the leaves have fallen. Although it is a damp country, there are no ferns except in the Sahn States.

The bird life is wonderful. There are peacocks and parrots and the coppersmith bird, which owes its name to its cry resembling a blow on the anvil. At sunset great

[1] The happiest qualification of a poor traveller is the ability to eat with enjoyment the common dishes of the country which he is in. After all, what difference will it make in a few days what we eat to-day? My own theory is that it doesn't matter what a man eats so long as he fills his stomach.

flocks of crows fly slowly home from the paddy fields to the jungle. On the great river there are cranes and cormorants and myriads of geese and ducks.

The king cobra, the only aggressive snake, is fortunately rare.

Dâk bungalows have been erected by the Government at the principal places and those at Bhamo, Pha-an, Goteik and Pagan are especially good. The keeper is called *Kansammah* and there is a fixed (and very moderate) tariff of charges. These bungalows are built of teak and have delightful verandas. In most of them you will have a fellow-guest, a little lizard called *Tuk-too* who keeps on saying his long-drawn name. He is thought to bring good luck and so is never disturbed.

Meals can be had at the excellent buffets at the railway stations, and there is always a merry crowd to see the arrival of the train, which is evidently the chief event of the day. Fine scenery is seen during the train journeys from Naba to Katha and from Mandalay to Lashio.[1]

Travelling by river is the best of all travelling, and the fine boats of the Irawadi Flotilla afford a comfortable home for a few weeks' voyage. Do not, as is usually done, take the train to Prome and join the boat there, but go all the way by river. It is a voyage of quiet fascination and well worth the few extra days. Choose a cargo boat in preference to a fast passenger boat, because it has a bazaar on board and calls at little places which are passed by the mail boats. Although a " deck " cabin sounds cool and delightful, you will do well not to have one, as the natives fill the decks and you will be constantly having to step over them on the way to and from your cabin. The food on these boats costs four rupees a day, and if you are booked through to Bhamo you can live on the boat during her stay at Mandalay.

The river, one of the muddiest in the world, has an oily

[1] In this little journey, the finest bit of travel in Burmah, you should stay at Goekteik and Manpure, at both of which places are good dâk bungalows and country of almost unnatural beauty.

swirl like the Nile, and the glare from it makes the use of smoked glasses a comfort. The fairway is constantly shifting, owing to the formation of new sand-banks, and is buoyed by bamboos attached to sand-bags, with tin vessels on the top to catch the rays of the sun. The leadsman is always at work, singing out the number of fathoms (*Bahm*) or "no bottom reached" (*Millani*). The crowds at the landing-places are very picturesque and are keenly interested in the goods for sale at the travelling bazaar. These cargo boats stay for some time in each place and this gives opportunity for many a pleasant little stroll ashore.

The villages are surrounded by stockades and the gates are shut at nightfall for fear of dacoits and wild beasts. The larger villages have a *Zeyat* or travellers' rest house and those of moderate size a *Sa-khan* or travellers' eating place. The houses are built on piles to avoid the floods and are always only one story high as a Burman dislikes to think that another man's feet are above his head.[1]

The interior of the house is clean and the shoes are removed before entering. The people sleep on mats, not on beds, and, like all Orientals, sleep in their day clothes. In every house there is a hanging cradle for the baby, and a coco-nut with a little red turban on the top in honour of the Nats, or Spirits. Instead of using chairs, they sit on their haunches with only the feet touching the ground. You are here called a *Thakim* instead of a Sahib, and, instead of a salaam are saluted with a *Shikoh*, a form of salutation in which the man holds his hands together as if praying and squats down in the attitude just mentioned.

All live on curry and rice, even babies a day old. No meat is eaten, it being contrary to their religion to take life, lest they should kill some human soul which has passed

[1] I noticed at Solo in Java the same disinclination. When the rajah sits on a chair holding his court all must squat on the ground, or, if moving about the room, stoop and keep their heads down. He was once given a state-coach by the Queen of Holland, but would not ride in it as the coachman's seat was higher than his own. Instead, he used it as a chicken-house.

into an animal; but this does not seem to apply to fish, as the rivers have many fishermen and "*nappy*" or decaying fish paste is the national delicacy. They have, indeed, an accommodating theory according to which the fisherman does not kill the fish, but simply takes it out of the water. In the same way a priest (who may neither destroy life nor eat animal food) will hold a live fish in the palm of his hand over a boiling pot of water and address his victim with some such words as these: "Little fish, I am about to lift my thumb. If you struggle and fall into the pot, it will be your own act. You will be a suicide and I shall not be to blame." So saying, he lifts his thumb, the fish gives a wriggle and next moment is simmering in the pot.

As may be imagined the *nappy* smells abominably, but a little of it is very nice in a curry, and I think there is a dash of it in the secret recipe of a famous English sauce. Another Burmese luxury is "*let-pet*" or pickled tea, but it should not be taken at night, because it keeps a man awake as coffee does. The Burmese eat it at the close of a meal with salt, oil and grated coco-nut as we take cheese, and you will see little sacks of it in the bazaars, looking like green tea which has been "made." They take food only twice a day, in the morning and in the evening, and everything is put into the mouth with the fingers. Nothing is drunk with the meal and, afterwards, only water. It is considered polite to groan and grumble inwardly after eating and drinking, and if you are the host, it is well to know that your guests will not go until *you* make the move.

The roads are good and have the distances marked every quarter of a mile, but are made noisy by the local custom of leaving the axles of the carts unoiled to frighten the Nats. The oars and thole pins of the boats are left ungreased for the same reason. In the towns the roads are heavily shaded with trees.

A "boy" costs thirty rupees a month and four annas a day "*batter*" money. Even the best "boy" will be cheerfully casual and untidy, and it may be repeated that with

servants in the East you must be authoritative and self-confident and keep them in their places. They regard any familiarity on your part as a sign of weakness and at once take advantage of it.

The Burmese people are short, sturdy and unaffected, lovers of gay clothes and great gamblers. Their manners are perfect and a stranger is never stared at or cheated. Indeed, you feel that the natives like you, instead of eyeing you askance as they do in India. They have been described as a nation of artistic philosophers and their indolence attributed to their careless optimism and sportsman's contempt of work. However that may be, they are certainly a winning, poetically-minded people, and their habit of performing their toilet in the street is child-like and refreshing. A crowd is always merry and well behaved, there being no beggars, and, to my mind, they are the most lovable people in Asia, as the Irish, whom they greatly resemble, are in Europe.

The women are very attractive and have this resemblance to the Japanese women, that, although not beautiful, they have all the fascination of beauty. Their freedom is striking and there is no seclusion nor caste. The dainty dress they wear is of all colours, but pink is the favourite tint. They go bare-legged and have a magnificent walk. Like all their sex, however, they try to improve nature, and smear their faces with a saffron paste, called *thanaka*, in the hope of appearing fair.

Men and women dress alike in *lyungis* but the men wear turbans and the women a brilliant silk scarf on the shoulder. Another difference is that a man carries things on his shoulders, whilst a woman makes a pad of her beautiful purple-black hair and carries things on her head. But children are borne astride on the shoulder by both sexes. They are dressed like little grown-ups, and are frolicsome and good.

The boys are tattooed from the waist to the knee with figures of tigers and monkeys, encircled by a lacework

pattern of the letters of the alphabet; and the kneeling respect shown to the monks, who are the only priests of the country, is probably due to the fact that all boys receive at least part of their education in a monastery. These yellow-robed monks come into the towns every day to collect offerings of food, and carry a fan to hold up when passing a woman. By their rule they must walk in the middle of the road with their eyes fixed on a point of the ground six feet ahead of them, and must return no thanks for the gifts. They teach that meditation is the most meritorious of actions and the old folk are seen everywhere in the veranda, which each house possesses, wrapt in thought while their fingers tell their beads.

The number of pagodas all over Burmah is remarkable. A man can "gain merit" by building a new one, or, if he is on a pilgrimage, by putting a little fresh gold leaf on the roof of one already existing. The offerings placed before images of the placid half-smiling Buddhas are varied and incongruous: flowers, alarm clocks and paraffin lamps; and the approach to a temple is often a covered way which is used as a bazaar. Among the things for sale are little triangular gongs of wonderful tone, offered at one rupee each, which would be well worth buying but for the bother of carrying them about. The stalls in these bazaars usually belong to the women, who, in Burmah, are born traders.

The Buddhist religion makes the people tolerant and hospitable, and the sleekness of their cattle and long-tailed ponies testifies to their love of animals. There is no Sunday, but four days every month are days of Buddhist worship: the new moon, the full moon, the eighth waxing and the eighth waning day; which comes to much the same thing.

There is a graceful football game called *Chinlone*. It is played with a ball of open wicker-work which they try to keep up as long as possible with their knees and feet. Burmese chess is amusing and vigorous, and there are many bets on the game when experts are playing. At the

theatre it is not difficult to follow the action of the play because there are three constant characters: the Prince, the Princess and the Clown. In Burmah everybody smokes and even the babies are now and then given a puff. The green saybullies or "torches" are a mixture of tobacco, bits of charcoal and ginger, and only an inch or so is smoked at a time. The best cheroots are made at Donakyu, a town on the banks of the Irawadi, between Rangoon and Prome.[1]

The most beautiful town is Moulmein. It is now connected by train with Rangoon via Pegu, but it is better to go by boat and so get the charming approach to the town by the river. The bazaar is interesting and from the ridge behind the town the marvellous sunsets can be seen reflected in the river. Two pleasant little jaunts can be taken from here by steamer: up the river to the village of Kado, and down-stream to Chonzone, where there is a splendid view from the platform of the pagoda. Amhurst, at the mouth of the River Salween, is also a jolly place.

[1] A briar pipe is too "hot" in the tropics, but coarse *dry* tobacco smoked in a calabash pipe is cool and enjoyable. The smoker comes across many forms of the divine herb in the course of his travels, from the fine-as-hair tobacco of the Japanese to the granulated dusty sort now so much used in Canada and the United States. This is similar in cut to the Havana tobacco smoked in Spain and is *poured* from the tin into the pipe or on to the cigarette paper. In the South Sea Islands the planters without exception make their cigarettes of Player's Navy Cut—a tobacco which we at home regard as only suitable for a pipe. The explanation is, perhaps, that it is the only tobacco which they can buy there in hermetically sealed tins. In China the water-pipe is still smoked by the older men, but the rising generation has taken to cigarettes. I have been told that agents of a British and American Company have been scouring the country, giving away thousands of cigarettes with the avowed intention of making the Chinese a nation of cigarette smokers. The cigars in Java are excellent, having the pick of the Sumatra leaves for wrappers, and the Indian cigars owed their attractive taste to the fact that the plants were grown in the same ground as the opium poppy in alternate years. Here in Burmah the finest cheroots can be bought for as little as 2*s*. 6*d*. the hundred. They are decidedly strong, but a man soon gets used to them, and they are so cheap that you can throw them away half smoked without a twinge of conscience.

Another interesting town is Bhamo, where there are no mosquitoes and the sun is bearable even at noon. The market-place is thronged by Shans and Chinese, and a caravan from China arrives every week. There are curious raised roads in the outskirts of the town and a fine circular drive has been cut in the jungle. For a good walk off the beaten track, get to know some Chinese caravan men who are returning home and go with them from here to Momein, a ten days' journey, and on to Tali Fu in Yunnan, another seven days. The scenery is fine and the climate glorious. At any rate walk along the road to China as far as the village of Sinlun Kaba, and take the steam launch up the river to Sinbo and back.

If you have the good luck to fall in with a "Bombay Burmah Corporation" forest official, cultivate his acquaintance and travel about with him.

On arriving at Rangoon, write your name in the visitor's book at Government House and get a note from the Deputy Commissioner (*Myouk*) authorizing you to lodge at the excellent circuit houses at Mandalay and Mamyo.[1]

The curious language is written from left to right without any division between the words and the letters are all round. It is remarkable for the constant use of the "cerebral" aspirate, which will be noticed in many of the words below. This precedes consonants in certain words and is thrown out from the roof of the mouth. The language is of the Mongolian family and many words consist of only one syllable. They write in chalk on squares of paper (*parabike*), made of bamboo, macerated and dyed black.

[1] This charming little place is only four hours by train from Mandalay; but in that short distance the railway climbs 3,000 feet. It was named after Col. Mayo, one of the pioneers in the war of 1860. For a hurried journey go by train from Rangoon to Mandalay, and after seeing the Shanzu Pagoda and the Zegyo (silk bazaar), take the I.F.S. launch to Bhamo. Returning, get off at Thabetyin, whence a motor-bus goes the 54 miles to the Ruby Mines. Go back to Rangoon by boat, breaking the journey at Thayetmyo (good silver ware) and Pagan (the best lacquer work.)

BURMESE TALK

Train

Ticket. 1st class.	Let-hmakt. Pahtalmah.
2nd class. 3rd class.	Dooteeyah. Tahteeyah.

Rest House

Bath room. w.c.	Yaychohgahn. Yay-ayn.
Garden.	Ooyin.
Are the mosquitoes bad ?	Chin kik-taht thahlah ?
Yes. No.	Hohk-pah. Mah-hohk-pah.
Bed. Mosquito curtains.	Hlahdin. Chindowng.
Morning. Noon. Night.	Nahnet. Moonleh. Nyah.
Breakfast.	Nahnet-tsah.
Tiffin. Supper.	Moon-lweh-zar. Nyah-zar.
Nice. Clean. Dirty.	Sayn. Tsin. Nyit.
Flea. Mosquito.	Hkway-hlay. Chin.
Sandfly. Snake.	Hpyohk. Mway.
Tea. Coffee.	Lahpetyee. Kah-hpeeyee.
Beer.	John-yee.
Give me tea.	Lahpetyee paybah.
Bread. Water.	Mohn. Yay.
Rice. Fish.	Htahmin. Gnah.
Fruits.	Ahtheemyah.
Custard-apple. Mango.	Awzah. Thahyet.
Papaya. Banana.	Thimbawthee. Hgnet-pyaw.
English. Come in.	Ingarlayk. Winbahdaw.
Thank you (seldom used).	Kyay-zoo-tin-barthy.
Wash clothes. Bill.	Shaw. Tsay-yin.
Good-bye (lit. Go and come back).	Thwahohndaw.

On the Road

How beautiful !	Theh hlah-thee goh !
Is it far from here ?	Dee gah kwah-way-thah-leh ?

Near. Far. Mile.	Nee. Way. Ming.
Monk. Begging-bowl.	Yah-hahn. Thahbayt.
Hungry. Thirsty.	Moot-thayt. Yay-gnaht.
Town. Village. Forest.	Myoh. Yooah, Taw.
Rest house. Pagoda.	Zah-yaht. Zay-dee.
Shrine. Monastery.	Paya. Choung.
To-day. Yesterday.	Yahnay. Mahnay.
To-morrow. Elephant.	Mahnetpyahn. Sin.
Peacock. Ruby.	Downg-boh. Kyowk-nee.
Burmese custom.	Tonzan.

Shopping

Cab. Stop!	Tikka gharry. Hi!
Bank. Shop.	Myay-oh. Sing.
Market. Theatre.	Zay. Pwe.
Barber.	Sattah-theh.
I don't understand.	Nahmahlehboo.
Interpreter.	Tsah-gah-byahn.
Cigar.	Saylayk.
Tobacco. Matches.	Say. Meejit.
How much is that?	Beh-lowk?
It is too dear.	Ah-hpoh keethee.
Cheap.	Ah-hpoh choh.
Go away (gentle).	Thwah-bah-daw.
Go away (rough).	Thwah-lik.

The rupee = 1s. 4d. or 16 annas. The 1 anna coin is nickel and the ½ anna bronze.

1. Tit. ၁
2. Hnit. ၂
3. Thohn. ၃
4. Lay. ၄
5. Gnah. ၅

PART IV

ISLANDS

To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.

—*The Dunciad.*

CHAPTER XXII

THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS

I am always at night dreaming of islands in undiscovered seas, where all the people are Gods and fairies.—*Lafcadio Hearn.*

THESE islands will always be the Mecca of a traveller who wishes to escape for a time from the conventional life we most of us live.

The best way of visiting them is to proceed down-wind from East to West, going to the Marquesas from San Francisco or to the Society Islands by one of the New Zealand boats which use the route through the Panama Canal.[1] Another way is by the Canadian-Australian line from Vancouver which calls at Samoa. For short voyages there are a number of round cruises from Sydney and Auckland; and Cooktown is a good base for voyages to the Western Islands.

The principal groups of islands are of two kinds, volcanic and coral. The volcanic islands have beautiful and fantastic scenery, and the mountains are seamed with waterfalls. They are thickly timbered on the windward or East side. On the lee side, where there is less rain, slopes of coarse grass alternate with belts of trees. The coral islands are lower, are covered with dense groves of palms and have no cascades. The reefs surrounding the islands are usually a mile out to sea, and, as coral will not "grow" where fresh water runs into salt water, there is an opening in the reef at the mouth of every stream.

[1] These boats call at Kingstown, Jamaica, and a man going for a long journey could spend the winter in the West Indies and proceed in the Spring to Tahiti.

North of the Line there is a third but not very interesting kind of island, the Atolls or Lagoon Islands, stretching 5,000 miles in a great crescent from the Paumotus (" Cloud of Islands ") to the Pelews. They are all very low, never more than twenty feet above sea-level. If they lay further South in the hurricane belt, they would be uninhabited because the tidal waves formed by the storms would sweep clean over them. Seen from a few miles' distance, only the tips of the coco-nut palms are visible and the islands look like wreaths of flowers thrown on the sea. The southernmost of them are the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, which are only nine feet above high-water mark.

The climate in the islands is hot and close from October to March, after which the South-East trade wind blows. The best time to be there is from June to August, when, though the dew is very heavy, there are often weeks without rain. But the weather is generally fine all the time that the South-East trades are blowing (i.e. from April to December). During the period of the North-West trades (December to March) the weather is stormy and the hurricane months are December, January, and February.

Throughout the islands there are two dominant sounds which will ever remain in the traveller's memory: the low droning of the surf on the reef, and the high soft murmur of the trade wind in the palms.

The vegetation is gorgeous; tree ferns, twenty-five feet high, the bread-fruit tree with its beautiful leaves, and, of course, the ever-present palm trees. These grow best quite near the sea. By some miracle, no one seems ever to be hit on the head by a coco-nut, though they can be heard falling to the ground in all the groves.

Harmless sea-snakes are frequently seen, but there are no venomous snakes on the islands (except one found in the Solomons) and the only poisonous insects are scorpions and centipedes, and, at Tonga, a pest of hornets. The scorpions are like little lobsters an inch long, and you can find one by turning over any stone or log. The centipedes

are about a foot long, and usually reveal themselves by falling from the thatched roofs of the houses. The natives catch them when they fall, and hold them straight out by head and tail over the fire to roast them. The bite of both is painful, but not fatal.

Sunstroke is almost unknown, and with ordinary precautions a man can keep in the best of good health. Shun gin, the favourite tipple in the islands, take plenty of exercise to make you sweat, and be warned by the number of white men with one arm, whom you will come across in the Islands. This is due to the lazy practice of getting fish for food by exploding small charges of dynamite.

The natives can be roughly divided into two classes: the Polynesians in the eastern and the Melanesians in the western Pacific. The former are charming, handsome people with light, straight hair, and their good looks increase as they grow older; the latter are usually repulsively ugly and morose, their hair is black and curly, and they are given to betel-chewing and nose rings.

In the islands belonging to Great Britain, there is a heavy fine for giving spirits to a native, and, though there is a good deal of sly-grog traffic carried on by Indian and Chinese storekeepers, the regulation is, on the whole, well observed. Unfortunately the same cannot be said of islands which do not belong to us, and in all the groups the number of the natives is steadily dwindling, and gin and syphilis are doing their deadly work. The depopulation is also partly due to in-breeding. The Germans, when they owned some of the islands, devised a remedy characteristic of their colonial methods. In one of the islands of the Marshall group, just before the War, there had only been two births in a year, though there were 1,600 adult men and women. The Germans rounded up a hundred women, without asking whether they were married or not, and dumped them on another island, bringing back an equal number in their place.

Whether the missionaries have not done more harm than

good will always be a moot point. Before their coming, the natives were entirely healthy, and their morals were guarded by strict laws of *tabu*, handed down from generation to generation and enforced by the elders of their tribe. In the case of adultery, the offending man and woman were tied together to a coco-nut pole and pushed out from the beach into the lagoon. If the weight of their bodies turned the log over they were drowned, and if the current carried them out to sea they were scorched by the sun; but if, by gently paddling with their tied hands, they were able to regain the shore, they were pardoned. These laws have been to a large extent swept away and the result is disastrous. In the most missionary-ridden island, if a girl sees a white man looking at her with admiration, she will sidle up to him and say, "You likee me? You give me something, eh?" In the old days too, the natives kept their beautiful bodies clean and warm by rubbing in coco-nut oil. Now, if they are "Christian," they have flimsy clothes sent them by sentimental folk in Europe. Drenched in a sudden downpour, they do not change their clothes and fall easy victims to pleurisy and pneumonia. The returns of the number of conversions sent to the home Societies by the missionaries, though quite honestly compiled, must always be regarded with caution. Many of the natives join to please the missionary or to get a smattering of English at the schools. They lose their virtues and get our vices, and it is an undoubted fact that all over the East a resident Englishman will not dream of employing a Christian native as servant.[1]

[1] The moment a native becomes a Christian, he aspires to the white suit of the European and will do no work other than being a clerk. But the whole question is a difficult one, as may be seen by imagining the probable feelings of an Englishman if a Chinese Buddhist or a Japanese Shintoist arrived uninvited at his house with the professed determination of converting *him*. At any rate the traveller cannot but see the harm done to their work by the rivalry of the sects, nor help wondering why the different societies and churches have not the sense to parcel out the world in an amicable manner and so avoid clashing.

Everyone smokes in the South Seas, men, women, and children. Their method of preparing the tobacco is primitive. They take a green leaf, bruise it and throw it on the hot embers until it is dry. It is then shredded and smoked at once in a bamboo pipe or rolled into a cigarette with any piece of paper or dry leaf. The life is idyllic, and in not a few islands you will come across white men who have "gone native," usually, it must be confessed, with not very pleasing results.

English money is used in the Western Pacific, and Chilian dollars in the Eastern Pacific. They are worth 1s. 9d. each. The only English banks are at Suva and Levuka; and Apia, Pape-ete, and Suva are the only places where money has any value among the natives. At some of the islands (e.g. Woodlark Island) there is a curious form of money in use called Tomahawk stones, pieces of a dark-green jade chipped into the shape of a tomahawk and ground down. The thinner they are ground, the more valuable they become. Two shells also pass as money, a white shell with black spots and a red shell which is found under projecting ledges of coral. These are carried about and worn as armlets. Coarse salt is also "money" in some of the more remote islands.

A man can live on next to nothing, but the people are getting sophisticated, and, in the bigger islands, expect some return for their hospitality. Similarly, when a native gives you anything, he expects that later on you will give him a cotton handkerchief or a stick of tobacco. Remember that the amount of kindness which future travellers will receive depends on your generosity. After all, the cost is trifling; you buy sticks of tobacco, etc., in a store at white man's prices and trade them to the natives at brown man's prices. What this means is evident from the fact that 400 per cent. is the usual profit of traders in the South Seas. Silk handkerchiefs, cheap jewellery, and red cotton are always liked, but if you want to win the heart of an islander give him a tin of salmon. This is

called *pi-supo* by the Samoans, from their having years ago seen pea soup in similar tins.

Get away from the hotels and either live with the natives or hire a native hut. Spend much time on the reefs, watching the fish and the changing colours of the coral. But for bathing keep to the fresh-water pools used by the natives. The sea swarms with sharks, and your travels might be cut short in an unpleasant way. It is well to remember that if a line of men are swimming across a creek a shark will pick off the hindermost man for choice, and it is comforting to know that they prefer brown men to white.[1]

The ordinary dress of Englishmen in the islands is a white drill suit which can be bought "ready to wear" at the traders' stores. It is worn with a black cummerbund. A sun-helmet is not necessary in the cool season; it is better to wear one of the hats made by the natives of sinnet or plaited coco-nut fibre.

Inter-island traffic is carried on by little steamers and schooners. They are excellent sea-boats and have their decks caulked with putty instead of pitch to withstand the sun in the hot season. You cannot take too many of these voyages by which you go past countless tiny islands looking like baskets filled with ferns set in a heaven-blue sea. The schooners are usually four masted and have an auxiliary engine for use in calms, for the trade wind drops in the afternoon, and it is nearly always a dead calm round the islands at night. To get a passage on one of them, ask the customs officer at Suva or Apia if he knows of a decent skipper going round, and what he considers a fair price. Then see the skipper, and, if he likes you, he will often

[1] Every man's hand is against them and the sailors have a cruel practice of catching them with a lump of bacon (the best bait) and throwing them back into the sea after cutting off their fins, when they fall easy victims to their cannibal relations. The fins are dried in the sun and sold to Chinamen. The rest of the flesh is useless and stinks when cut up. It is a common thing to find seven or eight baby sharks inside the big one during the cutting up business, and there is a theory that the mother-shark swallows them when in danger. They are blind for several months after birth.

take you for nothing if you will add some whisky or marmalade to the ship's stores.

THE MARQUESAS

These beautiful islands were named after a Marquess of Mendoza who was Viceroy of Peru in 1595. They were discovered in that year by a Spanish adventurer called Mendana, but now belong to France. As your ship nears them you notice a delicate elusive smell of flowers. This is due to the blown pollen of the *cassi*, a bush with yellow flowers which carpets all the islands of this group and blooms all the year round. Indeed, sea-captains say that they can smell the Marquesas before they sight them.

The biggest island of the group, Nukahiva, is twenty miles long and has a rock-bound coast with three fine harbours. The town itself is beautiful, but the smell of copra is sickening to a newcomer. This is shelled coco-nut which is being dried in the sun before being exported. Life is made miserable too by the sandflies and mosquitoes, but these are both absent in the lovely valley of Akoni, and another jolly place, where life resembles the Garden of Eden, is Atuana.

The staple food of these islands is *poee-poee*, a sort of gruel made from the bread-fruit tree. It is handed to you in half a coco-nut shell; you put in your finger, twirl it about and suck it clean.

The physique of the natives is as near perfection as possible and the setting of their lives (apart from the mosquitoes) is that of the Islands of the Blest.

To enter a canoe is *tabu* for the women and so they have to swim off to visiting ships, and for some reason the men do the cooking.

The usual lamp in the South Sea Islands is a scooped-out melon, one third full of coco-nut oil, with a floating wick; but in this group there is a different method. A number of *armor* nuts are pierced and fastened together

with string. They are then twisted into a coil and the end one is lit. The ashes are saved and used in tatooing, at which the natives are experts. Polynesians dislike the darkness, and there are few huts where a lamp is not kept burning all night. When the delightful afterglow is finished everyone keeps indoors, unless there is a moon, when they will sometimes be out till dawn. The southern night is certainly uncanny with its constant draught, and moving and rustling of foliage.

Due west of the Marquesas lies an atoll called Manahiki, the Humphrey's Island of old charts. It belongs to Great Britain. The natives are delightful friendly folk and live on one of the most beautiful lagoons in the South Seas. They have a great reputation as singers and dancers. Their huts, of white coral stone or of reeds plastered with lime, nestle among the palm trees. In bad weather the ground is felt to shake, the spray drenches the tops of the palms, and, in places, water can be heard swishing beneath the soil. Thirty miles further on is the jolly island of Rakahanga where there are no whites and the people are equally friendly and kind. There is no barrier reef surrounding either of these islands, and you have an exciting landing in a native surf boat manned by the Islanders.

MARQUESA ISLANDS TALK

Eat.	Ki-ki.	Little girl.	Toatisi.
Water.	Wai.	Girl.	Whinhini.
Sleep.	Moee.	Fish.	Pe-hee.
Boy.	Tamaree.	Pork.	Puarkee.
Sand-flies.	Now-now.	Good.	Motarkee.
It is hot.	Vea-vea.	Farewell.	Kanho.

THE SOCIETY ISLANDS

These islands are 900 miles South-West of the Marquesas and were named in compliment to the Royal Society. They now belong to France.

The climate is good and the scenery lovely. The centre of the islands is in every case a high peak clad with tropical vegetation. It is not possible to cross the islands, but there are roads round the coasts, and the villages are all on the seashore. They usually cluster round a bay or creek, and are about a hundred yards back from the sea. Between the native huts (*warres*) and the shell-white beach runs a wide smooth path called the Broom Road. The name is derived from *Purumu*, meaning Lovers' Walk, and that it is no misnomer can be seen every evening.

Walk or drive round the fine road encircling the double island of Tahiti (pronounced "Tahaity"). The distance is 125 miles: to drive takes four days and to walk ten. A neck of land connects the North with the South island. There are villages at intervals all the way round; every one of them is a delight but the most charming is Tautira, which lies in a delicious situation with orange groves and grass-covered ground. The road round the North shore peters out at Papenoo, but there is a continuing path. The shore is honeycombed with the burrows of land-crabs, who scuttle home with surprising speed as you approach; but if you stand quite still, you will see their stalk eyes appear to spy if the coast is clear. Another fine walk of three hours is to Fautawa. The road follows a mountain torrent up a deep valley at the top of which the village nestles under the brooding crags. The central mountain of the island is called the Aorai and rises to a height of 8,000 feet. There is a beautiful inlet called Taloo Harbour on the other side of the big island, and you should certainly visit the near-by islet of Morea. You will have watched from Pape-ete harbour the sun set behind its fantastic peaks, in one of which is a large boring known as the giant's spear-hole. This island, which rises almost straight from the sea, is still in some maps called by its old name of Eimeo. You will be struck by the absence of birds; in fact, there are none except the Minah bird, which was introduced to exterminate the wasps.

It has done that very thoroughly and has itself become a pest.

Pape-ete, the capital, has a fine harbour, and is remarkable among Island towns for its cleanliness, and there is a beautiful avenue called the Fatava, where you should idle. The town lies stretched along the shady beach of a fine bay; a stone sea-wall extends along the sea front; a strip of grass lies between the wall and the main business street, and great trees grow within a few feet of the tideless sea. If you are made an honorary member of the *Cercle*, the local club, you will soon find that the French are the most homesick people on the face of the earth. The market starts at 5 a.m., and the show of tropical fruit and fishes is wonderful.

The people of the Society Islands are good-looking and friendly, and the half-castes are especially charming. The men are handsomer than the women, who are neat and graceful enough, but whose most striking quality is their good humour. When you see one who is not laughing or singing you may be sure that it is because she has yielded to fashion and has on stays and a pair of high-heeled shoes. The women spend much time washing themselves or their clothes, sometimes both together. Their walk is perfect, and they have glorious hair which they wear loose to show it off; if these women have a hat on, they take it off to salute you as you pass. They are great lovers of flowers (gardenias being their favourites), which they weave in wreaths made up with admirable taste. They are a merry folk, fond of nicknames and jokes, and it seems ungracious to pick out the faults of such gentle, childlike people; but it must be owned that they are careless, unpunctual, addicted to rum, and great gamblers. They steal like children, taking a thing which they fancy from your hut and openly wearing it before you as an ornament. Like all folk who live on islands they have soft speaking voices and are wonderful singers. Several hundreds will come together for the *himenes* or native singing parties,

and sing hymns to tunes which have been a little altered to fit the native music. As they sing they keep perfect time by clapping their hands, and the music always ends with a sort of wistful, long-drawn sigh. These meetings are held in the evenings after the usual meal of rice and orange leaf tea; and, as a bass to the singing, you have the deafening noise of the cicadæ or crickets.

The retail business of these French Islands is largely in the hands of the Chinese, who number as many as all the whites combined. At first they catered only for the Chinese coolies who were brought in to work on the plantations. They soon however gained such a reputation for honesty and fair dealing, and their prices were so cheap, that they secured the trade of the natives as well. The more I see of John Chinaman outside his own country, the better I like him. His word is to be trusted, he is polite and agreeable, and as honest as the day is long. He is everywhere welcomed as a husband by the native women of the South Seas, who see him to be considerate and kind to his wife and a doting father to his children.

The steamers which run between Tahiti and the Cook Islands call at Huahine and Raiatea, two fine islands to the North-West of Tahiti. Endeavour to go to Bora-bora, a little island to the West of Raiatea, which perhaps comes nearer to our notions of an earthly paradise than any island in the group. It has a splendid harbour surrounded by wooded cliffs 3,000 feet high and backed by the great central peak of the island. Get a native to take you in a canoe round the island inside the reef. Another beautiful small island is Taha.

SOCIETY ISLAND TALK

Welcome.	Yarana.
Come here. Food. Water.	Aramai. Ki-ki. Wai.
Whiteman. Encore!	Karhowree. Tapiti!
Yes. No. Where is——?	E. Aita. I hea——?
Come and sleep.	Haere mai taoto.

Come and eat. Good-bye.	Haere mai tamaá. Aroba.
Woman. Shark.	Vahine. Mao.
Thank you.	Mauruuru.
Noon, midnight, or high tide.	Tooerai-po.

All the year round the tide begins ebbing at noon and midnight and flows at sunrise (7 a.m.) and sunset.

THE COOK ISLANDS

This group of seven magnificent islands lies 600 miles South-West of the Society Islands and is nearly as beautiful. In old charts they are called Hervey Islands. The only "white" town in the group is at Rarotonga, but at a few places, as at Avarua, rest houses have been put up by the New Zealand Government, by whom the islands are administered.

There is a good road of twenty miles running round the main island. Driving, the circuit only takes three and a half hours, but it is better to have two easy days a-foot.

The people are merry, good-natured and of fine build, but not quite so charming as the Society Islanders. They have the same demonstrative affection but lack their in-born courtesy. And the girls are not so attractive in appearance; the foolish missionaries have persuaded them that clothing is ordained of God and all day long they wear ridiculous white night-dresses. The lads have taken greatly to bicycles which they ride at a headlong pace along the broom roads. They like the highest gear they can get, and though barefooted use rat-trap pedals.

The singing is wonderful and the bell-like booming of the men's basses reminds the traveller of the bass singers of Russia.

A delicious dish which they offer to a passing white man is a fruit salad with lime juice squeezed over it and smothered with coco-nut cream.

An unusual sight is the number of graves scattered at random over the islands, for they have no cemeteries.

The native churches are usually perfect in their way. They are made like the native huts and open to the wind, and contrast favourably with the hideous stone church at Rarotonga.

Take the little steamer which runs to Atiu and Mauki, two jolly islands. The best hats in the South Seas are made there.

To the North-West of the group is a beautiful island, Aitukaki. The reef there is further from the beach than in most of the islands and inside the reef is a string of uninhabited islets, each of which is a gem.

COOK ISLAND TALK

Yes. No.	Ay. Kowry.	Sleep.	Kamoia.
Good-day.	Urana quoi.	Tobacco.	Owowa.
Come here.	Arama.	Matches.	Matchee.
Fish.	Eka.	England.	Hiree.
House.	Furry.	Rest house	Whare manu-
Boat.	Pie.		hire.

TONGA OR THE FRIENDLY ISLANDS

These lie a thousand miles down-wind from the Cook Islands and are a British Protectorate with a comic opera native king.

There are three great islands :—Tongatabu, Haabai, and Vavau. They lie in a line and are so close that you can get from one to another in a whale-boat.

The capital is at Nukalofa in the island of Tongatabu, but the most delectable island is Vavau, the other two being quite low. This is a splendid volcanic island, and as the steamers which make the round journey from Auckland put into its matchless harbour, the leisurely traveller will do well to " stop over " for a month.

The boat ties up at the quay of the little town of Neiafu in the midst of great orange groves, with glorious vegetation growing out of the red, volcanic soil. There is no

hotel, but any of the handful of white traders living there will put you up, or you can trust, as I did, to the hospitality of the natives, who live up to their name. There is no sandy shore here and you bathe from the rocks. Get up before dawn and dive in just as the sun rises out of the sea. On the way back knock off and eat as many oranges as you like. They have a dark-green skin here, and the local fashion is to peel them with a knife *away* from you, leaving the white inner covering. You then cut away the top and have a bag full of delicious juice. Never suck a South Sea orange in the way we do in England; because the skin is full of essential oil and blisters the lips.

The roads are of grass and do not extend beyond the little town, but lovely paths link up the villages. Looking back along one of these, you see your track plainly marked by the sensitive plants which you have trodden on and shrivelled up for the time being.

After a week or so get away to the East end of the island. This is called Liku and the people are quite unspoilt. Indeed, a doctor told me that in all this group there is no venereal disease, which is always the lamentable result to the natives of contact with civilization. On the way you will pass several burial places shaded by the sweeping boughs and tassel-like foliage of *casuarina* trees. The tombs are marked by black stones, and the surrounding ground is sanded and kept clear of weeds.

The natives are stalwart and good-looking and walk with a swaggering gait. They oil themselves liberally and like to wear a scarlet hibiscus behind the ear. When they wish you to enter their houses, they wave their hands as we should for "be off." I noticed that, though the men always sit cross-legged, the women never do; instead, they tuck the legs away on one side and have one foot always waggling. If you show them anything which they like, they express their admiration by nodding their heads and making the click we use for urging on a horse. A gramophone, or man-in-the-box as they call it, causes unbounded

amazement. They are quite convinced that an invisible person lies within, and think it big magic on your part to have confined him there. They make a mournful music with a nose-flute (*fango-fango*), putting it up one nostril and closing the other with a finger, and a kind of jew's harp (*kofi*), which they soften to mellowness by wrapping a thread round its tongue, is also a favourite with them.

When a man sneezes he is supposed to be thinking of his wife or sweetheart and so the others present call out *of a* (love). In Fiji they say *mbula* (good health) and in Samoa *sofua* (bless you). In a canoe it brings bad luck to cough or to spit over the side, but sneezing is harmless.

The women have the loveliest eyes in the South Seas, and their scanty dress is of all colours. They will ask you to let them dress your hair Tonga fashion (*Faka Tonga*). By all means let them as it is very refreshing, and the artist is always a beautiful girl.

FRIENDLY ISLAND TALK

Greeting.	Marlólelei. (reply Io).	A dance.	Hula hula.
		Bravo!	Marlo.
I want —.	Govy.	Pretty.	Fokoffaoffa.
Food.	Kai.	How much?	He fear?
Drink.	Vi.	1, 2.	Taha, ua.
Fish.	Vikai.	3, 4.	Tolu, fa.
I. You.	Koe. Kokoi.	5, 10.	Nina, ooloo.
Coco-nut.	Nieu.	Far, near.	Lahi ever, si-si ever.
I want to sleep.	Teu fia mohe.	Come here.	Hargyhenny.
A present.	Offer a koi.	Go away.	Arloo.
Yes. No.	Io. Ekai.	Good-bye.	Nofua (reply Aloo-ur).
Thank you.	Marlo obito.		
Is this the way to—?	Guhao everever a—?	English.	Peretania.

THE FIJI ISLANDS

These islands, 300 miles to the West of Tonga, have belonged to Great Britain since 1874. The name is a corruption of Viti, the largest of the group being called Viti Levu, or Great Viti.

The climate is only fairly good, and residents are convinced that it is getting worse. The rainfall on the windward side is very heavy, and Suva, the capital, is situated in the rainiest part of the main island. The cool season is in June and July, but if you arrive about 1 April, you can count on six months of fairly good weather. The South-East trade winds blow all the year round, except from December to March, during which period the heat becomes stifling and the rains fall in torrents. If you keep moving about from island to island, and so getting change of air, you will have little difficulty in preserving good-health; but be careful to attend to any trifling cut because "Fijian Sores" and lockjaw often follow neglected wounds. These islands, like the New Hebrides, lie right in the hurricane track. March, the worst month, seldom passes without a blow. During a hurricane the rain is so torrential that you cannot see three yards in front of you, and unless you can get under the lee of some wall or tree, it is difficult to breathe owing to the force of the wind, which bends back the coco-palms until their tops touch the ground.

There are no thorny plants in the scrub, which consists mainly of hibiscus, a plant with bluish-grey leaves and rose-coloured flowers; but there are two evil plants which you should get a native to point out to you, so that you may avoid touching them. One is the *Kaukaro*, or itch plant, which exudes a villainous milky juice; the other is the *Salato*, or tree-nettle, a showy tree with large, glossy leaves, veined with red and white.[1]

You will probably land at Suva, a town watered by many

[1] Some other and more likeable plants, are the taro, a great arum lily, which is often planted at the side of house doors to keep off devils;

rivers, but otherwise commonplace. Do not stay there long but get away into the country. For a mere glimpse of native life take the launch up the Rewa River and get off at the first stopping-place. There are a dozen native "towns" within half an hour's walk, and you have four hours before the launch comes back. For a jaunt of a few days' duration, take the launch to the Navua River, and either walk or go by canoe up to Namosi, a fine native town. Return by canoe down the Waidina River and pick up the Rewa launch at Viria. A longer journey starts by the Rewa launch to Nausori, which is as far as it goes. Here another little steamer takes you to Viria and yet another to Vunidawa, where you start your walk. A guide (*tubera*) is not necessary, or, at least, you will have more fun if you go alone. A large scale map of this island (and of the others in the group) can be bought for a shilling at the Government printing office at Suva, and wherever the telephone wires run there is a path beneath them. From Vunidawa, then, follow the telephone wire to Nasongo and Nandarivatu, where you *should* engage a guide for the difficult stretch of country to Natuatuathoko, and return down to Singatoka River. Carry only a dry change of clothes wrapped in waterproof cloth and a number of

yam, a climber with leaves like the convolvulus, usually grown up reeds; the papaw, which looks like a natural umbrella, and the ti-tree, or dracœna, the roots of which taste like liquorice and are, indeed, used by the natives instead of sugar. There are not so many flowers here as in the other islands but the ferns are exquisite, especially a climbing variety called by the natives Wa Kalou, or God Fern. The bananas are the best in the world and there is a variety called the rose-banana which tastes like an apricot. The lantana shrub at one time seemed likely to become a pest; but the Government scientists introduced from Honolulu a fly which lays its eggs in the seed-berries. When they hatch, the grubs eat out the berries and the spread of the plant is checked. A more dangerous weed, for which no antidote has yet been found, is Kester's Curse. Though it is a native of Venezuela it is supposed to have been imported with some coffee plants from Ceylon. It was first noticed in the stable yard of a jobmaster at Suva, called Kester, and it is now rampant on all the islands of the group. I myself thought it looked very much like the American Huckleberry.

threepenny-bits and light presents, such as aluminium thimbles, and collapsible drinking cups. The *Buli*, or chief man of the village, will put you up for the night.

The sugar cane district can best be seen round Lautoka, where you can take a train to Tavua or Ba. A great number of Indians are employed on these lands. As you meet them on the paths they step aside with a respectful "Salaam, sahib," to which you reply "Salaam." The scenery hereabouts is, of course, flat and dull and you have all the time to be using your fly-whisk. It is fun, though, because the journey costs nothing, the company being obliged, in return for Government concessions, to carry passengers, white or brown, for nothing.

Levuka, the old British capital, is on a small island eleven miles from the main island. The hills rise to 3,000 feet behind the narrow strip of level ground on which the town is built, and it is worth while climbing up a little way for the sake of the enchanting view. Ten or so islands are in sight, but the prettiest thing is the colour of the sea. Outside the reef it is a purple indigo, inside the lagoon, blue, and the reef makes a submarine rainbow between the two. Mbau, the old Fijian capital, is on another island close by. Before visiting it, it is well to get a letter of introduction to the *Roko*, or chief man.

Vanua Levu, the second great island, is bare and rocky for the most part, but has one idyllic spot, Savu Savu, with a landlocked harbour studded with islets.

A subsidized steamer and many cutters carry on the inter-island traffic. I do not care much for Taviuni, the so-called garden isle of the Fijis, as the great number of coco-nut plantations there are not so beautiful as the natural bush. Lakemba and Kandavu are more to my taste, and especially Vanua Balavu—a long island with many islets inside the reef. The coast of this island is wilder and the cliffs are eaten away by the action of the waves. Indeed, many of the smaller rocks off the coast have been so eroded that they resemble mushrooms. An interesting

small island is Fulanga, where the harbour, entered through a natural arch, has a hundred islands studded about it. When I went there the natives had not seen a white man for over a year, and ran away into the bush. I had to send my Fiji boy to reassure them before they would return, shy and ready to run at any alarm. At the neighbouring island of Kambarra the natives had had no drinking water for six months, a surprising thing in so wet a climate. Still, they showed me their great stone cistern which was quite dry and told me that they had been drinking coco-nut milk all the time.

The natives are foppish and vain, but honest, courteous and hospitable. They have an extraordinary laugh, resembling nothing so much as that of a Laughing Jackass. They approach Africans in type, being black, with broad noses and hair fiercely frizzed. They are very curious, and will watch your every action. They are certainly lazy, their old occupation of fighting is now out of date and they have no ambition to find other work. You will often see a native woman after breakfast throw herself on the mats and not move until it is time to prepare the next meal. The whites would say that she has Malua fever, *malua* meaning to-morrow, but a glance at the backwardness of the colony will show that the habit of putting off until to-morrow what should be done to-day is not confined to the natives. The men are fond of carrying a fourteen-inch knife which they use for all sorts of purposes, and it is on account of his resourcefulness in emergencies that a Fiji " boy " makes so excellent a companion in going about the islands. They are expert woodmen and canoists, sailing their boats gunwale under and bailing out the water with a curious backward kick of the foot. They have also the reputation of being the best house-builders in the Pacific. It is true that the houses are built only of wood, reeds, leaves, and string ; but they are weather proof, comfortable, and perfectly suited to the climate.

These houses are raised above the ground on stones, and have only one room. The walls are of reeds with an outer coating of dried leaves and the door-posts are the black stems of tree ferns, bound about with sinnet in patterns of brown and black. Near the door stands a wooden bowl of water for washing the feet and a traveller should kick off his boots before treading on the mats, which are scrupulously clean and cover a layer of soft, dry grass. The further end of the room is raised a few inches, forming a sort of daïs, and it is a compliment to be asked to sit on it. The interior is dark and gloomy, the doors being the only openings. There is no chimney, and the fireplace is simply a hollow in the middle of the floor enclosed by logs of the coco-palm. Fleas are seldom present, but there are many cockroaches. These are devoured by large spiders, whose nests are not disturbed, as a reward for this commendable service. For the cockroaches nibble your finger nails at night and are especially fond of eating the stitches out of your boots unless you hang them up. You will be sure to be told the yarn of the skipper, whose boat was so infested with them that he sank her for a week, only to find them as bad as ever when he got her up and pumped the water out of her.

Every village has its church, a copy of a native house with a more liberal use of the sinnet decoration on the pillars and rafters. There are no offertories and the men sit on one side and the women the other. The people are very fond of religion, and family prayers are said every day with unaffected devotion.[1]

No natives in the South Seas are fonder of dancing, and the frowns of the missionaries have been powerless to check the loved pastime. A common figure is two great circles

[1] They always finish with the Grace which the traveller soon comes to recognize. It sounds like this: "A loloma ni nonda Turanga ko Jisu Karisito, kai na loloma ni kalou ko Tamanda, kai na veilomani ni Yalo Tambu metiko vei kenda kieega ongo katawa mundu. Emeni." The largest native sect is the Wesleyans, closely followed by the Roman Catholics, here called Popi.

working in opposite directions, but some of the dances are elaborate and poetical representations of natural happenings, such as the rising of the stars, the surf breaking on the reef or the hauling-in of a fishing net. Wonderful time is kept in these dances by a measured clapping of the hands.

The other great pastime is eating, and, though there are only two meals a day (at ten and four), each meal is a feast, and the favourite dish, roast pork, is seldom absent. Mussel shells are used for taking the soup, and coco-nut shells for drinking from; all food is taken by the finger and thumb. Kava, the native drink of the South Seas, is here called Yangona. It looks like gruel and tastes like soapy water with a dash of peppermint, or, if that sounds too unappetizing, like rhubarb mixed with magnesia. It acts as a sleeping draught, and, taken in moderation, is harmless and even wholesome. Drunk to excess, it causes inflammation of the eyes and a fishy scaliness upon the skin. A man who is intoxicated with it is aware of all that is going on about him, because, though it paralyses the muscles, it does not affect the brain. The coco-nut bowls in which it is served acquire in time a fine, blue enamel which is called the bloom. As it is handed to you, clap your hands slowly and softly and say *Mbula* (good health) to the lad who gives it into your hands. It is good form to spin back to its proper place by the bowl the coco-nut shell from which you have drunk, and, as you do this, the men cry "*Ah-h-maca*" (it is empty). It is an ideal drink after a long walk on an empty stomach, driving away all feeling of fatigue and in a moment quenching your thirst. So learn not to dislike it, but, in all the islands, take for choice the milk of a green coco-nut, a delicious drink which you can safely take even when you are hot.[1]

[1] Only half-grown nuts are used for drinking and the husk is removed by striking them on a pointed stake stuck in the ground. Each nut contains about a pint and a half of "milk" which is clear,

Cigarettes, wrapped in banana leaf, are smoked by men and women alike, and the spitting is as incessant as in China or Brazil.

The strange appearance of the natives of this group is largely due to the way they do their hair. That of the men is fuzzed out in a great, loose ball, that of the women cut back to four inches and made tawny by being washed with lime. The children have shaven polls with a few tufts of hair left growing.

In temperament they are like most of us, friendly and emotional. When you sneeze they say "*Mbula*" (good health to you) to which you reply "*Mole*" (thanks), and in saying farewell they cry freely and smell each other all over. They are great fidgets, moving in and out of the house all night. The night greeting is "*Sa mothe?*" (lit. are you asleep?) to which the correct reply is *Roa roa* (till to-morrow morning), but if you are tired and annoyed by their solicitude say "*sa legge mothe*" (let me go to sleep). Unabashed they will greet you in the morning with many repetitions of "*Siandra*" (are you awake)?

Regularly every year, in the last quarters of the moons of October and November, vast quantities of annelid worms (*Palolo*) rise to the surface of the sea between midnight and dawn and cover it like a scum of green and brown vermicelli. Each worm is like a bit of string six to twenty inches long, the males being reddish and the female green. They swim with a wriggling movement like snakes, and if broken each piece swims off as though it were an entire worm. The catching of them is one of the romps of the

colourless, and cold. The coco-nut palm is always in flower and always has on it nuts at different stages of development; it grows only close to the sea and is never perpendicular having a tilt in one direction or another. The great enemy of the planters is the rhinoceros beetle which bores into the leader of the palm and lays its eggs there. The natives are encouraged to catch them and their grubs, and receive a reward for each one captured. In the Samoan Islands one day a week has to be spent by every grown man in searching for them.

year, and it is wonderful with what accuracy the wise men of the coast villages are able to predict the date of their annual recurrence, considering that they are only on the surface for half an hour at dead low water. On the great night the lagoon is crowded with torch-lit canoes and every one works frantically, skimming the worms up with a piece of mosquito netting tied to a forked twig, and ladling them into every available vessel. The natives eat them raw on the spot, because the sun spoils them. They taste like oysters and seaweed, or, when cooked, like caviare and spinach.

The language is easy and beautiful, and the accent is nearly always on the penultimate syllable. A number of the words are plainly derived from the English,[1] and they are fond of double-words.[2] Like a mumbling parson they put an "m" before c and b, and an "n" before d, g, and q.

FIJI ISLAND TALK

Welcome. Good-day.	Si andra.
Where is the chief man?	Evay na nambooly?
I want a house (to sleep in).	Quao savēa na vally (na
Food. Bread.	Kakána. Mundrai. mōthy).
I want a drinking coco-nut.	Savea na nu.
Salt.	Na massima.
Banana-leaf cigarette.	Salooka.
Fiji fashion.	Vaka Viti.
Very nice.	Vinákka sára.
Thank you.	Savanaka.
Dance.	Mekky-mekky.
Bravo!	Vinakka vinakka!
Come here. Take care.	Lakkomai. Maroroya.
Hurry up! Wait a bit.	Kusa-kusa! Malua.
Yes, sir.	Eo, saka.
No, Lord.	Singi, Turanga.
What is your name?	Na tharva na thanna quago?
Married; single.	Vakamou; una.

[1] E.g., seepi, mutton; goti, goat; pussi, cat; bullamakow, beef.
[2] E.g., luma luma, twilight; velo velo, canoe; mothe mothe, bed.

How old are you ?	Ayveeva nam baccy ?
1, 2, 3, 4.	Dua, rua, tolu, va.
5, 6, 7, 8.	Leema, ono, vitu, walu.
9, 10, 11.	Theewa, tini, tini kai dua.
20, 30.	Rua sanga vula. Tolu sanga vula.
What do you want ?	Natharva savea ?
How much ?	Navitha na lavvu ?
Too dear.	Sarlevvu na lavvu.
Get away (waving hand).	Larko-larko.
Is this the way to Latoka ?	Ekai na sala may lakko Latoka ?
Far. Near.	Sa yowa. Sa vollekka.
I want to go fishing.	Savea towta na ēka.
I want a bathe.	Savea larko sēsēly.
A present.	Lalooma.
Good-bye.	Sarmōthy.

SAMOA

The islands of this group lie about 600 miles to the North-East of the Fijis and are shared by Great Britain and the United States. They are the Navigator Islands of old maps. They are clothed with fine timber, and, approaching them from the sea, the delicious land smell is more marked than elsewhere.

The climate is good and there is a long " cool " season lasting from April to October, when the South-East trades are blowing. The rains fall from December to March. June and July are the coolest and September and October the hottest months ; but house-flies and mosquitoes abound all the year, and everyone has a flywhisk which is hung over the shoulder when not in use.

The seas about the Samoas are very phosphorescent ; and in May and June the fore-shore is often picked out in lines of liquid fire.

The bush is gloomy, but the strange *ivi* tree is common ; its buttressed stem makes a comfortable arm-chair when

you are wandering about. The *salata*, or stinging-nettle bush grows here. It has glossy, heart-shaped leaves with red veins at the back of them. If you are stung, snip off the leaves from one of its twigs, peel it, and use it to rub the place. In the gardens *bougainvillea*, *dracœna*, and *thunbergia* grow like weeds.

The natives are very fine fellows, unspoilt, courteous and hospitable. They hold themselves very upright and are exquisitely tattooed from below the knee to the navel, back and front. This is done when they are about seventeen years old, and is, I suppose, the sign that they have reached manhood. I have never seen a *lean* Samoan, in fact the development of the men is such that a number of them have breasts nearly as large as a woman's. I think the local form of fishing may have something to do with this. A net is let down round a bit of the lagoon and a few men wearing goggles go under the water and spear the fish enclosed, staying under water an astonishing time and of course holding their breath. Women wear their hair cut short, but the men have a long coil tied in a knot at the side or back of the head.

The Samoans are the aristocrats of the South Sea Islanders in sobriety and self-respect, strong drink having no attraction for them. They walk with lordly strut and are too proud to unload the ships, which has to be done by Niué boys brought from Savage Island for the purpose.[1] They are non-moral rather than immoral. Of fifty men in the prison the last time I was there, twenty-three were being punished for rape, which in their eyes is no crime.

The lads have a game called *Totago* which I have not seen

[1] You can always tell a Niué boy in the South Seas because he dresses in trousers and overalls when he can. His island was called Savage Island by Captain Cook because the natives, when excited or angry, rushed about (as they still do) with their eyes gleaming and their beards between their teeth. The island lies 1000 miles West of Tahite, and is 50 miles round and only 20 feet high. The climate is cool and dry. As in the Cook Islands, there are no cemeteries and a dead man is buried in his own garden, the paths being often lined with these tombs. The chief villages are Alofi and Avatele.

elsewhere ; in it a long, light rod from which the bark has been peeled is thrown a distance after striking the ground just in front of the thrower. The women have a very attractive walk, swinging their arms much further *behind* them than other women do. The Apia girls have got the habit of chewing gum from their sisters in the American Samoan islands and they chew it with a peculiar click which you can hear as they pass you. The little children, as in most of the South Sea Islands, have enormous bellies, but on reaching five years of age they become normal.

Nowhere has the Christian religion been more heartily received. In every village there is a native missionary and a church. The Wesleyans have the greatest number of converts, closely followed by the Roman Catholics (here called Popo, after the Pope). There are also small bodies of such unexpected sects as the Latter Day Saints (Mormons) and Baptists. All these missions extract a great deal of money from the natives, and are not in the least in need of charitable contributions from home. Indeed, they own very valuable estates on the Islands, left to them by pious members of their flocks. One of the first questions put to a traveller in the villages is whether he is " Christian " or Catholic. The day begins with the singing of a native hymn and at dusk, when the rose of the afterglow dies out of the upper sky, a symbolical fire is lit for a few moments and the head of the house makes up a prayer, in the course of which you will hear your own name in a petition that your " *melanga,*" or journey, may be safe and pleasant. Sunday is scrupulously observed and you cannot even induce a native to climb a palm on that day to get you a coco-nut.

The native houses are airy and picturesque, being ovals or circles of posts with a thatched roof, and the lawns round the houses are beautifully kept. All refuse is burnt and there are no bad smells. The floor is of black pebbles raised about two feet from the ground and there are lattices all round which can be let down in case of driving rain. There are no fleas in the bed mats. The natives go

wild if they see one and do not rest until the great capture has been made. Many of them still use the bamboo pillow standing on four legs and sometimes they put a snake inside it, saying that its hissing sends them to sleep. *Your* better plan, if you have to use one, is to blow through it to get rid of any lurking mosquitoes.

When you enter one of these houses you should say *Talofa* (my love to you) and at once sit down on one of the mats. It is bad form not to sit cross-legged or at least without one leg doubled under you. This is not really uncomfortable if you can get your back against a post; but if you feel you must sit with your legs stretched out, keep one foot crossed over the other. Of course, it is second nature to the natives to sit in this way and they even get one foot to rest on the top of the other knee, an attitude which I could never acquire. This foot is always kept a-waggle by the women, who are curiously fidgety. The children, too, are never still except when asleep. After a few minutes *Kava* will be made for you, a drink which you will not appreciate until you find that it has the remarkable property of removing all feeling of fatigue. The root is prepared nowadays by being grated between two stones and then stirred about in water. In the old days girls used to chew it before the water was added. When it is ready all present clap their hands once or twice and the names of the men who are to drink are called out in order of precedence. The girl who has made it brings you a coconut-shell-full when your name is called and hands it to you with a graceful sweeping gesture. Before drinking it, spill a few drops on the stones, say *manuia* (good luck) to the company and drink it at a draught, afterwards throwing the dregs on to the pebbles between the mats. Most white men get very fond of this drink which quenches the thirst at once and leaves a delightfully clean taste in the mouth; but if you *don't* want it, accept the bowl and return it to the girl undrunk.

The staple food is *talo*, a root which I could never bring

myself to like, tasting as it does like an insipid, gummy potato; but bananas, eggs, fish and pigeons were usually to be had.

After being entertained, give some little present. It need not be money but a handkerchief or a piece of cotton for making *lava-lavas*, the waist-cloth shaped like a towel. You throw your gift at the man's feet. He says thank you in a cold sort of way and does not pick it up or examine it until you have said *Tofa* (good-bye) and gone away. When *you* receive a gift, you should raise it to your lips in token of thanks.

A charming feature of these islands is that in each village there is a maiden called the *Taupou*, a sort of permanent Queen of the May, whose duty it is to attend to strangers and arrange little festivities to amuse them. She is usually the virgin daughter of a chief and is often the best *siva-siva* dancer in the village. In some places she will sleep on the same mat under the same mosquito net as yourself. *You must not touch her.* It is a survival of the old form of hospitality by which a visiting chief had the prettiest maid of the village given to him for his use. You may, however, ask her to give you a *lomi-lomi*. This is a native form of massage in which the muscles are gently kneaded, and it is very refreshing for a tired man. They have another way called *mili-mili* in which any aching part is soothed with the finger tips.

Throughout the South Seas the poor traveller should get away from the big islands and find some little island where the people are unspoilt and where he can live for next to nothing. Such an island in this group is Apolima, the approach to which is one of the most exciting things in the world. The entrance to the lagoon is so narrow that the boatmen cannot use their oars and have to shoot in on the crest of a breaker. Besides, the entrance has a turn in it and very delicate steering is required. The tiny village is in an old crater, the broken lip of which gives access to the harbour. But the people in the country villages of

Upolo, the main island, are unsophisticated and you need not go farther. The walk round this island took me ten days. There is a track shaded by trees all the way, but between Falefa and Amalie, where for twenty miles it climbs over old lava ravines, the going is very difficult. Indeed, I got lost and had to sleep one night in the bush; nor would I again walk the same stretch alone and without a guide. After Amalie the path is again level and easy. At Salani there is a river to ford which you can make an excuse for a bathe. At Vaiee a lagoon runs in from the sea. Its mouth is only two hundred yards across and it *can* be waded at low water but it is best to cross in a canoe as there are sharks about. The seven miles between Faleseela and Falelatai are very beautiful, going over an ancient lava field now covered with virgin bush, by a path which is well graded and easy to follow.

Coco-nut groves fringe the sea shore most of the way round the island and you constantly hear them dropping to the ground. It is comforting to remember that they never hit anybody. The Samoans say of them that they have three eyes to see where they are falling. You will everywhere see fallen nuts which have been hollowed out by the landcrabs and there is one big fellow which actually climbs up the palms and cuts off the nuts. The natives catch him in an ingenious way. When the great crab is at the top of the tree, they go up the notch-steps (cut in in the palms of this island) and tie a wisp of coarse grass round the stem twenty feet or so from the ground. The crab, coming down and feeling the grass, thinks that he is at the bottom, lets go and is stunned by the fall, when he is killed by the natives, who know what good eating he will make. If a land crab gets hold of you, tickle his soft underside with any light material and he will let go.

Before starting on a jaunt in the islands, get a map from the Government Surveyor in Apia and ask him to give you a letter in Samoan addressed to the *Pulenus* or chief men of the villages, explaining who you are. It should mention

that you want to see the native dances and should have a postscript asking the reader to give it back to you so that you may be able to show it to the next chief man. The language is not hard to learn. Every letter is sounded, the words always end in a vowel and the accent is on the last syllable but one. There is no letter r, they called me Filani, their version of Frank, and they have a famous farewell song: "Good-bye, my Flennie."

SAMOAN TALK

Greeting. Yes. No.	Talofa. E-oy. Lay-i.
Is this the way to ——?	E fair ——?
Near. I want.	Lakkomai. Fear arloo.
Food. Fish. Eggs.	Kai-kai. I'a. Fuamóa.
Banana. Pigeon.	Fa'i. Lupe.
Banana-leaf cigarette.	Silooey.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5.	Tasi, lua, tolu, fa, lima.
Fly-whisk. London.	Fua. Lonatona.
Pretty *or* nice. Bravo!	Lellay. Marlie!
Please accept.	Fa'a fear fear tali.
Thank you.	Fa'a fettai.
Good luck to you.	Soifua.
I don't understand.	Kilelōa.
Sleep well.	Mo'e lelei.
Guest-house.	Falatele.
I am hungry.	Fear I.
I am thirsty.	Fear ingu.
To-day.	Sow inga.
To-morrow.	Areu.
Good-bye.	Tofa.

It would be pleasant to be able to add that the Samoans are glad to become part of the British Empire. No doubt this would have been the case twenty years ago, but unfortunately it is not so to-day.

To give the devil his due, the Germans during their fourteen years' tenure of the islands ruled them wisely and

well. They sent first-rate men—Dr. Solf and Dr. Schultz—to administer them, and having made good laws, saw to it that they were obeyed. The German planters and traders, too, laid themselves out to be liked; and it is not too much to say that, without any display of military force, they secured not only the respect but even the affection of the natives.

Again, it is a sore point with the Samoans that they are not under England, but under New Zealand. Now, the Samoan loves to be under a *big* chief, and he regards New Zealand as but a little one; and then the terrible Influenza epidemic of 1918, in which a fifth of the native population died, was brought by a New Zealand ship, and the superstitious Samoans naturally regard it as an ill-omened beginning for the new state of things.

For the rest, the iron hull of the German warship "Adler" is still high and dry on a ledge of coral close to the town and is likely to remain for many years, being too far inshore to be buffeted by the waves. The Germans, not liking to see one of their ships in such a plight, tried to blow her up, but only broke her in two.

Stevenson's bungalow, "Vailima," has been enlarged and is now the Government House. There is no longer any view from his hill-top tomb, the bush having grown up round it.

THE NEW HEBRIDES

This archipelago is made up of thirteen big islands and many small ones, and is jointly occupied by Great Britain and France.

The climate is fairly good from May to October and the scenery is very fine.

The natives are ugly and morose. The men live in a *Gamal* or club-house where the floor is divided into squares for the different castes. The distinction is very jealous and each caste has its own fire.

The national dish is *lap-lap*, a paste of breadfruit or of

taro cooked between red-hot stones. It is insipid by itself and so is eaten with a sauce of coco-nut or of maggots! The number of pigs running about is amazing, but in all Melanesia the pig is the current coin. One woman costs five pigs. The apparent tusks of the male pigs are due to a distressing custom the natives have of knocking out the top eye teeth when the animals are born. The lower ones then grow right through the jaw, and their length enhances the value of the pig.

The language is different in every island, and even in every village, but there is a Pidgin English of about fifty words understood everywhere. It is called *Beach la mar*.[1]

It is best to stay on the steamer when visiting these islands, and French boats make a good round of three weeks from Sydney. The prettiest places are the land-locked harbour of Port Sandwich, the Canal du Segund between Santo and Malo, and the little island of Veo.

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS

The Spaniard Mendoza discovered these eight islands in 1568 and gave them their name, hoping that his countrymen would think that he had found the islands from which Solomon obtained gold for the Temple at Jerusalem. The ruse did not stir their interest, and the islands were "lost" again until the French navigator Bougainville re-discovered them in 1768. They now belong to us.

The North group of islands are flat, and the South group mountainous. Malaita and Florida are the wildest and most picturesque, and if you go round on an auxiliary schooner you will see some strange sights. The natives are, as a rule,

[1] E.g. *Savvy*, do you understand? *Mary belong him*, his woman.
Too much, very much. *Fish he stop*, plenty of fish here.
What name, what for? *Bimeby*, soon.
Plenty, many. *Fella*, one thing (3 fella, 3 things, etc.).
Cross, angry.
A constant exclamation is "My Word," and it was no doubt picked up from some New Zealand sailors.

ugly and surly, but at Simbo the prettiest small island, I found them friendly enough. At Rubiana, too, a group of small islands lying in a lagoon, I was well received and paid my way with pipes, sticks of tobacco and jews' harps, all of which are good trade.

The islands are outside the hurricane belt and there is fine weather for eight months from March onwards; but there are absolutely no roads, and mosquitoes and house-flies swarm.

The women are the veriest drudges and are forbidden to enter the *tambu* houses or temples. The food is taro, fish, and *ngali* nuts which are just like Brazils. The language, I was told, varies in the different islands. The dialect at Simbo sounded to me as follows and it is significent of the people's character that I came across no "greeting" or word for "thank you."

SOLOMON ISLAND TALK

Yes. No. I want.	Ouvee. N'di. Omài.
Food. Drink. House.	Ganny. Eenoo. Vana.
Coco-nut milk. Fish.	Soora. Ika.
Sleep. How much?	Moi. Kaveesa?
Ship (auxiliary). Girl.	Vaka (fondala). Mangōta.
Pretty. Go away!	Leana. Alu ki fear!

Of the other islands hereabouts not much need be said—Noumea, in New Caledonia, is a dismal, unfinished place and the Gilbert islands are not a white man's country. The natives manage to thrive on coco-nuts and *pandanus*, the soil of broken coral producing nothing else, but Europeans have to live on tinned foods. The fish, as everywhere in the tropics, are tasteless. In the great island of New Guinea, though it is outside the hurricane zone, there is a never-ceasing wind, often half a gale, which blows all the year round. The rainy season is from November to March, and about Christmas-time there are remarkably

sudden rainstorms and short-lived tempests and the temperature changes very rapidly. The capital, Port Moresby, is an unhealthy place with one bad hotel. There are no streets of houses, but bungalows scattered in clearings of the jungle. It has not even a harbour and the ships anchor two miles out. The chief commercial centre, Samarai, a beautiful, tiny island with avenues of *crotons*, is however quite healthy, and the natives are cheerful and clean but untrustworthy, like their brothers on the main land. Indeed, it is necessary to call out *kia-kia* (peace) when approaching a house (*dubu*) in the interior of the great island; but so long as you do not get excited or flurried, when a swarm of natives surround you, there is little or nothing to fear. Calmness and firmness have a magical effect on them; and it is a good plan to treat them like schoolboys, keeping your temper and showing confidence in them, rather than expecting them to give trouble. A present of tobacco is always accepted with gratitude. It is called *suku* inland and *kuku* on the coast. Like all islanders, the Papuans are great lovers of flowers, and the women seen wearing garlands of the scarlet, bell-shaped hibiscus wish to be courted. All oil themselves freely. On the whole the natives are as unsophisticated as any in the western Pacific. The real currency is black tobacco, made up into sticks, of which twenty-four go to the pound. Matches, big fishing-hooks, and mirrors are also good truck. A great delicacy with them is a maggot as big as one's thumb, which thrives in rotting palm trunks. Pigs, as everywhere in the South Seas, are much esteemed and I have heard (but I have not seen it) that the women here suckle little pigs so as to bring their flesh to perfection.

PAPUAN TALK

English. Pig. Pipe.	Beritani. Boroma. Bau-bau.
Enough. Wait a bit.	Vadœmi. Dohore.
Medicine.	Mura-mura.

They think that every white man is a doctor and are pleased if he gives them a pill, especially if it is strong in its action. A little carbonate of soda, put in any drink, makes it effervesce and the astonished natives crowd round to drink the cold boiling water. They thought me a great medicine man when I gave them this.

Between the Santa Cruz and Banks Islands there is a little dream island called Tucopia, which is a primitive Polynesian paradise in the middle of Melanesia. The scrub has been cleared away under the great trees and the land is like a park. The people are friendly and kind, and the traveller might imagine himself back again in the eastern Pacific.

It will be seen, then, that the beauty of the islands and the attractiveness of the natives grow less and less as the traveller goes from East to West. The same is true of the climate; in the East the halycon weather of Tahiti and in the West the vile climate of the Bismarck Islands.

Several years might be spent in visiting all the groups, but, for a short voyage, the ideal way is to reach the Society Islands in May, work West through Tonga, Fiji, and Samoa and reach New Zealand in October, when the climate of that land, perhaps after all the gem of the South Seas, is at its best for the next six months.[1]

[1] For a glimpse in anticipation of the scenery and vegetation of the tropics, go and see the pictures in the North Gallery at Kew Gardens, and, for a notion of the Climate, spend an hour in the Great Palm House.

CHAPTER XXIII

NEW ZEALAND

Lone on the land and homeless on the water,
Patient I wander till the day be done.

THE crossing from Sydney to Auckland is usually rough, and, because even a good sailor dislikes a stormy passage, it is a good plan to cross from Melbourne to Tasmania and then go down-wind to the South Island of New Zealand.

It is a splendid country to walk in, and the poor traveller will do well to send on his bag by boat to Auckland and walk the length of the two islands. A tramp is called a Swagman and a few weeks of the life is an experience worth trying. You carry a blue blanket to sleep in, a billy for boiling tea, and a " tucker bag " for food. Some mosquito netting is useful for making a veil when the sandflies are bad. At evening you are put up free at any station. You call at the backdoor and ask for work ; the cook disregards the question which is a only a formula, gives you a ticket and shows you the Swagmen's shed.[1]

The scenery is superb : mountains, lakes, rivers, bush and scrub. We have not the last two features at home and a word of explanation may be useful. " Scrub " is thick

[1] The best time to arrive is a quarter past five. In towns in New Zealand a poor man usually takes a single bedroom with the use of the kitchen. After the landlady has done her own cooking, he cooks for himself what he has bought at the shops. The way with a landlady in England or the Colonies is :—Never smile ; never pay extras ; never talk about your family ; never say please ; and never miss paying your rent.

undergrowth, and "bush" primeval forest. In New Zealand the bush is evergreen and consists of great and varied trees, and it can be well seen on the fine roads between Rotorua and Okoroiro, and between Pipareeke and Strafford.

The best trout fishing is in the Shag river in Otago—other good places are Temuka and Ashburton in the South Island, and Inglewood and Masterton in the North Island. For a fisherman in a hurry, the railway hotel at Mandeville (between Dunedin and Invercargill) is a good centre, and Lake Taupo is known about by all anglers. Trout fishing lasts from 1 November to 1 May, and good flies can be bought on the spot. A man who goes to New Zealand only for the fishing, should take the South Island first and fish the North Island from Christmas to the end of the season. Wading is nearly always essential because the rivers have wide shingly beds, not banks as with us; and the early morning is the best time to fish, because the wind gets up at about 9 o'clock. The Ka-whai is the most sporting sea fish. He runs up to thirty lbs, and can be caught at the mouths of rivers or off surfy beaches by using a piece of white rag as a bait. At Russell, the best place for sea fishing, you can get on a rod king fish up to ninety lbs. and sword fish up to a thousand lbs. using a dead ka-whai towed as bait. The Wanganui River, perhaps the most beautiful in the world, is full of Rainbow trout and is usually fished from a canoe.

Were it not for the presence of the Maoris, you might often imagine yourself in England. As you pass one of their *pahs* or settlements, they call out *Haeri mai* (welcome) and are offended if you do not go in. They are dwindling like the natives in all countries that have become white. Though sturdy enough in appearance, they are weak-minded and extraordinarily sensitive. If a Maori takes it into his head that he is sick or bewitched and is going to die, he usually does so; and on board an English ship a Maori will sometimes become homesick or think that

he is being ill-treated, and lie down and die in a couple of days.

Three Jaunts in the South Island

(1) Land at Bluff, take the train through a swampy waste to Invercargill and stay there a few days to get used to the life of the country before setting out for Milford Sound. Then take the train to Lumsden and the public motor to Lake Te-Anau, where a steamer will take you to Glade House at the head of the lake. The walk before you is the finest in the world, but it is nearly always raining in the summer. The track is thirty-three miles long and there are government rest houses on the way, each with a married couple to attend to the wants of visitors. The first is ten miles from Glade House, and three days should be allowed for the walk each way.

The track starts up a mountain valley with an unbroken forest of beech-trees on both sides, and, on reaching the Clinton River, which swarms with trout, begins to mount more steeply. There is a sheer precipice of 6,000 feet on one side of the valley, which gradually contracts and becomes a gorge. At thirteen miles the way crosses the infant river and climbs to 3,000 feet at the top of McKinnon's Pass where there is a double view of the valleys of the Clinton and Arthur Rivers. After winding across the shoulder of Mt. Baloon the trail plunges down again into the bush and at the bottom a side track leads to the Sutherland Falls, where the second rest house is situated. Go back to the main track and keep on through bush and scrub with the valley gradually widening. Cross the Arthur River by a suspension bridge and a little farther on there is another bridge close to the McKinley falls, where the ferns and mosses are particularly luxuriant. The way now goes down to Lake Ada. Do not take a boat, but follow the trail and so see the Giant's Gate waterfall with its wonderfully coloured pool. At Mitre Peak the track ends at the head of Milford Sound. Take a boat and go ten miles down this superb waterway between terrific cliffs falling sheer into the water without a foot of beach.

Return to Lumsden and make your way by train or on foot to Dunedin, a cool, breezy place, the Edinburgh of New

Zealand. Sometimes in the summer a steamer from here makes the round of the Sounds on the South-West coast. One of them, George Sound, is only less magnificent than Milford Sound. Should you be fortunate enough to strike one of these steamers, leave it at the head of Milford Sound reverse the walk described above, and so reach Lake Te-Anau.

(2) From Timaru, half-way up the East coast, take the branch-line to Fairlie whence a public motor crosses the flat plains, goes over Bunker's Pass and reaches the hermitage at the foot of Mt. Sefton in the evening. Next morning take a guide, cross the Hooker River, and after a day of splendid scenery sleep at Ball's Hut.

(3) From Christchurch take the train to Springfield and the coach through the Otira gorge to Hokitika on the West coast. Then from Reefton go through the Buller gorge to Nelson. The dust is a great drawback to coaching in New Zealand, and I prefer to go afoot.

The North Island

From Wellington, a windy, wet town in a drowned river valley, go by train to Palmerston, not by the coast route but by the line which crosses the Rimatucka Range. Go on to Wanganui and take the little steamer up to Pipareeke, walk to Douglas and Strafford through magnificent bush, and take the train to New Plymouth; from here a boat runs to Onehunga, a few miles from Auckland. This is a pleasant, prosperous place and the harbour is a succession of beautiful surprises. There is a good museum and a comfortable free library where the traveller can see the home newspapers. It is worth while going up Mt. Eden at the back of the town for the sake of the astonishing view. If you have a few days to wait for a boat, go North to Russell, a jolly little place on the Bay of Islands.[1]

[1] The Northern S.S. Co. of New Zealand has boats which do the round trip of the Bay of Islands in five days at the cost of £2 12s. first class. Notice especially the harbour of Whangaroa, one of the beauty spots of the world. The harbour is land-locked and is full of romantic islands. Fantastic cliffs surround it and the ravines which break their line are full of great tree-ferns.

CHAPTER XXIV

TROPICAL AUSTRALIA

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here and yonder,
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide to wander;
For young blood is roving blood and the spring of life is best,
And when you're tired of roving, lad, there's time enough to rest.
—*The Younger Son.*

THE great stretch of this continent which lies within the tropics is seldom visited by men who are travelling for pleasure. But if you choose your time and know where to go, it is interesting enough for a single visit, especially for a man who wants some unusual big-game shooting.

Go between May and August and make your headquarters at Port Darwin, a little town with a fine harbour and a tide that rises and falls twenty-four feet.

From Brisbane to Thursday Island the ships go inside the Great Barrier Reef, now adequately lighted and buoyed. There is smooth water all the way and the scenery, especially at Whitsunday passage, reaches the romantic.

The wet season lasts from November to March, the rain being very heavy in January and February. The dry season extends over the rest of the year when the S.E. monsoon is blowing. November and December are the hottest months and about Christmas time the N.W. monsoon sets in strongly. The thunderstorms at the breaking of the monsoons are superb.

The natives of Macassar take advantage of these regular winds, coming down on the N.W. monsoon to collect pearls,

tortoise-shell, and trepang, a black sea-slug called *Bêche de mer* which is dried in the sun and sold to the Chinese for making soup; and returning at the end of February with the first blow of the S.E. monsoon. Their proas are only good before the wind. They carry immense mat sails, hoisted on a triangular mast. The bows are low and there are two rudders, one on each side of the high stern. These Malays are born navigators and are the Vikings of the Pacific. Their proas are superb sea-boats and can do twelve knots an hour with the wind behind. Some of the canoes of the Ke Islanders near Timor are as big as ten tons burthen and make with perfect safety the voyage of two thousand miles to Singapore. The "flying proas" of the Marion Islands are built with the lee side dead flat to act as a lee-board and can sail closer to the wind than any other boat; they can make four knots an hour when beating to windward, in spite of the fact that, on each leg, the tack of the great sail has to be changed from end to end of the boat. When they anchor on this coast a man dives down, regardless of the sharks and the terrific tide, to make sure that the anchor holds. By long association with these yearly visitors, the natives of the North coast are able to speak Macassar.

These natives are superior in type to the aborigines of the South, owing, I suppose, to the abundance of food. Greenback turtle abound, and they can eat and thrive on alligator, oysters and shell-fish, flying-foxes, and the many varieties of tropical fruit. Mush-melons, papayas, and mangos with their curious sub-flavour of turpentine grow here in great plenty, and you can have as many custard apples, soursops and mangosteens as you care to pick. The pineapples, too, are particularly delicious; the local way of eating them is to take out the seeds and add a sprinkling of salt.[1]

[1] A papaya tastes best with a dash of sherry. The traveller comes across many strange mixtures of food: Cheese and cake eaten together; banana and vinegar; tomato and sugar; melon with pepper and salt; stewed prunes with a little rum. Italians

There is a great variety of tropical trees. I saw Banyan, Gum, Pandanus or Screw Pine, Baobab, and the Paper-bark tree, useful for kindling a fire if you are camping.

Grass eight feet high covers the ground where there is no bush. It is the home of the mighty buffalo with horns six to nine feet across. The sportsman will seldom move a few miles without coming across a " mob " of these beasts, and in addition to kangaroos and emus, there is a great gathering of game birds. The most interesting to me of these were the Jungle Fowl, which makes a nest like an anthill, and the Native Companion, a bird which dances and bows as you approach; but there are also flocks of quail, squatter-pigeon, bower-birds and pygmy geese.

The sea fishing is good and with a bit of shark as bait I caught red-snappers, jumping mullet, and that strange, mild creature the dugong, which tastes just like pork.

The turtle fishing is exciting. A native paddles up to one that is basking on the surface, jumps on his back and prevents him sounding by holding his head back. It is not a game for a traveller to join in because a turtle in the water can cut a naked man dangerously with his flappers, and it is certain death to take hold of him by the tail. If you do, he will fold his tail up like a vice and drag you to the bottom of the sea. A safer way is to watch the beach at full moon, when the turtles come towards the shore in pairs. The male waits outside the reef whilst the female comes ashore for three or four hours to lay her eggs. She scoops a shallow hollow at the top of the beach and makes a deep hole in the middle of it to take the hundred or so eggs which she lays. You can waylay her on her way back to the water. As soon as she sees you, she begins to make

squeeze an orange over their strawberries, and the French pour on a little red wine. Bread, honey and claret go together wonderfully well. Green tea with a little rum added is nice, but my favourite drink is a glass of milk, into which a little raspberry syrup has been stirred, with some nutmeg grated on the surface. The Galicians in Spain say that the finest mouthful in the world is a bit of maize bread, a peeled walnut and a piece of cheese.

zigzag runs down the beach, canting her shell up at each sharp turn. You take advantage of one of these cants and tip her over, and she is helpless. A turtle is killed by cutting off the head. It is the green fat which makes the famous soup. The meat is not much good, a turtle-steak being but a poor imitation of beef. My boatman was terribly scarred on the thighs, and told me that he had once been seized by an alligator and had escaped by gouging out the reptile's eyes with his thumbs.

CHAPTER XXV

NEW SOUTH WALES

Our true heritage is to have leisure for strolling, for talking, for watching the sky and the earth, smelling the scents of flowers, noting the funny ways of animals, playing with children, eating and drinking.—*The Upton Letters.*

THIS corner of the great island of Australia is chiefly interesting to a traveller of my sort as a homely place to rest in after much travel, or as a starting place for voyages round the Islands and up to Japan inside the Great Barrier Reef. This coral reef, which is now fifty miles from the land, was once only a mile away, the continent having sunk. The interior at that time was fertile. Now the hills are too low to catch the rain and great tracts of the country are barren. There is dust everywhere, even in the heart of the great cities, and the parched appearance of the national tree, the Eucalyptus, compares badly with the fresh green foliage of the trees in other lands. The bush is not so varied as in New Zealand, and would be sombre but for the Stenocarpus in Queensland, the Flame Tree in New South Wales and the Fire Tree of Western Australia.

The people are friendly but brusque, and a man fresh from home is amused by the local idioms in their talk: "That's right" taking the place of "Yes," and "Ta" doing duty for "Thank you." There are no beggars, and everyone seems to have plenty of money.

The hotels are comfortable, but the food is heavy and insipid as in England. No tips are allowed and there is a

fixed charge by the day. This is usually ten shillings, and a poor traveller will save his pocket by only taking a room and having his meals at one of the many eating houses. A meal there costs ninepence, and consists of a great helping of mutton and vegetables and a pot of tea. At the refreshment houses out in the country the usual order is tea and scones. I tried all the Australian wines in turn, and found the *Chablis* most to my taste.

Sydney itself, though laid out haphazard and so inferior to spacious Melbourne, is a pleasant enough place for a few weeks' stay. The Botanical Gardens, adjoining the Government House, have just the right slope down to the shore of the famous harbour, and the view from the new Zoo is very fine. The harbour, though not so beautiful as the harbours of Rio and Cork, is a fascinating sight on a moonless night, with the riding lights of the ships reflected from the dancing waters.

Stroll round Potts Point to see the villas of the early settlers, and, on a Sunday, go to Bondi for a bathe in the surf and a sun-bath after bathing. The pleasantest harbour-side walk is from Clifton to Taronga, a level three-mile path through the woods.

For a glimpse of the Blue Mountains, take the train to Katoomba and walk to the edge of the plateau for the amazing view. The original explorers thought that the masses of gum trees, seen 1,000 feet below, were stretches of grass. A public motor goes from here to the Fish River caves, where there is a government rest house. See one cave and take the others on trust, spending your time instead in watching the antics of the wallabies and the surprisingly beautiful flight of the parrots.

CHAPTER XXVI

TASMANIA

But while I plan and plan, my hair
Is grey before I know it.

THIS island-garden is about the size of Ceylon, and a little smaller than Ireland. The climate is perfect, with plenty of sunshine; and the forests of evergreen beech, locally called myrtle, make the look of the country reasonably beautiful. It affords the smoothest and most enjoyable route to New Zealand, the wind between Hobart and Bluff being always West, and so nearly dead astern.

The passage from Melbourne to Launceston takes fourteen hours. The hotels at Launceston are not good; and so it is best, after seeing the Cataract gorge and the Botanical Gardens, to set out at once for Hobart.

The journey by train takes eight hours, but there is a magnificent macadamized road, 120 miles long, connecting the two towns, to which a leisurely traveller will do well to devote a week's walking. It runs through the best part of the island, the West coast being bleak and wet.[1]

Hobart, the capital, owes much of its charm to its superb harbour. It is a great fiord with a "drowned" coast, and the water is of astonishing depth.

The trout fishing season lasts from 1 September to 30 April. The license for the whole time is only ten

[1] When walking on such a road I like to recall that Sir John Macadam used to tell his workmen to put no stone on the roads that they could not put into their mouths.

shillings, and the sport is excellent. For a short visit, fish the Mersey near Mole creek; or if you are after rainbow trout, stay at the Tourist House, erected by the Government on the shore of Lake Leake. There is a good deal of poaching, and the cormorants, which come inland every autumn, exact a heavy toll.

There are three little jaunts from here which are well worth taking:—

(1) Go by steamer to New Norfolk, a pretty little village frequented by artists, and see the ideal garden at the Bush Hotel.

(2) Walk up Mt. Wellington (4,000 feet) to Fern Tree Bower, and, after a dish of raspberries and cream, stroll for some miles along the path which goes round the shoulder of the mountain above the broad Huon road.

From Fern Tree Bower a coach road leads in an hour (and a scramble-path in half an hour) to the Springs, a ledge about 1,500 feet below the summit where there is a government rest house.

(3) Take the steamer which goes to Port Arthur, a former penal settlement. Leave it at Tarenna and walk the seven miles through enchanting bush. As you approach the sea, notice the grim shape of Dead Man's Isle, which lies well out in the bay.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE WEST INDIES

You never enjoy the world aright till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars, and perceive yourself to be the sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it, who are everyone sole heirs as well as you !—*Thomas Treherne.* 1674.

SAILORS used to say that the way to reach the West Indies was to sail South until the butter melted, and then West. Steamers, however, do not need to take a zigzag course, and now, with the North-East trades blowing dead astern, the boats reach Barbadoes in twelve days ; and the central North Atlantic, through which this voyage lies, has often halcyon weather, even when it is stormy elsewhere.

The islands are thought to be the peaks of mountains which stood on what was once the only isthmus joining North and South America, and many of the fine harbours are the rims of old craters.

The climate is delightful in the months corresponding with our winter, and there is no chill at sunset. A sun-helmet is unnecessary, a straw-hat affording sufficient protection, especially if lined with red or orange. The underclothes worn should be of merino, as flannel is conducive to prickly heat, and thick merino socks are thought by West Indians to be the best. The wind blows from East to West, and the windward side of the islands is comparatively cool and free from mosquitoes.

The beauty of the scenery is enhanced by the wonderful clearness of the air. The islands are of jagged outline, and

of every conceivable shade of green, set in a heaven-blue sea, with cream-coloured sands backed by groves of coco-nut palms. Unfortunately the tides have only a rise and fall of a foot, and the shores are not washed clean. The Botanical gardens everywhere are worthy of repeated visits.

A man can see the islands quite well on foot, if he walks only from sunrise to eleven, and from three to sunset, and if he does not mind the stares of the negroes at the unusual sight of a *buccra* man walking. The made roads are excellent, and where these do not exist, there are mountain paths and green drives called traces. Sudden downpours occur even from a cloudless sky. The North-East trade wind is only about a mile high, and, above that, there is a great current of air racing in the opposite direction to the pole; the sudden showers are caused by some alteration in the temperature of these two strata of air. It is a good plan to carry an umbrella and a light cycling cape; if you are caught when out in the country and away from shelter, crouch down in the road until the shower is over, and if the rain falls in "buckets," half lower your umbrella, so that the rain shoots off instead of coming through. After the shower, stand your umbrella in the road and stroll about with your cape still on; both will be dried by the hot sun before you will have had time to smoke a cigarette.

The negroes in the English islands are unpleasantly familiar and cheeky. Their laugh is loud and ugly, and they seldom ask a traveller into their huts. The white residents, on the contrary, are hospitality itself, and you will be passed on with letters of introduction from one island to another, thus avoiding the tourist hotels. Come prepared to like the creole dishes, which are wholesome and delicious.

The best centre is Domenica, there being a constant inter-island traffic from that island; but for a first visit make for Trinidad and work North. In going from

Barbadoes to Jamaica, do not go by the Spanish main, which is not very interesting, and where there are few opportunities of going ashore, but go by St. Thomas and the Leeward Islands. At the island of St. Thomas take the mountain path which goes up the hill behind Charlotte-Amalia, a clean little town on the slopes of three hills, to La Folie, a hill marked with an obelisk. After admiring the view, take the road to the Eastward and go by King's Road to Magens Bay, where the colouring of the rocks and the shades of the sea are seen at their best. Another day go by sailing boat to Krum Bay, have a swim and buy a quart bottle of bay rum for a shilling.

TRINIDAD

Port of Spain, the capital of this beautiful island, is approached through an entrancing archipelago in a land-locked sea. In spite of the fact that many of the houses are of wood, it is a fine, clean place with good electric trams and a capital club. At the back of the town is a splendid park called the Savannah, the Botanical Gardens are especially good, and the grounds of the Government House are open to all the world.

A poor man should lodge at one of the creole boarding houses in Richmond Street, and several days can be pleasantly spent in getting used to the new surroundings. Pariah dogs, "Johnny Crow" vultures, fireflies and humming birds will all be of interest to a man straight from home, and the different inhabitants can be studied at the Saturday market in Charlotte Street.

The climate is hot and damp, and, owing to the swamps and mosquitoes, it is advisable to take quinine. The sudden downpours are very heavy, as may be judged by the size of the storm gutters in the streets at Port of Spain, but the island is outside the zone of the hurricanes which sometimes devastate the other islands between July and October.

The centre of the island is a great level canefield, but along the North coast there is good mountain scenery. To get a glimpse of this, stroll through the suburb of St. Ann's by a mountain path flanked by a tiny stream; and, another day, walk round the Saddle Road for the sake of the views it gives.

St. Joseph, the old capital, lies seven miles inland. It is now a mere village of two streets, but it stands at the mouth of a fine glen up which there is a delightful walk. This goes by the government road to Mt. Tucache, crossing the beautiful river Maraccas eight times in the first four miles.

The famous Pitch lake is a dismal enough place, and not worth a visit, nor will a traveller who knows the tropics trouble to see the Cocal, a fourteen-mile strip of coco-nut beach on the East coast. A far pleasanter jaunt is by steamer to Chacachacare, the outmost of the three islands in the Dragon's mouth between Trinidad and Venezuela. The muddy greenness of the sea is caused by the outflow of the great river Orinoco.

Tobago, the little island to the North of Trinidad, is supposed to have been Robinson Crusoe's island.

GRENADA

The harbour at St. George's is the prettiest in the West Indies. It is enclosed by the rim of a sunk crater and is nearly land-locked. The town was built by the French two hundred years ago, and the white houses with their russet roofs make a charming picture.

The coast scenery of the island is graceful rather than grand, and the exquisite inland country can be seen by making this little journey:—

Walk out to the Grand Etang by a good steep road. The lake is 1,700 feet above the sea, and lies in the crater of an extinct volcano. It is surrounded by virgin forest and tree ferns, and there is a good government rest house.

Next day, go on by Beech Grove to the Nest Hotel, one mile short of Granville, a little town on the East coast with a picturesque Saturday market. From Granville a walk of eight miles along a good road brings you to Sauteur, at the North of the island. Here the last remnant of the Caribs leapt into the sea to escape the French. On Thursdays a steamer runs from here to Carriacou, where there is a good little hotel. It is one of a group of three hundred low islands called the Grenadines, lying between Grenada and St. Vincent. The steamer returns the next day to St. George's, running down the leeside of the island and calling at Victoria and Gouyave.

ST. VINCENT

This is one of the single-peak islands; and, though it is smaller than the Isle of Wight, it is full of romantic scenery. The town, Kingston, is on a fine deep bay, and has the oldest Botanical Gardens in the world. It was to supply these gardens with bread-fruit that Captain Bligh sailed to the South Seas in the "Bounty." Here, and at Santa Lucia, the natives still have the original canoe model of the Caribs.

BARBADOES

The name of this island is said to be derived from some bearded pigs (*barbudos*) which the Portuguese found there in 1536.

It is a plain, homely place, where the traveller, surfeited with fine scenery, can rest pleasantly enough. There is no malaria or fever, and the sea-bathing is excellent, a reef running nearly all round the coast. It is, in fact, a coral island, covered with twelve feet of soil, and the roads are made of coral. The sea round it is shallow, and the liners anchor two miles from the shore.

The country is all canefields, and so is dull and uninteresting except at the North end, where there is a good

view from Hackleston's Cliff, 1,000 feet high, and at Bathsheba, where there is fine coast scenery.

The island is thickly populated and many of the younger men emigrate to America.

Bridgetown, the capital, has no pretension to beauty, but is a lively, bustling place with a good club where the traveller should eat a dish of flying-fish. Take a tram from the North side of the bridge to Hastings, one of the best bathing places; and, another day, go by public motor to Spikestown, the home harbour of the flying-fish fleet, where there are good "accommodation houses." On the way you will pass Hole Town, the former capital, now a village of two streets.

The sparrows in this island are green and the crows have white eyes.[1]

ST. LUCIA

The winsome beauty of this island will long linger in the traveller's memory.

The capital, Castries, though a poor, mean place, and a coaling station of the British Navy, is redeemed by its situation at the head of a beautiful inlet. At the back of the town is the great hill, Morne Fortuné, the scene of desperate encounters between the English and the French. A winding road leads up to it, and there is a fine view from the old fort on the South-East face. Pleasant strolls can be taken to La Vigie, a lookout place at the end of a bare spit to the North, and to Cul de Sac Bay to the South of Castries.

Another short stroll of two miles leads to Ti (petit) Rocher, and, for idling in, there are the Botanical Gardens and a park called La Place.

[1] In the cemetery there are a surprising number of lizards, which dart away like lightning if you try to catch them in your hand. With a little craft, however, you can catch the most timid of them. All you have to do is to make a noose of the local grass. He sees no connection between your distant hand and the waving grass which so pleasantly tickles his nose, and you have him when you please.

The second town, Soufrière, is on a glorious bay at the South-West of the island. It has its name from the sulphur springs close by, and beyond it lie the two famous Pitons, tooth-shaped rocks rising sheer from the sea.

A good road leads round the island, except the Northern end, but the pleasantest journey is to take the daily coasting steamer down the lee-side of the island to Vieux Fort, and then walk by Micoud to Dennery. Here the road strikes inland and reaches Castries by way of Morne Fortuné.

There is a venomous snake in this island, the Fer-de-lance, and many cherry-coloured landcrabs as at Barbadoes.

MARTINIQUE

This French island lies twenty miles South of St. Lucia. It is green and rugged and has three separate peaks. The scenery is tame, because of the number of canefields, and the silent and colourless site of St. Pierre is heartbreaking.

Fort-de-France, the capital, though it has a splendid harbour, is like a little provincial town in France and a poor traveller will find good small hotels in the Rue de la Republique. The fish market is worth a visit every morning for a sight of the surprising fish, and the evenings can be spent in the park La Savane, listening to the band. On a Sunday evening sit at a café in the main street, the Rue St. Louis, and watch the bizarre crowd. Set up behind the Cathedral is a statue of the Madonna, which was found undamaged at St. Pierre after the eruption of Mt. Pelée.

DOMENICA

This, the most beautiful and healthiest of the Leeward Islands, lies thirty miles to the North of Martinique. The scenery is delightful and the inland gorges from which the rivers flow afford many pleasant rambles, but a day seldom passes without a shower.

The chief town, Roseau, is an untidy place, but picturesque and healthy. It has no harbour, only an open roadstead. It is, however, on the lee side of the island and the sea is always smooth.

The Botanical Gardens lie at the back of the town under the shelter of Morne Bruce, a hill worth mounting for the view of the river valley.

A pleasant stroll of five miles to the South leads to Soufrière Bay, passing half-way the little fishing village of Michelle. If it is very hot, walk one way and come back in a canoe.

A fine highway, the Imperial Road, goes eighteen miles to Bassinville, a town in the centre of the island, and another road runs round the island crossing no fewer than fifty-three rivers. If you have taken the stroll to Soufrière, you can quite well leave out the South end of the island, and, going up the Roseau valley, cross to Rosalie before striking North. Spend the nights at Castle Bruce, Petit Marigot, Portsmouth and St. Joseph.

At Salybia on the East coast is a Carib Reserve and you will be able to see what the original inhabitants of these islands were like.

JAMAICA

This gracious island is thought by many travellers to be the most beautiful in the world. However that may be, it is certainly a delectable place, and the climate in Spring is heavenly. The coastline is picturesque, and how mountainous the island is may be judged from the old story of Columbus crumpling up a piece of paper to show its formation to the Queen. It is, besides, well watered, that greatest boon in a hot country; indeed, its name is derived from an old Indian word, Xaymaca, meaning the land with many springs.

Kingston itself is a mean ramshackle place, and, but for the daily sea-wind known as the Doctor, it would be none

too healthy. In the early morning and in the evening it is pleasant enough, the air being still and free from dust. The fine harbour, backed by the Blue Mountains, is protected by a seven-mile spit of sand called the Palisadoes, at the end of which stands Port Royal, once a hot bed of buccaneers. A tram runs the three miles to the Constant Springs Hotel, passing, at Halfway Tree, the Hope Botanical Gardens.

The market-place is interesting for its native life and for the show of fish and fruit, of which the mangoes and guavas are especially delicious. You can buy there good tobacco made up in the form of a rope, called for some reason Jackass rope, and the price is only a penny or twopence the yard. Admire the fine walk of the market-women and bear with the best grace you can the chaff of the black girls, who offer " a fine, big kiss " if you will buy at their stall.

The black waiters in the hotels are insolent and casual. Indeed, the impudence of all the natives of Jamaica is astonishing to a traveller used to the respect shown to a white man in tropical countries. A buggyman will drive his cab zigzag, barring the road of a possible customer, and, out in the country, men come up with a leer, saying, " Got a copper for a poor boy, Uncle ? " They eat with a great licking of lips and rolling of eyes, and are very amorous, even the boys of twelve having their honey-girls ; and the native dances, which can be seen any night in Wildman Street, are an index to their excitable disposition. Being by nature superstitious and in great dread of *Duppies* or Ghosts, they have taken kindly to religion ; and if you listen to a street preacher or go to a meeting-house on a Sunday, you will be amused at their pomposity and capacity for silly chatter. But, in common with islanders the world over, they have lovely speaking voices, as wistful and childlike as those of the Maoris in New Zealand.

The hill stations are dull and uninteresting ; but a very pretty place for a week's rest is Hollymount above

Moneague. The railways have a first- and third-class carriage, and in between is the "soda-water carriage," a sort of bar which is open to all. The railway journeys are hot and dusty, and the poor traveller will do well to use the wonderful roads, starting at sunrise and resting during the midday heat.

A Walk round the Island.

From Kingston take the tram to Papaine at the foot of the hills and walk to Gordon Town, where there is a good accommodation house a few hundred yards above the village. A walking track leads in four miles to Newcastle and, in another five miles, downhill to Forest Hurst. The way then goes down a beautiful thirteen miles to Buff Bay.[1] Now go West along the fine road which skirts the coast, turn inland at Montego and return by way of Mandeville and Spanish Town. From this place, which was once the capital and is now only a sleepy village, it is a pleasant jaunt to take the train to Bog Walk Station, and stroll back down the River Cobre.

[1] On a second journey vary this route by going from Gordon Town to Bath, whence a fine bridle path, called the Cuna-cuna road, goes through Moore Town to Port Antonio, the centre of the Banana trade, and the best place to buy a Jippy-jappy hat. Keep out of the long grass in Jamaica or your legs will be covered with ticks, which can only be dislodged by salt-water. The jolliest bathing place is at Doctor's Cove, near Montego Bay. The water is clean and clear, and it is sheltered from the wind.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CUBA

When all my days are ending
And I have no song to sing,
I think I shall not be too old
To stare at everything.—*G. K. Chesterton.*

IN spite of the large number of American residents, who, for all their good points, usually have a baneful effect on the cheapness of a place, this beautiful island is not out of the question for a poor traveller.

Spanish silver is still used, except in the neighbourhood of Santiago, and the natives have not lost their Spanish virtue of frugality. A bed can be had for a peseta a night and there are many eating houses, notably the "hash house" near the Prado kept by Chinese John. At the cafés try these local drinks: *Pina fria, ensalada* and *orchata.*

Havana is a fascinating town, a sort of tropical Cadiz, and no pleasanter place can be imagined for an idle fortnight. The sight of the harbour at sunrise is unforgettable and it is equally beautiful after dark when the lights are lit. To see this, stroll down the parade beyond the Malecon where a band plays every night. The towns folk are very fond of music and the Basque game of Pelota is a mania with them. In spite of their late hours, they are early risers and the bells of the Cathedral ring every morning at half-past four.

The natives are descendents of Spanish masters and negro slaves. They appear to be lazy and degenerate, but the truth is that, being shockingly underfed and

wretchedly housed, they are easily knocked up by strenuous work. There are many beggars and even the children have learnt to say " Gimme one cent."

Mosquitoes are not so troublesome as might be expected, but sandflies are bad near the coast. These are called hayhens, a corruption of the Spanish *Jajen.*

The finest tobacco is grown in the Vuelto Abajo, or " Down West " district, which is the local name for the part of the island West of Havana. An English railway runs to the principal town of this district, Pinar del Rio, and the little journey is not uninteresting.

After a week or two in Havana set out for Santiago, a town in a wonderful setting at the other end of the island. It is not too hot to walk if a man will " go slow," but a wayfarer in Cuba soon finds that many of the roads marked on the map do not exist and are merely rights of way. A night train does the journey in fourteen hours. For a rest en route leave the train at Camaguez, a typical Cuban town with good hotels.

Santiago is a good deal hotter than Havana and every one takes a siesta. The houses are usually of one storey and of all the colours of a rainbow. None of the windows have glass in them and the rooms are kept cool by the constant flow of air and by the excellent device of throwing water on the stone floors.

A fine road goes from Santiago to San Luis. The latter part of it is unfinished but walkable, and the scenery is good.

For another jaunt go by the coasting steamer to Cienfugos, a jolly little place at the terminus of the Southern Railway.

A steamer sails every week from Santiago to Kingston, Jamaica, and a traveller who has visited the West Indies before by the ordinary route, might well try this unusual way of reaching those beautiful islands.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE SEYCHELLES

Over the seas and the mountains
To the great world's end,
With the sun and the rain for my brothers
And the wind for my friend.

J. C. Squire.

ALTHOUGH these islands lie well clear of the hurricane track and are a regular port of call for the B.I. steamers running from Bombay to Durban, they are seldom visited by men travelling for pleasure. For all that, they are beautiful, healthy and cheap. The money in use is the Indian rupee and Mauritian notes and copper, and a poor traveller can spend a few weeks there very pleasantly and at trifling cost.

The climate is good. The cool season lasts from April to October, and even in the other half of the year it is not too hot or rainy to get about. There is no malaria or fever, and the only insect pests are mosquitoes and these only in the wet season.

The islands are all of the same exquisite type. A central peak of limestone or granite, rising some thousands of feet and clothed with forest, widens down to flat coco-nut plantations. These extend to the beach, round which runs the reef, a mile to seaward.

The bathing is superb, there being no sharks inside the reef, and the sea-fishing is unsurpassed. A native boat or *pirogue* can be hired for a mere song, and the wind is never stronger than a gentle breeze.

The creoles, who talk a charming Pidgin French, are friendly and picturesque. The men wear a white shirt and blue trousers with one leg turned up to show the pink pyjamas underneath. The women also favour white and

blue, wearing a white blouse and a very full blue skirt. For hats, the men are content with a wide straw hat decked with ribbons. The women, naturally, require more variety and you can tell the rank of a woman from her head-gear, the poorest wearing a coloured handkerchief, those above them a black and white shawl, and the most important of all a black mantilla. Englishmen wear a suit of white drill, costing about 10s. and it is the custom to order half a dozen suits at a time.

Though tobacco is not grown in the islands, everybody smokes. Egyptian cigarettes are imported from Suez, and a fine pipe tobacco "Bourbon" is sent up from Réunion.

Mahé, a granite island, rises two thousand feet from the sea and is covered with forest; deep valleys running down from the summit to the beach. At Victoria, the capital, there is a government rest house at the end of the pier, and a good club where the wandering Englishman will be cordially welcomed. There are no hotels, but hospitality is readily given all over the group by the Government officers, Roman clergy and planters.

A good road runs round Mahé, and it can be walked quite comfortably in two or three days. On one side is the sea with its fringe of coco-palms; on the other the splendid forest rising to the peak; the undergrowth is especially beautiful; oleanders, heliotrope and frangipani interspersed with lilies.

A Government steamer runs twice a week to Praslin. In the delicious interior of this island there is a tree—the Coco de Mer—which is not found anywhere else. A local story asserts that General Gordon, who was sent to the Seychelles to estimate the military possibilities of the archipelago, was convinced that Praslin Island was the original Garden of Eden and the Coco de Mer the forbidden fruit. It is not so tall as the common coco-palm, but its leaves are much larger. There is a double nut inside the husk, black as ebony and not unlike the torso of a negro.

Of the smaller islands, the jolliest is Silhouette, sixteen miles West of Mahé.

THE POOR TRAVELLER

I've loops o' string in the place o' buttons. I've mostly holes for a shirt;
My boots are bust and my hat's a goner. I'm gritty with dust and dirt.
An' I'm sitting here on a bollard watchin' the China ships go forth,
Seein' the black little tugs come slidin' with timber booms from the North,
Sittin' an' seein' the broad Pacific break at my feet in foam. . . .
Me that was born with a taste for travel in a back alley at home.

They put me to school when I was a nipper at the Board School down in the slums,
An' some of the kids was good at spellin', an' some at figures an' sums;
An' whether I went or whether I didn't they learned me nothing at all,
Only I'd watch the flies go walkin' over the maps on the wall,
Strollin' over the lakes an' mountains, over the plains and sea,
As if they was born with a taste for travel—somethin' the same as me!

If I'd been born a rich man's youngster with lots o' money to burn,
It wouldn't ha' gone in marble mansions an' statues at every turn,
It wouldn't ha' gone in wine an' women, or dogs an' horses an' play,
Nor yet in collectin' bricks an' bracks in a harmless kind of a way,—
I'd ha' paid my fare where I've beat my way (but I couldn't ha' liked it more).—
Me that was born with a taste for travel—the same if you're rich or poor.

I'd ha' gone bowlin' in yachts an' rollin' in plush-padded Pullman cars,
The same as I've seen 'em when I lay restin' at night-time under the stars,
Me that have beat the ties an' rode the bumpers from sea to sea,
Me that have sweated in stokeholds an' dined off salt horse and tea;
Me that have melted like grease at Perim, an' froze like boards off the Horn,
All along of a taste for travel that was in me when I was born.

I ain't got folks an' I ain't got money, I ain't got nothing at all,
But a sort of a queer old thirst that keeps me movin' on till I fall;
And many a time I've been short of shelter an' many a time o' grub,
But I've got away from the rows of houses, the streets, an' the corner pub—
And here by the side of a sea that's shinin' under a sky like flame,
Me that was born with a taste for travel give thanks because o' the same.

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